THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

April '89

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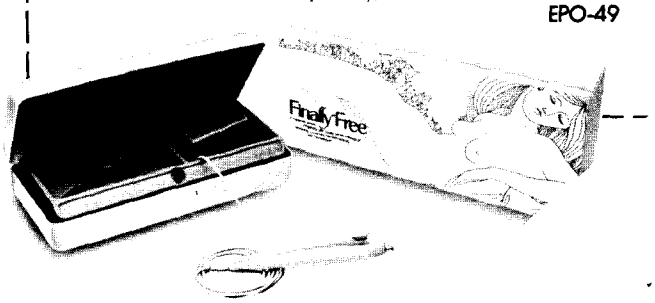

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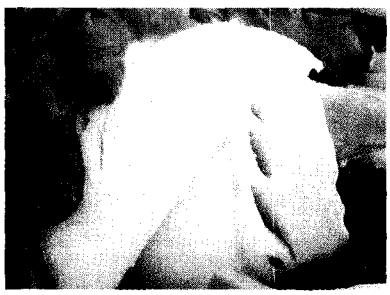
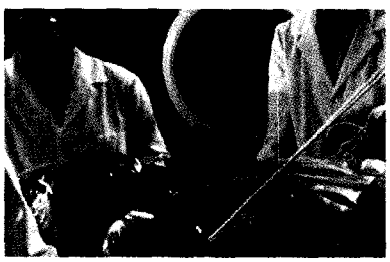
The "L.A. Law" Partnership—Jill Eikenberry and Michael Tucker bring their real-life marriage to the trials on television. **50**

Curbing a Child's Cholesterol—could put a halt to heart problems after he or she grows up. **42**



The Catch of the Day—Pan-baked fish comes out right every time. **18**



Putting Death in the Deep Freeze—Cryogenics may give answers to terminal diseases. **60**

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TABLE OF CONTENTS, APRIL 1989 Vol. 261, No. 3

FICTION

Do Ye Ken Wilbur Pope— (Mr. Ed) ..... *Walter Brooks* 36

The Young Visitor (Part I) ..... *Mary Roberts Rinehart* 54

FEATURES

Beekeepers Gather for Sweet Talk ..... *Fred D. Cavinder* 14

The Vice President's Bible ..... *Russ Pulliam* 26

A Stamp for Staehle ..... *Maynard Good Stoddard* 28

Phyllis Diller's About-Face ..... *John McCollister* 30

Something to Bark About ..... *Maynard Good Stoddard* 48

King and Queen of Torts ("L.A. Law") ..... *Holly G. Miller* 50

Putting Death on Ice (Cryonics) ..... *Dr. Avi Ben-Abraham* 60

I Believe in Mother Teresa ..... *Robert Fulghum* 63

Challenging the Traditional Transfusion ..... *Theresa L. Crenshaw, M.D.* 66

Bring on the Beans ..... *Pat Perry* 96

DEPARTMENTS

Letters 4

Post People 12

Food: One-Dish Fish ..... *Christopher Irwin* 18

Post Scripts 34

Heart Beat: High Cholesterol in Children 42

Healthful Recipes Children Can Cook 44

Gardens: Bringing Orchids Down to Earth ..... *Dr. Ellen Henke* 46

Sports: The Basketball Man ..... *Bob Broeg* 58

Travel: Life by the Mississippi ..... *William Mueller* 86

New Orleans' Write Stuff ..... *Marda Burton* 90

Medical Mailbox: Armand Hammer Fights Cancer ..... *Cory SerVaas, M.D.* 100

(Cover photo by Charles William Bush)

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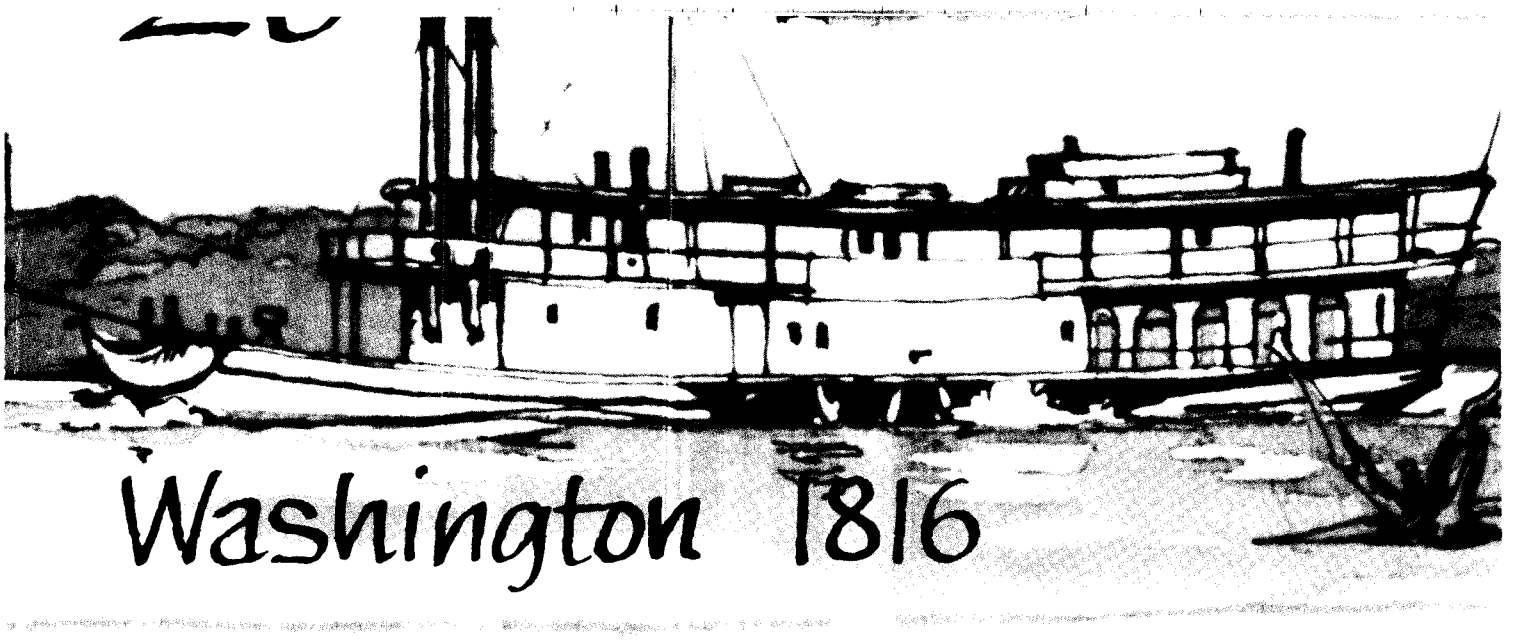

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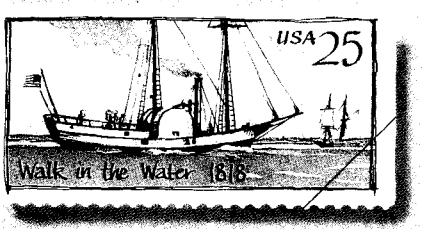

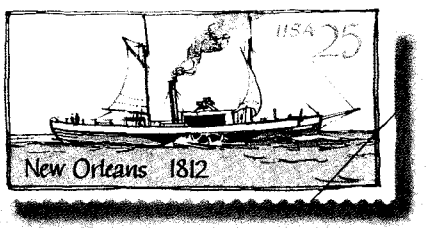

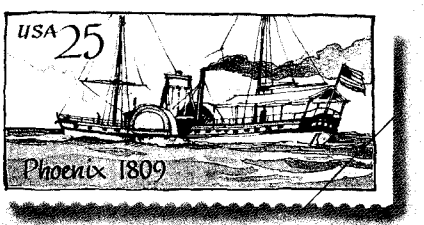

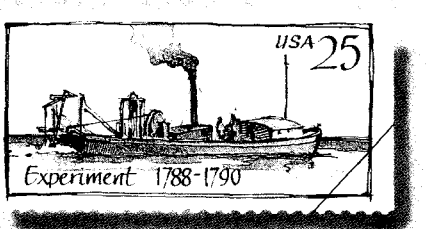

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Phyllis Diller's About-Face—began with a chance visit to a neighborhood church. **30**

The Young Visitor—would upset most wives, but not in this delightful Mary Roberts Rinehart tale. **54**

Mother Teresa's Caring Heart—becomes the invincible weapon against the evils of this earth. **63**

Mr. Ed, the Talking Horse—transforms a stately fox hunt into a wide-open brawl. **36**

The Great River Road—It's a real stream-lined way to explore the world's greatest river valley. **86**

Letters

Mrs. Desi Arnaz, Jr., Cautions Sheep

Twenty years ago I was at an ear-piercing, loud rock-'n'-roll concert. The friend I was with asked me if I liked the music, and I said "yes" because I wanted to be "in." Half of our music-loving teenagers probably don't like the crazy, loud music but buy it and listen to it for approval. Growing up with my mom having two artificial eardrums and a deaf cousin has made me very hearing conscious ("Hold On to Your Hearing," Jan./Feb. '89 *Post*). So a word to those who endure loud music for the sake of "approval" comes from my favorite author, Vernon Howard: "A truly strong person does not need the approval of others any more than a lion needs the approval of sheep."

Mrs. Desi Arnaz, Jr.
Boulder City, Nevada

A Bushel and a Peck

Your magazine is the finest publication available I have seen, and it always has been. I remember the Clarence Budington Kelland stories published ages ago. Your standards are still high and the magazine content still inspiring.

In the Jan./Feb. 1989 issue you had an article on Gregory Peck in which the reading of the Bible—the *New Testament Album*—is spoken of.

Have you information as to where these tapes are available?

Vera Williams
San Diego, California

I can't begin to tell you how much I have enjoyed rediscovering your magazine. I used to read it cover to cover in "the old days" and have just recently become a subscriber again and find it better than ever!

I particularly enjoyed the article about Gregory Peck in your Jan./Feb. issue as we named our second son Gregory—after Mr. Peck. I was particularly interested in finding out about the *New Testament Album* that is now on the market. I'm sure it is on the market somewhere, but I just can't find it around my hometown—Kingwood, Texas. I would be so grateful if you can let me know where I can order these tapes. I cannot think of any voice I would rather hear reading God's Word than Mr. Peck's.

Keep up the good work—it is won-

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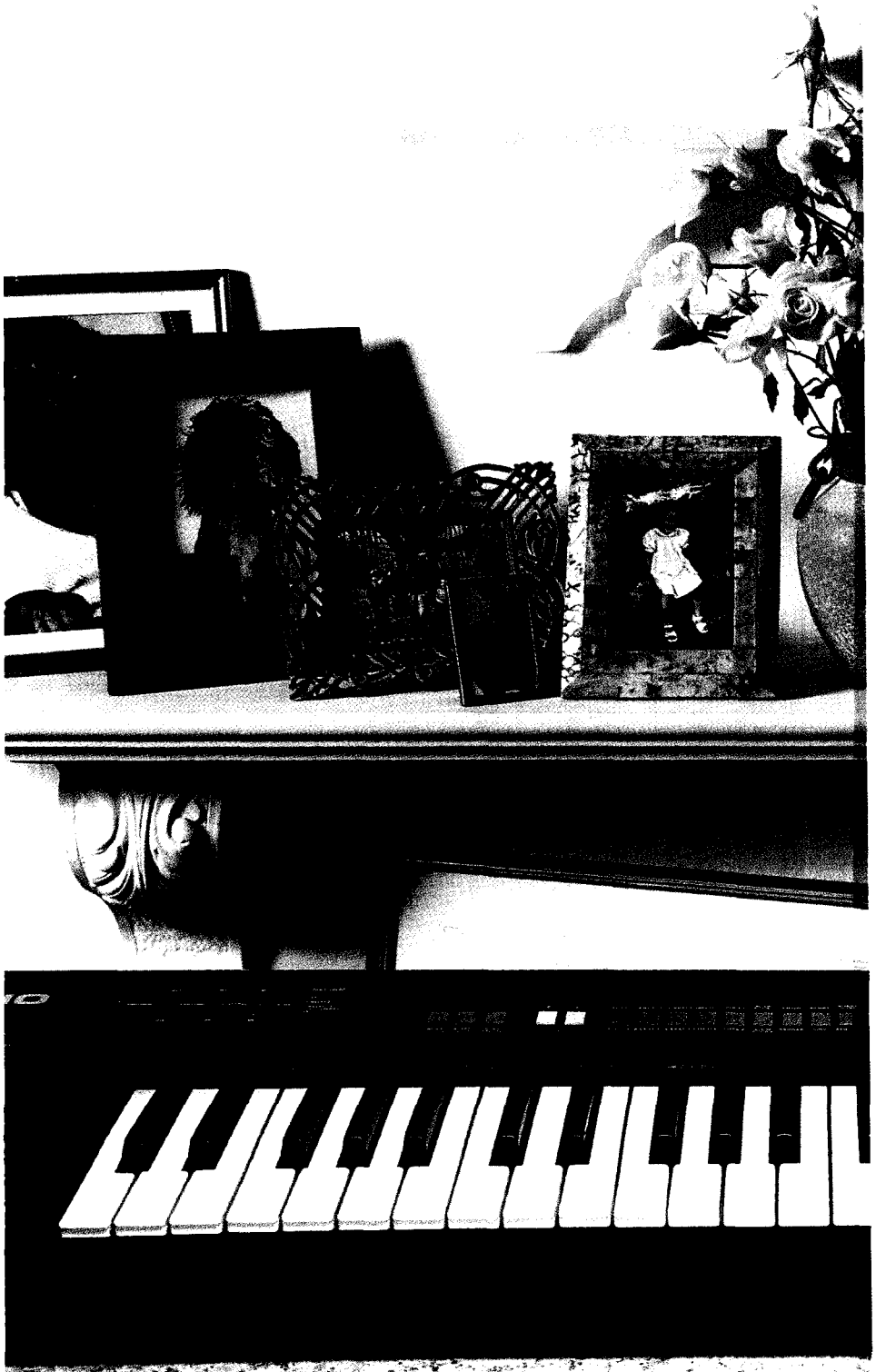

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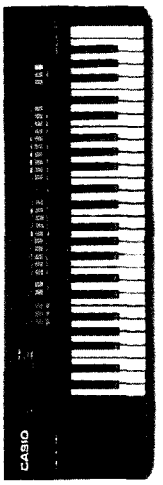

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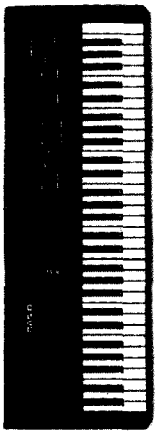

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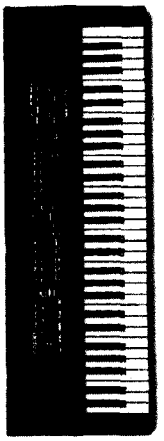

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derful to have a wholesome magazine to read. I only wish it was a monthly publication!

Carolyn Wallace
Kingwood, Texas

Editor's note: Gregory Peck's tapes are sold through Waldenbooks, a national chain of booksellers. If the tapes are unavailable in your area, you can order them through Trinity Tapes, Inc., 16604 Aminta St., Van Nuys, CA 91406.

Drilling for Pans

I read your article discussing vented muffin pans [July/Aug. '88 *Post*] and recently read "Panning for Pans" [Jan./Feb. '89 "Letters"]. My solution was asking my husband, who is handy with tools, to drill a small hole in each muffin compartment. It took him only a few minutes. I also used your suggestions of using two paper cups. We like the microwave muffins a lot better now. We eat lots of wheat and oat-bran muffins to lower our cholesterol.

We enjoy *The Saturday Evening Post* very much. Especially articles pertaining to health.

Mrs. Dean Miller
Jonesborough, Tennessee

This is in reference to the letter from Lucille Dykeman of Lakeland, Florida, in the Jan./Feb. 1989 issue of *SEP.* Ms. Dykeman was frustrated at not being able to find vented muffin pans, so I thought I'd pass along our solution.

My husband drilled three small holes in the bottom of each cup, using a 1/8" drill bit. The brand pan I have is MicroWare, but I'm sure it would work for almost any substance except Pyrex or Corningware.

Leota Crawford
Guerneville, California

Name That Lake

I have enjoyed the ongoing correspondence with regard to the lake in Webster, Massachusetts, even though I missed the initial article ["What's in a Name?" July/Aug. '88].

My mother loved words, all words, the more unusual the better, and this was probably her favorite. I remember, when I was a little girl, the game she made of trying to spell and pronounce it. She also had an old yellowed clipping about it which gave a translation. The translation was "I fish on my side, you fish on your side, and nobody fish in the middle."

I don't know what happened to the clipping, so for that reason I was delighted with the picture in the October issue.

Linda F. Moon
Douglasville, Georgia

Touching Touchy Subjects

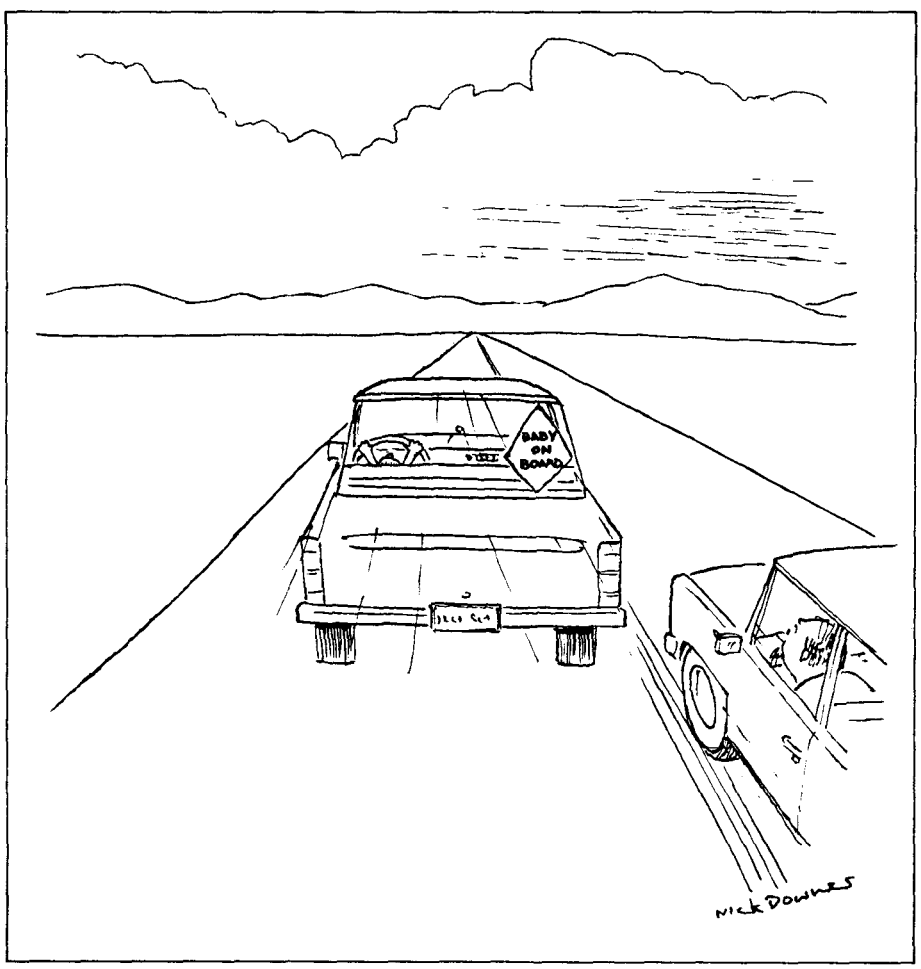
I really enjoyed the article "Dr. Frank Young: Making a Difference" [Jan./Feb. '89 *Post*].

Talking about AIDS and other diseases can be touchy. But they're subjects we need to learn more information on. People get scared when they hear the things that a disease can do. What should we do—hide from the fact that we might die from it? People should open their eyes to what's going on in this world. Things are changing fast.

If people are planning on having sexual intercourse, they should ask their partners questions about their health. They should not be afraid to ask questions. It's their life they are risking.

Thanks for the article. I'm glad someone out there does care.

Christy Hinkley
Weiser, Idaho



Let's Hear It Again for Lungs

Thank you so much for the article on lung transplants. Could I get a reprint of the article "Let's Hear It for Lungs"?

I am a 46-year-old with severe COPD and am being considered for a lung transplant. I would appreciate any and all information.

Carol Alpers
Dodge City, Kansas

Editor's note: We're sending reprints of our May/June '85 article "Let's Hear It for Lungs," along with other Saturday Evening Post *articles on the subject of lung transplants. I hope that you will be successful in your efforts to obtain a lung transplant, if you choose that route.*

We're printing your address so that others who have had lung transplants can write to you. (Carol Alpers, 705 7th Ave., Dodge City, KS 67801.) Would you please pass along the

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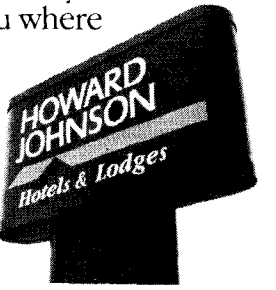

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SatEvePost *reprints to other interested parties when you're finished with them?*

Search for a Clinic

My brother-in-law, a smoker for many years, has recently developed an adenocarcinoma of the lung. He is presently receiving chemotherapy.

I have heard of the Livingston-Wheeler Clinic in San Diego, California. A vaccine is used there, presumably for cancer treatment. What can you tell me about this treatment?

Are there any nutritional therapies which would enhance his treatment?

Beverly Cowley
Lake City, Michigan

Editor's note: We are not familiar with the Livingston-Wheeler Clinic in San Diego. Perhaps some of our readers who are could give you further information. A good nutrition plan will undoubtedly enhance your brother-in-law's treatment and feeling of well-being.

Help for Wegener's Disease

In your Jan./Feb. 1989 issue of *The Saturday Evening Post* in "Medical Mailbox," I read the letter from Roland and Dorothy Henry, of Oakley, California. They said they'd sent the *Post* the most up-to-date information they'd found on Wegener's disease.

I'm real interested in getting this—is there any way in getting it from them? My granddaughter's husband has been told he has it, and so little is known of it here in western Kansas. He is only 29 years old—and all I can get on this may help him. Would you please check this out for me and let me know how I could get their information? I'd be ever so grateful.

I've been a reader of *The Saturday Evening Post* for years and love every page of it!

Mildred Burnham
St. Francis, Kansas

Editor's note: We're enclosing a copy of the information we have on Wegener's disease. Mr. and Mrs. Henry's address is: 4894 Chablis Court, Oakley, CA 94561-9458.

We urge other Wegener's patients and their families to correspond with them.

I'm writing in response to the letter from Roland and Dorothy Henry of Oakley, California, on Wegener's granulomatosis. I am so sorry that their son lost his fight against this terrible disease. My son was diagnosed with W.G. in February of '88. He was 15 years old at that time. He is very weak and only can attend school when his strength builds up. He has lost weight and is very pale. The treatment is sometimes harsher than the disease itself. We were lucky it was diagnosed early, and treatment of drugs, mainly Cytoxan and prednisone, helped to stop the bleeding in his lungs. His kidneys are still being affected, but the part of this disease that bothers him the most is his sinuses.

A few months back I wrote to the National Institutes of Health in Bethesda, Maryland. They sent me information on Wegener's granulomatosis and a four-page brochure on the W.G. support group. Anyone who would like to write the support group and become a part of their mailing list should send a large self-addressed and stamped envelope to Wegener's Granulomatosis Support Group, P.O. Box 717, Platte City, MO 64079-0717. There are no dues at this time, and you will receive a quarterly newsletter.

We consider ourselves fortunate, in a sense, that our son was diagnosed in this decade instead of the '70s, when pure lack of knowledge of this disease took its toll on many. We went to the right hospital—William Beaumont in Royal Oak—and had many terrific doctors who were very well-read on this disease.

The Henrys are so right; faith in God helps so.

Fred and Ginny Roskelly
Royal Oak, Michigan

"Of course it won't start. Battery not *included!"*

Aloe Ha

How about an article on aloe vera and its healing properties?

I wonder why the American public has not seen the Soviet studies of aloe vera as an ulcer preventive. Over a 50-year period, citizens all across the Soviet Union were given pure aloe vera juice to drink, mixed with orange juice. The Soviet test results clearly showed that aloe made it almost impossible for ulcers to form in the first place.

Alexander the Great used a hospital of aloe vera juice vats. He conquered an island in the Mediterranean just to get its aloe plants. With this "miracle" plant (aloe is a lily), Alexander was able to so quickly cure stab, slash, and burn wounds that his men could fight again before his enemies anticipated. Aloe vera juice helped Alexander the Macedonian impose his will from India to Egypt. And 50 years of Soviet research show that aloe can prevent ulcers from ever

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occurring within a large mass of the population.

Gary Miller
Zionsville, Indiana

Hope for the Hungry

I am writing to thank you for the videotape about high-lysine corn, which you sent for me to use here in Nepal, via Mr. Rollin Bohning of Osage, Iowa. I am enclosing a photocopy of an article which I wrote for our mission magazine, *Fellow Workers*. I hope that this will give you a better idea of my experience and situation here in Nepal. I am hoping to supply some seed to farmers in this coming season if I can obtain appropriate varieties from the National Maize Development Programme here in Nepal.

I appreciate your dedication to assisting the malnourished in our world and your assistance to me personally in this regard.

Dave Thoresen
Katmandu, Nepal

She Knows Beans

I would love to try your soup (recipe included, I hope). In my family I've long been known as the "bean freak." Since I lived through the "Big Depression," lucky for me, since beans were a large part of our diet.

I've always eaten the beans and greens from liking, not because "it's good for you."

The Lord gave me a strong constitution, and I thank Him daily for it.

Thanks for listening to an older citizen talk. I look forward to 15 Beans & Lysine Soup.

Mrs. V. A. Miller
Santa Rosa, California

Good for Maynard

I've just finished Maynard Good Stoddard's skiing story—as usual, just great! I wanted to let you know how much I enjoy your articles.

May you enjoy many more years so that I may enjoy many more of his stories.

My very favorite is the "On Satin Sheets" story (Nov. '82). Keep up the good work!

Bettie M. Storer
Athens, Ohio

Color Me Yellow

We've had a "heart-healthy kitchen" for a long time. One suggestion I'd like to offer is when making dishes with egg whites only instead of whole eggs, a drop or two of yellow food coloring will add a lot to the appeal of that dish.

Mary Edna Ray
Santa Rosa, California

Starting from Scratch

Your article ["The Fumigation Chamber"] in the July/August *Saturday Evening Post* was excellent. We need your help. My wife was poisoned with Dursban.

A brief history: My wife is age 66, I am 70. We are both in excellent health except for her terrible allergies. We are retired from Ball State University and were going to travel, but our life is on hold.

Three years ago our house was sprayed with Dursban for fleas—we had a dog at that time. Betty had a violent reaction to the chemical. We had to sell the house and move to an apartment. We found a doctor who knew about organophosphates, but he cannot desensitize her. The allergies have proliferated, and now cats, dogs, dust, and anything new cause violent reactions.

My wife is a very positive person and keeps going, but her body has had about all it can tolerate. In the same environment, I was not bothered at all.

Please, will you help us?

Bob and Betty McGinnis
Muncie, Indiana

"I'm ready, dear!"

No Half-Baked Idea

In your Jan./Feb. issue you spoke of wheat allergies. Why don't you print an article on wheat-free bread? A place in San Francisco, California, sells all kinds of it, and I buy milled and soya. I've not had a cold or cough since I stopped eating wheat bread, but it's become quite expensive. When I try to make millet bread I just make good tough bricks. Do you have a recipe for wheatless bread, not corn bread? Please help me.

Lorena M. Gardenhire
Coos Bay, Oregon

A Call for Reader's Help

Thank you for such a great magazine and for doing it without advertising any kinds of drugs [sic].

In June of 1988 our 24-year-old daughter was diagnosed with multiple sclerosis. She had a MRI (Magnetic Resonance Imaging) test.

I was wondering if you or any of your readers have come up with any new ideas on causes, such as viruses, or any new cures. I know the Na-

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tional MS Society doesn't have any new ideas on file. And as of now there is no cure.

Diana Messerschmidt
Beloit, Wisconsin

Not Marlboro Country

I am in the process of putting together an article for a medical journal addressing different things that physicians can do to help their patients stop smoking. One of the things I will be addressing is the importance of the physician creating a non-smoking environment in the medical office.

Consequently, I am preparing a listing of general readership magazines, such as yours, which could be placed in waiting rooms and which do not carry cigarette advertising.

In reviewing your December 1988 issue, I noticed that you had no cigarette advertising. Before including *The Saturday Evening Post* in this medical article I am writing, I wanted to find out if that is your official policy, or whether the December's issue not having any cigarette advertising was merely coincidental.

I very much appreciate your response to this inquiry.

David P. L. Sachs, M.D.
Palo Alto, California

Editor's note: Our readers can attest that the Post *has a no-cigarette-advertising policy and hasn't taken cigarette ads for a number of years. In addition, we have crusaded about the need to make this a smoke-free nation. We support your cause editorially. Thank you.*

Patting Patti

Thank you for your recent cover story on Sandi Patti [Jan./Feb. '89]. I have been a fan of Sandi's for a long time. In college her songs could be heard through the halls of our sorority house the same as any pop singer or group. Now that I am a young married woman trying to manage a family and a career, Sandi is a person I can look to as a role model. Today the media offers us many views of the way life can be. I'm glad Sandi is showing a more positive way to live as Christians and as families.

Sandi is a fabulous singer and a wonderful person. Thank you for sharing her story with us.

Teresa Lynn Sutherland
Versailles, Kentucky

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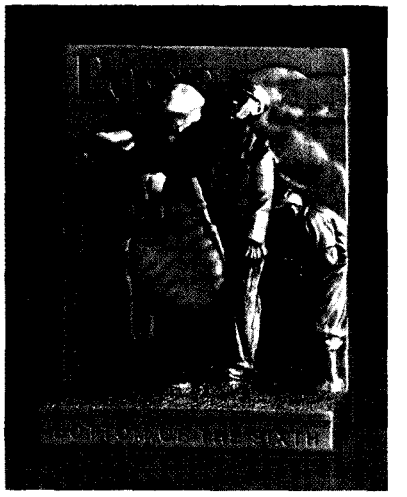

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Post People

Peter Michael

At age 33, ***Evan Bayh*** has become the nation's youngest governor and Indiana's youngest since pioneer days. Although his inauguration marked Indiana's first Democratic administration in 20 years, the Bayh name has not waited that long to be politically recognized. Bayh's father, Birch Evans Bayh, Jr., served as a three-term U.S. senator from Indiana, 1962-1981. Introducing his son at the inauguration, Birch Bayh told the crowd of more than 2,000 rejoicing Democrats, "Only another parent can understand my feelings." Governor Bayh plans to wage war on drugs by calling for the death penalty for certain drug dealers.

Susan Bayh, a lawyer, has followed Barbara Bush's lead by adopting literacy as her special project. At the Hoosier Inaugural Ball, the First Lady of Indiana represented her husband, who was busy taking on a legislature split 50-50.

Though ***Angela Lansbury*** is in her final season of "Murder, She Wrote," CBS' highest-rated series ever, she definitely will not be vegetating.

"I'm so terribly interested in so many things," she says, "and one of the problems with the series is that I don't have time enough to do them. So I'm just going to leave and take my chances."

One of those other interests, as revealed by her fit figure at 63, is a just-released video, "Angela Lansbury's Positive Moves: A Personal Plan for Fitness and Well-Being at Any Age." In the 50-minute tape she demonstrates her own home program of fitness and selective eating.

"If you can say certain things that can be helpful to other people," the vivacious actress explains, "then you darn well ought to share them."

Candice Bergen is finally doing what she's always wanted to do: make us laugh.

Her comic talent, first nurtured in the film *Starting Over* and allowed to blossom when she was a guest host on "Saturday Night Live," has now become the centerpiece of TV's new sitcom "Murphy Brown."

Although her dramatic role in *The Mayflower Madam* scored big ratings in 1987, Bergen says TV movies are too grim. She has turned down 15 other projects to do comedy. "Murphy," she says, "is the thorniest, most ornery and interesting character ever."

"Most films on the big screen today are for 17-year-olds, prizefighters, and vigilantes," ***Jane Seymour*** says. "The best roles are on TV."

So why did she turn down four times the biggest role of her career in *War and Remembrance*—the 30-hour miniseries with the final episode scheduled for May?

Because she was not prepared to be away from her husband and newborn for nine months of filming in Eastern Europe. "Then I read the script," she says, "and cried through the whole night; I couldn't put it down."

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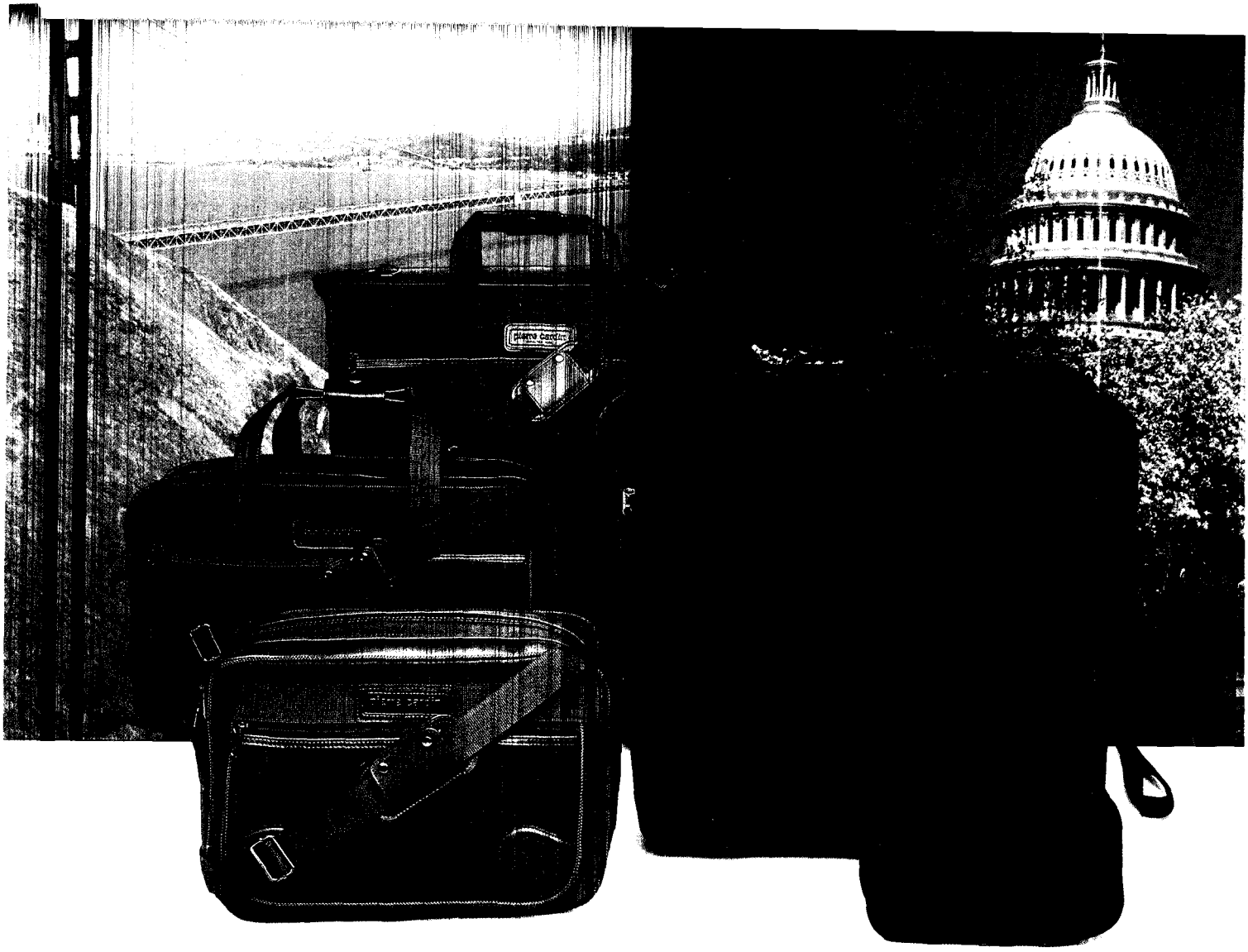

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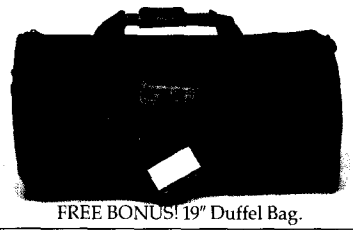

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BEEKEEPERS GATHER FOR SWEET TALK

More than 500 apiculturists swarmed recently in a Midwestern city.

by Fred D. Cavinder

More than 500 of the nation's leading honey producers and packers gathered recently in Indianapolis to discuss everything from bee-killing varroa mites to killer bees at the 45th annual American Beekeeping Federation convention.

O.K., laugh.

Snicker that their theme song is "Bees Buzz Round My Honey, She's Got Hives."

Chortle about the idea that it can be scientifically proven that a bee, shaped as it is, can't possibly fly.

Recall with glee that bearded comic poem:

I eat my peas with honey,
I've done it all my life.
They taste a little funny
but it keeps them on my knife.

But before mirthfully joining in the "Saturday Night Live" comic concept of bees with more zingers than stingers, note that the U.S. Department of Agriculture estimates that about a third of the human diet comes from plants pollinated by insects.

And 90 percent of the pollination of agricultural crops in the nation is accomplished by bees.

Translation: If it weren't for bees, fruits and vegetables would be harder to find than hives' teeth.

The convention in Indianapolis explored such sticky problems as mites that kill bees and ways of informing the public about the Africanized—or killer—bees. Also, contaminants in honey, apiary inspection, and research reports were discussed.

The $115 million-a-year industry has government support.

"The American Beekeeping Federation encourages the government to keep honey price supports in place and to adequately fund apiculture [beekeeping] research," said Karen Dahl of the National Honey Board.

Not that the beekeepers don't already know a lot about their little buzzing comb climbers.

Who else would know that a honeybee flies about 15 miles per hour and would have to tap 2 million flowers to make one pound of honey?

Say the flowers are one foot apart. That would make a trip to 2 million flowers 380 miles, a trip of 25 hours for a non-stop 15-mile-an-hour bee.

Taking into consideration that a beeline is not straight, that there is time consumed in supping nectar and time needed to return to the hive to shuck pollen off the legs, a bee would need 200 lifetimes to make that pound of honey.

The beekeepers estimate that a worker honeybee makes only one-twelfth of a teaspoon of honey in her one-season life.

Bee-Wildering Facts

In case you are not one of the approximately 211,600 U.S. beekeepers who already knew these fascinating facts, here are some more trivia questions to ponder while spreading honey on your toast.

Q. How much honey would it take to fuel a bee's flight around the world? (Never mind wondering why a bee would want to fly around the world, or where its luggage would end up.)

A. About one ounce.

Q. How long have bees been producing honey from flowering plants?

A. Ten million to 20 million years. (Nobody knows the location of this 20-million-year-old garden, where petunias presumably come equipped with walkers and petal-style Grecian Formula.)

Q. How many sides does each honeycomb cell have?

A. Six. (If you said two—outside and inside—do not continue with the rest of the quiz. You are obviously a cane sugar person.)

Q. What is the per-capita consumption of honey in the United States?

A. 1.1 pounds a year.

Q. How do honeybees communicate with one another?

A. Dancing. Bees do a dance that tells other bees the direction and distance to nectar and pollen. (Among humans, dancing with the wrong honey can result in directions to the marriage counselor.)

Q. What mythological god dipped his arrows in honey?

A. Cupid.

Which brings us to this bit of bee lore, probably not a major topic at the beekeeping convention:

Bees are busy little souls
which have no time for birth controls.
And that is why, in times like these,
there are so many sons of bees.

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The 8-Carat Dilemma

Have YOUR Jeweler Appraise it. We GUARANTEE the Appraisal will be more than Double Your Direct Price!

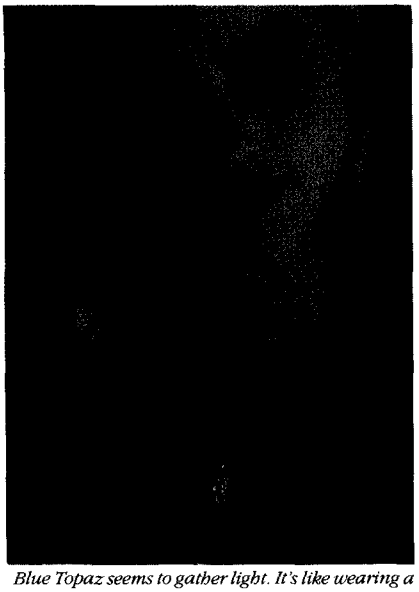
by Tom Lindemann

"You must have come into some money."

I said that to my friend Fred, innocently and with a little envy. He and his wife Janet had just come into the dinner party.

Janet was wearing a pendant. It had a gorgeous blue gemstone big enough to choke a horse.

Fred knew what I was referring to. "4 carats," he said casually.



Blue Topaz seems to gather light. It's like wearing a piece of the sky.

The Brazilian Connection

Janet was wearing a breathtaking Blue Topaz. I don't know if you have any idea how big a 4-carat gem looks, but this one was so perfectly faceted it looked even bigger than that.

"Your pendant is like a flawless piece of the sky. I can't take my eyes off it," our host said to Janet.

Much later, Fred told me the secret. He and Janet had bought the topaz direct from a secret "Brazilian Connection"– which meant he was able to get this lovely gem for far less than the normal cost.

Calstar Moves In

You know Calstar. As it turns out, we have a buyer in Brazil. Off he went to the topaz mines.

As good a deal as Fred had made, it didn't compare to our tremendous buying power. We were able to get a whole batch of topaz gems at a fraction of what even the shrewdest traveler would normally pay.

*Actual photographs: The gem at left is a genuine aquamarine. Price: over $416 per carat. The gem at right is our natural (**not** synthetic) Blue Topaz. Calstar's direct-to-you price: only $12.25 per carat. The piercing blue of genuine, blue Brazilian topaz has made this stunning gem a favorite of the rich and famous.*

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Please read carefully, because otherwise you'll miss the heart of this outrageous bargain:

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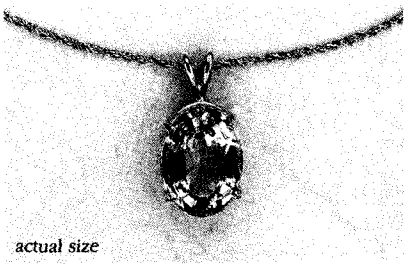
Or you can have the oval-cut 8-carat Blue Topaz, in a 14K gold pendant-mount, with a lustrous 18-inch "rope" 14K gold chain, for just $236.

Any of these rich-looking wonders is yours for as low as $24.50 a month interest free. Add $3.50 for insured shipping.



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If the appraisal isn't for at least twice your price, send it back for a 100% refund. We'll even pay the return postage.

Wait. I'm not through.

Whether you order the 8-carat topaz, the topaz in the pendant-mount, or the pendant with the chain, it's yours for as low as $24.50 a month. We'll ship when we have your first payment. You can see: I'm willing to take just about all the risk to get this eye-stopper in your hands.

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So may I suggest you order now? Our allotment isn't unlimited, and real topaz isn't like a metal trinket; there are only so many in all the world. In fact, it's so rare and fine that you'll get a signed Certificate of Authenticity with your Blue Topaz.

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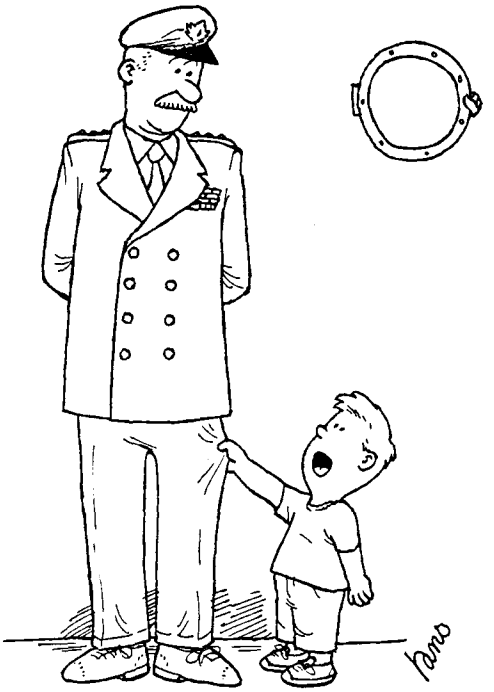
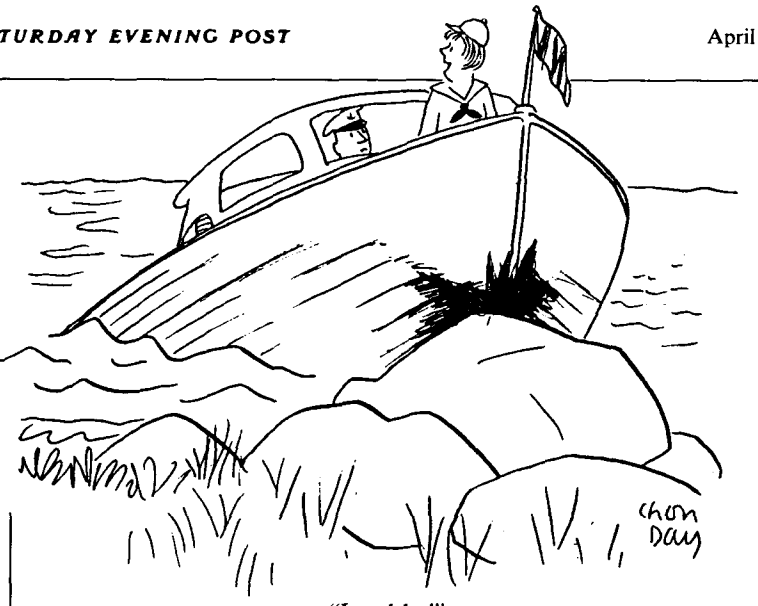
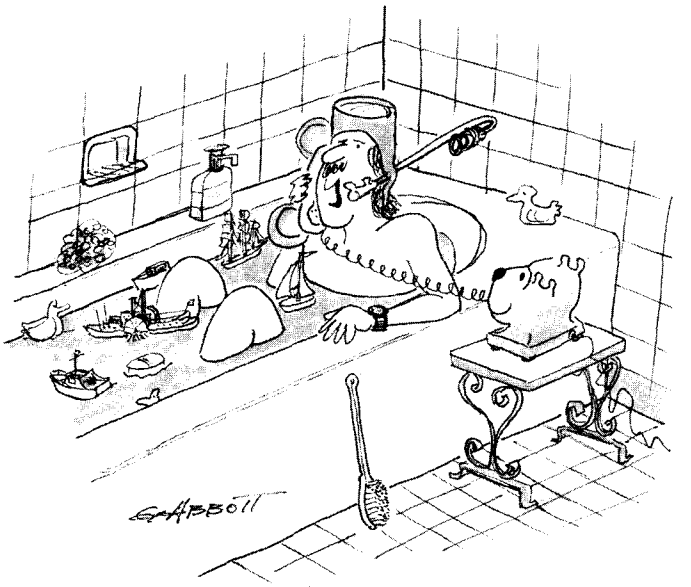
LEEWAY TO LAUGHTER



"'scuze me, Cap'n, but which way is it to the little boys' poop deck?"



"Land ho!"



"Fred Biggs here—enjoying himself."

"Wait till you see what fishing does for your nerves, Ethel."

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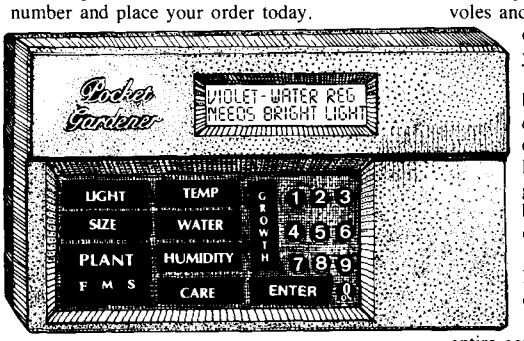
Our Newest Gardening Marvels

The products shown are a selection of the most popular items from out latest catalog.

But reading a list of features is no substitute for seeing these new state-of-the-art products in person. That's why we encourage you to take 30 days to try them out in the privacy of your own home. If you're not 100% satisfied with your choice, you may return it for a prompt, courteous refund (including delivery charge). So select your favorite product and call our 24-hour, toll-free number and place your order today.



COMPUTERIZED HOUSE PLANT GUIDE

The *Pocket Gardener®* is a computerized database which contains expert advice on the general care and maintenance of 191 of the most popular indoor house plants in North America. This unique electronic database was developed by Mr. Art Drysdale, President of the North American Garden Association and author of numerous books on home gardening.

In order to display information on a specifc plant, simply press the "PLANT" key and the plant number listed on the pocket reference guide (included). Detailed information will be displayed on your plant selection including lighting, watering, humidity, and temperature requirements. Growth expectancy and special care instructions will also be displayed. Advises which plants require special pruning and ones that are prone to pest infestation or root rot. Includes complete information on common house plants and exotic plants such as the Blue African Lily, Arabian Violet, Ming Aralia and Japanese Fatsia.

Weighs 3 oz. Measures 5" x 3" x ½". Fast, medium or slow LCD display option. Uses two 1.5V batteries (included). Automatic shut-off. 90-day warranty.

Order your electronic *Pocket Gardener* today and begin to master the special requirements of your house plants.

- Pocket Gardener PG#82 $59.95 (4.95)

THE SOUND EVERY GOPHER IN YOUR YARD HATES

You've worked hard to make your lawn and garden beautiful, but the only things coming up are those dirt mounds that announce — *you've got gophers!*

You can't surrender to these rodents. But gas, poisons and traps might hurt the kids or pets. And anyway, they'd only make you feel like a murderer.

Here's a simple solution that's remarkably effective. It's called the *GoPherIt II®* and it's technology's way to deal with the problem. A small, unobtrusive device, the new and improved *GoPherIt II* emits a harmless sound that humans and common house pets can't hear. But it drives gophers crazy. In fact, the sound wave emitted by the *GoPherIt II* is so irritating to burrowing rodents like gophers, moles, ground squirrels, shrews, voles and pocket mice that it chases them out of their holes, and your yard, forever!

And they won't come back because this electronic invention emits a nasty sound every 15 seconds day and night for about 6 months. As long as 4 alkaline "AA" batteries generally last. In fact, replacing batteries is the only servicing this completely water-proof device needs.

Each *GoPherIt II* stake is 12" long and weighs 1 lb. The sound it emits protects an area of about 1000 sq. yds., so only 5 can save an entire acre. Buying additional units saves money (see below for details).

Gophers use long claws to burrow tunnels and chisel-like front teeth to devour plants, leaves, stems, bulbs, vegetables, succulent herbs — even the bark of trees.

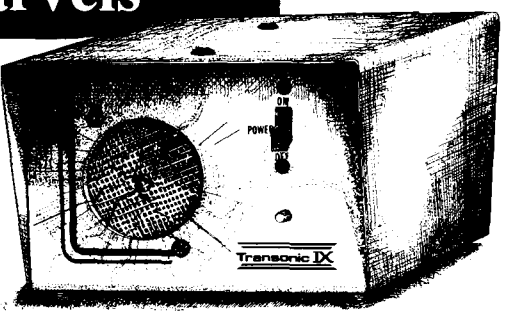
And gophers breed like rabbits. In a season, one gopher can produce 30, who are out making trouble on their own after only 6 weeks. In fact, it's so bad the Agricultural Commissioner of Los Angeles has said that, "90% of the current population has to be eliminated to keep ahead of reproduction."

The sound moves out 50 feet in all directions.

Before the *GoPherit II* you were forced to resort to more traditional methods of elimination. And still there was no guarantee of success. Carbon monoxide, for example, hosed from your car can be effective. If it doesn't kill you first. Nasty chemicals like pentachlorophenol, carbon tetrachloride and methyl bromide can work as fumigants, though even a refresher course in chemistry wouldn't make them simpler to use.

Now do something that won't get your hands dirty. Order your *GoPherIt II* today. And for once, clear your yard of gophers while you keep your conscience clean.

- 1 GoPherIt II IW#150 $49.95 (4.95)
- Set of 2 IW#250 $94.95 (6.95)
- Set of 4 IW#450 $185.95 (8.95)
- 5 or more IW#550 $44.95 ea. (2.00)



ELIMINATE PESTS FOREVER FOR ONLY $49.95

Sharing your home and yard with pests such as Rats, Mice, Cockroaches, Spiders, Fleas, and Bats is less than a pleasant situation. Yet trying to kill them with traditional pesticides and various other poisons can be extremely dangerous to your family and house pets. And unfortunately, pests usually develop immunity to these chemicals within a few short months.

The new *Transonic IX* delivers ultrasound waves 24 hours a day which are totally inaudible to both humans and house pets. Yet, the same sound is so irritating to the nervous system of pests that they become completely disoriented and leave your house within a few short weeks - Forever!

The industrial strength *Transonic IX* protects an area up to 10,000 sq. ft. (70,000 cu. ft) and was originally developed to work in food storage facilities, restaurants, and industrial farms/gardens. Imagine how effective this industrial unit will be in your home. Includes six pitch settings which even allow you to get rid of larger pests such as Raccoons, Deer, Birds, Rabbits, and Coyotes. EPA and UL listed. Powered by AC adapter (included). 90 day warranty.

Order your *Transonic IX* today. Or better yet, order two for special savings.

- Transonic IX TV#110 $49.95 (4.95)
- Two Transonic IX Units TV#350 $91.80 (6.95)

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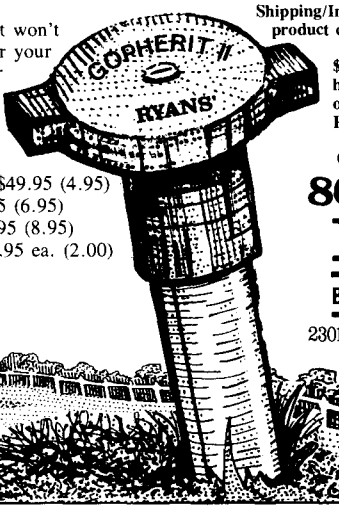
For an additional $6.00 we would be happy to ship your order via Federal Express. Please request when ordering.



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FOOD

ONE-DISH FISH

Simple fish fillets become gourmet dishes with Pan-Bake vegetables and colorful sauces.

by Christopher Irwin

There's no way to guarantee seafood dinners that come out perfect every time, but one cooking method offers hope for those who consistently over- or under-cook fish. It's called Pan-Bake. Actually, Pan-Bake is a cross between baking and poaching that has little to do with pans or skillets, because most of the cooking is done in individual serving dishes.

Inexpensive cod or sole fillets are combined with vegetables or fruits and a sauce containing just enough liquid to moisten the fish and protect it from careless cooking.

Pan-Bake practitioners range from homemakers to executive chefs who like seafood recipes that are easy to make, affordable, and great-looking on a plate.

The challenge of making a gourmet dish from a common cod fillet can get the creative juices flowing. And recipe variations appear to be unlimited, as the following chef-designed dishes show. Most can be made in both conventional and microwave ovens. If the sauces and accompaniments are prepared ahead, cooking time before meals is only eight to ten minutes.

Pan-Bake Southwest Sole
(Makes 6 servings)

4 medium carrots, peeled and cut julienne style
½ head (about 3 cups) jicama, peeled and cut julienne style
4 green onions, sliced
4 tablespoons margarine
Dash salt, if desired
Dash pepper
6 North Atlantic sole, cod, or scrod fillets
¾ cup salsa
¾ cup dry white wine
1 avocado, peeled and cut into 6 wedges
1 bunch cilantro
Jalapeño peppers, green onions, or lime slices for garnish

Sauté carrots, jicama, and onions in margarine until crisp-tender, about 5

The baking pan is a serving dish for Pan-Bake Southwest Sole, which adds salsa for an eye-pleasing fish dish.

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minutes. Salt and pepper to taste. Place vegetables in ovenproof pan. Roll 1 avocado wedge and 1 cilantro sprig in each fish fillet. Place on top of vegetables. Pour salsa and wine over all. Bake in preheated 450° F. oven about 15 minutes (25 minutes if fish is frozen) or until fish is opaque and flakes easily when tested with fork. Garnish with jalapeño peppers, onions, or lime slices, if desired.

Microwave directions: In 2-quart oblong microwave dish, place margarine and carrots. Cover with lid or plastic wrap. Microwave at High (100%) 2 minutes. Add jicama and onions. Microwave at High, covered, 4 minutes. Stir. Top with fish fillets; place thickest portion of fillets to outside of dish and fold as necessary to fit dish. Top with salsa and white wine. Tuck avocado and cilantro into center. Cover with plastic wrap. Microwave at High 5-7 minutes for thawed fish and 8-10 minutes for individually frozen fish fillets.

Okkar's Iceland Pan-Bake Fillet of Cod
(Makes 2 servings)

Salt, if desired
Freshly ground black pepper
1 pound North Atlantic cod fillets, 1" thick
1 leek (white portion only)
2 tablespoons margarine
4 ounces (1 cup) sliced fresh mushrooms
1 small onion, sliced
⅔ cup dry white wine
2 tablespoons chopped parsley
Tomato flower, for garnish

Preheat oven to 450° F. Salt and pepper fish to taste. Cut leek in half lengthwise and slice thinly into half circles. Melt 1 tablespoon margarine, and sauté mushrooms, onion, and leek until soft. Spoon vegetables into casserole dish. Top with seasoned cod. Pour white wine over cod. Cover and bake in preheated oven 20 minutes. When ready to serve, uncover, brush with remaining tablespoon margarine, and sprinkle with chopped parsley. Garnish with tomato flower.

For frozen fish: Unwrap 1-pound frozen package of North Atlantic cod, haddock, ocean perch, sole, or flounder; allow fish to stand at room temperature about 20 minutes. With sharp knife, cut into two equal pieces. Bake fish on vegetables about 35-40 minutes.

North Atlantic Pan-Bake Garden Scrod
(Makes 6 servings)

2 ounces polyunsaturated cooking oil
4 carrots, cut julienne style
4 zucchini, cut julienne style
12 fresh mushrooms, sliced
4 small onions, sliced
12 tomatoes, diced
⅓ cup white wine
⅓ cup fish stock
2 tablespoons lime juice
1 cup basil sprigs, cut julienne style
Salad oil and parchment paper, if desired
Salt and pepper, if desired
6 6-ounce North Atlantic scrod, cod, or sole fillets, frozen
6 whole basil sprigs
1 lemon, sliced

Heat oil in medium saucepan. Sauté

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carrots, zucchini, mushrooms, and onions until tender-crisp. Remove from heat. Cook tomatoes in liquids and reduce by half. Add julienned basil and cook additional minute.

Place sautéed vegetables on oiled parchment paper cut in half-heart shapes (or place in 6 individual casserole dishes). Salt and pepper fish to taste. Place fish portions on top of vegetables and cover with tomato-basil mixture. Seal parchment and place on baking pan (or seal casserole dishes with foil). Bake in preheated 450° F. oven about 15 minutes. (If using thawed fish, bake at 375° F. 8-10 minutes.) With spatula, transfer fish and vegetables from parchment packages onto plates, or serve in individual casseroles. Garnish each fish fillet with basil sprig and lemon slice.

Microwave directions: Cook white wine and fish stock, uncovered, at High (100%) 10 minutes. Stir twice. Add vegetables and julienned basil. Cover and cook at High 3 minutes. Place fish portions in individual casserole dishes; top with vegetable mixture. Cover and bake at High 8 minutes; rotate dishes once. (If using thawed fish, bake at High 5 minutes.)

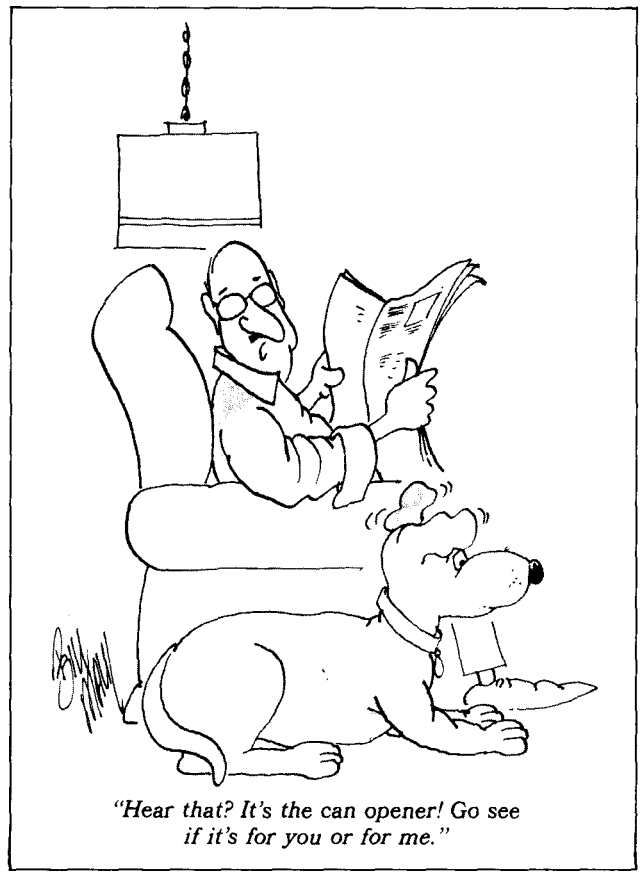
North Atlantic Pan-Bake Scrod Provencale
(Makes 6 servings)

3 ounces olive oil
⅓ pound sliced red onions
⅓ pound diced celery
2 cloves garlic, crushed
1 pound diced tomatoes
1½ ounces tomato paste
½ cup dry white wine
1 cup clam juice
2 tablespoons chopped parsley
½ tablespoon oregano
1 teaspoon grated orange peel
Dash cayenne pepper
Dash salt and pepper, if desired
1 bay leaf
6 6-ounce North Atlantic cod or scrod fillets, frozen
Garlic toast, olives, and parsley for garnish

In large saucepan, heat olive oil, and add onions, celery, and garlic. Sauté vegetables until limp. Add tomatoes, tomato paste, wine, and clam juice. Bring to boil, then reduce to simmer. Add remaining ingredients except fish and garnishes. Simmer 30 minutes. Keep hot. Place fish portions in 6 individual casserole dishes. Top with sauce, and bake in preheated 450° F. oven about 15 minutes. (If using thawed fish, bake at 425° F. 10-12 minutes.) Remove bay leaf. Garnish with parsley, olives, and garlic toast.

Microwave directions: Cook oil, onions, celery, and garlic at High (100%) 3 minutes. Add tomatoes, tomato paste, wine, and clam juice. Cook at High, uncovered, 4 minutes; stir once. Add remaining ingredients except fish and garnishes. Cover and cook at Low (30%) 10 minutes. Place fish portions in 6 individual casserole dishes, top with sauce, and cover. Bake 8 minutes at High; rotate dishes twice. (If using thawed fish, cook at High 5 minutes; rotate once.)

Tip: For heartier Pan-Bake, add thin-sliced potatoes and carrot strips to other vegetables.



"Hear that? It's the can opener! Go see if it's for you or for me."

North Atlantic Pan-Bake Cod Biarritz
(Makes 6 servings)

6 6-ounce North Atlantic cod or scrod fillets, frozen
1½ cups carrots, sliced in rounds
2¼ cups sliced potatoes
5 tablespoons margarine
1½ cups yellow onions, cut in large dice
¾ cup sliced celery
¾ cup chopped green pepper
2 teaspoons salt, if desired
1½ teaspoons oregano
½ teaspoon cayenne pepper
3 tablespoons white wine
¾ cup water

Partially thaw fish fillets, and cut into large chunks. Sauté carrots and potatoes in margarine about 5 minutes. Add remaining vegetables and seasonings and simmer 3 minutes longer. Add wine, water, and fish. Transfer to 6 individual casserole dishes and bake in preheated 400° F. oven 5-8 minutes.

Microwave directions: Place margarine and onions in large casserole dish and bake at High (100%) 3 minutes. Add remaining vegetables, salt, and water. Cover and bake at High 5 minutes; stir once. Reduce power to Medium-High and bake additional 3 minutes. Remove cover. Add oregano, pepper, and wine; stir gently. Add fish and bake at High 3 minutes. Serve in individual casserole dishes.

North Atlantic Pan-Bake Pesca Pasta
(Makes 6 servings)

9 ounces margarine
24 ounces fettucini, cooked al dente *and drained*
36 ounces spaghetti sauce
6 ounces yellow onion, cut julienne style
6 ounces green pepper, cut julienne style
6 6-ounce North Atlantic cod or scrod fillets, thawed
1 teaspoon salt and pepper, if desired
¼ cup dry red wine (or Pernod)
6 ounces black olive rings
4½ ounces grated Parmesan cheese
9 ounces shredded mozzarella cheese

In large sauté pan, melt 3 ounces margarine. Add pasta and sauce and blend well. Keep hot. In second sauté pan, melt 3 ounces margarine and

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sauté vegetables until firm, then remove from pan. Add remaining margarine to second pan. Season fish with salt and pepper, and sauté on both sides until golden. Deglaze with wine. To assemble, place pasta in 6 individual casserole dishes. Top with fish, vegetables, and olive rings. Blend both cheeses and sprinkle on top. Bake in preheated 350° F. oven until cheese melts and is golden brown, about 15 minutes.

North Atlantic Pan-Bake
Scrod Pan-Asian
(Makes 6 servings)

Margarine
12 green cabbage leaves
6 6-ounce North Atlantic cod or scrod fillets, frozen
2 leeks, cut julienne style
3 carrots, cut julienne style
6 (3-leaf sprigs) fresh mint leaves
6 (3-leaf sprigs) fresh basil leaves
6 slices ginger root
¼ teaspoon chili powder
6 tablespoons sake or dry sherry
6 tablespoons low-salt soy sauce
Cooked rice

Cut 6 sheets of aluminum foil to 11" x 16" and lightly spread with margarine. For each serving, place 2 cabbage leaves on foil. Place fish on cabbage and top with equal portions of vegetables, herbs, wine, and soy sauce. Fold each foil pack tightly to lock in juices. Bake in preheated 450° F. oven about 15 minutes, or grill in foil 15 minutes. (If using thawed fish, bake at 375° F. 8-10 minutes.)

With spatula, transfer cabbage leaf pouch from foil to plate or place over bed of rice. Remove ginger slice before serving.

Microwave directions: Place 2 cabbage leaves in each of 6 individual casserole dishes. Add fish and top with vegetables, herbs, wine, and soy sauce. Cover with plastic wrap. Bake at High (100%) 8 minutes; rotate dishes twice. (If using thawed fish, bake at High 5 minutes; rotate once.) Remove ginger slice and serve in casserole dishes.

North Atlantic Pan-Bake
Sole Chesapeake
(Makes 4 servings)

1 egg
6 ounces low-fat mayonnaise
¼ teaspoon Old Bay Seasoning or seasoned salt
¼ teaspoon cayenne pepper
¼ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
1 teaspoon dry mustard
¼ teaspoon baking soda
4 teaspoons chopped parsley
11 ounces crab meat (or crab-meat substitute) or small shrimp
4 6-ounce North Atlantic sole or cod fillets, frozen
1 ounce lemon juice
2 ounces bread crumbs
1 tablespoon softened margarine

Mix egg, mayonnaise, seasoning, cayenne, Worcestershire sauce, mustard, baking soda, and parsley. Add crab or shrimp to mixture and fold in. Place fish portions in individual casserole dishes. Moisten tops of fish with lemon juice. Spread crab or shrimp mixture over fish. Combine bread crumbs with margarine, and spread crumbs over fish. Bake in preheated 450° F. oven about 15 minutes, until bread crumbs are golden brown. (If using thawed fish, bake at 375° F. 8-10 minutes.) If bread crumbs brown too quickly, seal casseroles with foil. Remove foil last 5 minutes of baking.

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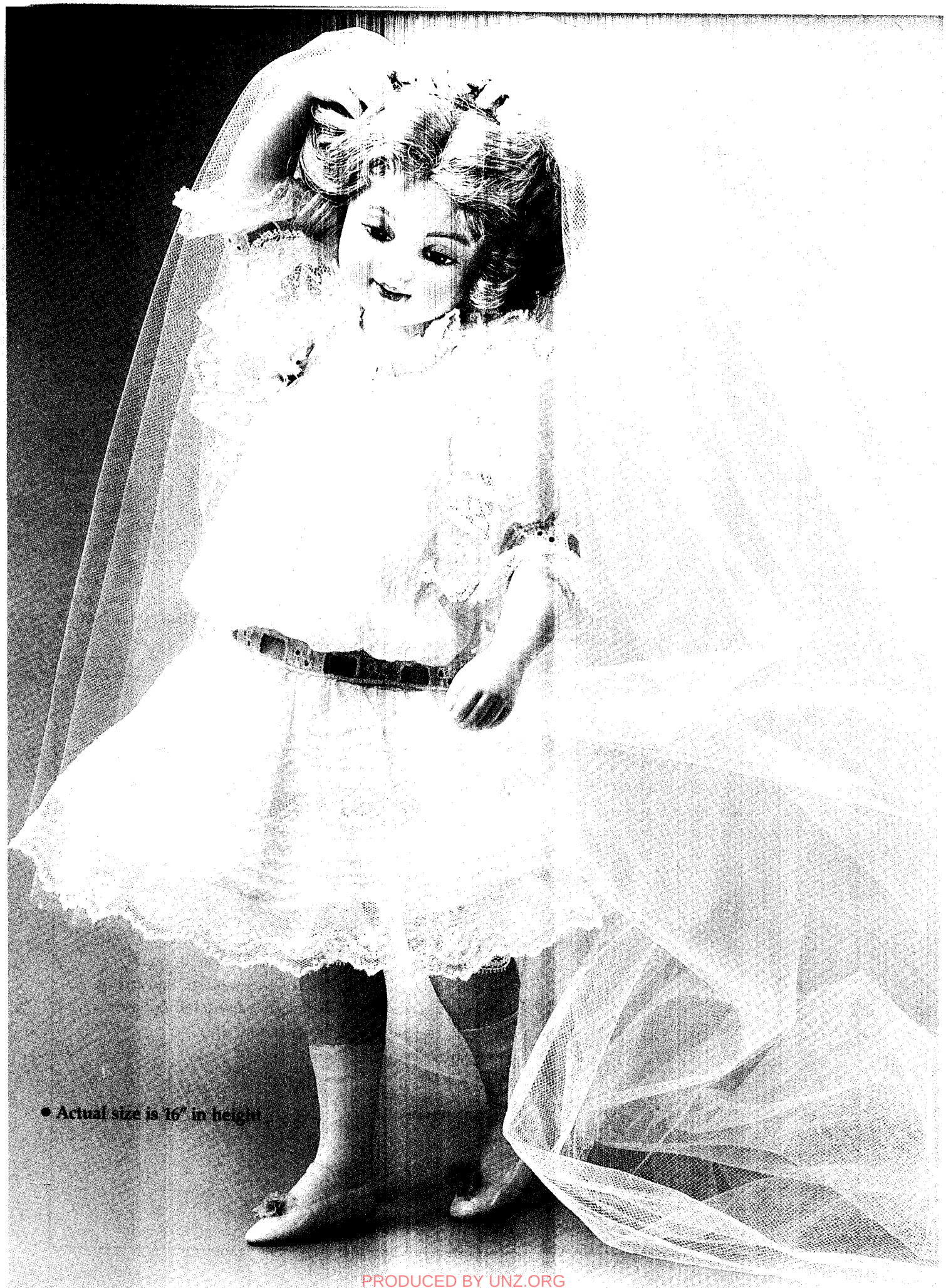

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"Playing Bride"

by

Maud Humphrey Bogart

She was the mother of famed movie star Humphrey Bogart, but Maud Humphrey Bogart was best known for her charming portraits of children.

As one of the most noted child artists of her day, her illustrations of children were widely known as "Maud Humphrey's babies." Indeed, her famous son was the subject of some of her most celebrated paintings.

Now, The Hamilton Collection presents "Playing Bride"—inspired by an original work of art by Maud Humphrey Bogart. With a sparkle in her eye and a shy smile on her pretty face, she's practicing her walk down the aisle—as beautiful as the bride she's pretending to be.

"Playing Bride" is crafted in the tradition of the *finest collector dolls*—of fine bisque porcelain with *moveable arms and legs.*

Every detail of the costume is created with exceptional care. The bridal veil, a luxurious sweep of tulle, flows from a white silk flower headpiece. The gown with its intricate lace and pleated tucking features a white silk flower corsage. And on her shoes, dainty pink silk flowers match the woven satin ribbon which laces through the dress.

You may commission "Playing Bride" for just $135.00 (plus $3.60 for shipping and handling), payable in four convenient monthly installments, with only the first due prior to shipment.

"Playing Bride" is ***available exclusively from The Hamilton Collection.*** To commission this fine porcelain collector doll, you need send no money now. You can order with complete confidence, as The Hamilton Collection ***100% Buy-Back Guarantee*** provides that you may return your doll within 30 days for any reason, and receive a full refund.

As it takes a considerable time to handcraft a doll of such artistry and intricate detail, you should send in your application today for earliest delivery.

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Respond by: April 29, 1989

Limit: One doll per collector

Please accept my commission for "Playing Bride." I understand that I will receive a display stand and a Certificate of Authenticity with my doll.

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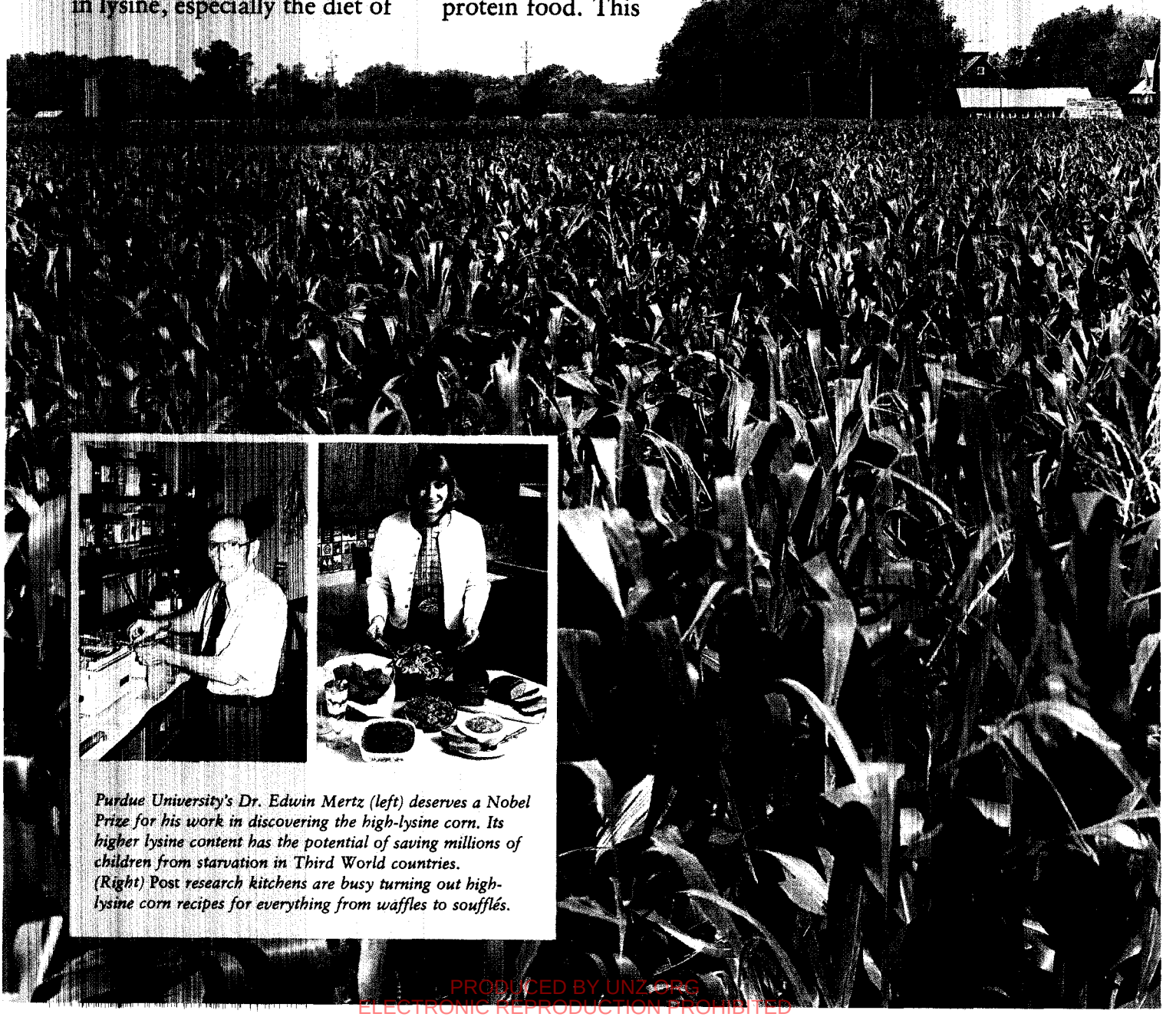
The SatEvePost Society wants to keep our readers healthy for a long time.

We feel that the diet of many Americans is deficient in lysine, especially the diet of Americans who eat vegetarian foods. The amino acid, lysine, in this Purdue University specially bred corn makes it an almost complete protein food. This corn meal contains nearly twice as much lysine as regular corn meal. A purpose of the Society is to encourage large



Purdue University's Dr. Edwin Mertz (left) deserves a Nobel Prize for his work in discovering the high-lysine corn. Its higher lysine content has the potential of saving millions of children from starvation in Third World countries. (Right) Post research kitchens are busy turning out high-lysine corn recipes for everything from waffles to soufflés.

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food processors to package high-lysine corn meal so that the public will demand it after discovering how much sweeter and tastier it is.

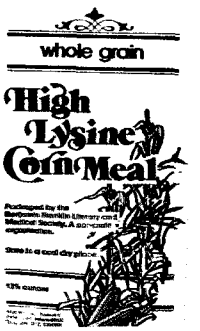
If the white mice we had on a high-lysine diet (to see if it prevents leukemia) could talk, they would verify how good it is. Iowa farmers find that their pigs turn up their noses at regular corn after trying the high-lysine variety. We want farmers to grow it for humans as well.

We've done our homework, and we'd like our readers to try this method of increasing the lysine in their diets while they increase the fiber. It's the best of both worlds! We should be going to a diet of more grains and complex carbohydrates, and high-lysine corn provides the missing link in the high-fiber diet.

Besides, it makes tastier cornbread, corn pudding, souffles, pancakes, corn pies and waffles.

So, keep the *Post* coming to your door and we will set a FREE bag of high-lysine corn in your kitchen cupboard.

High-Lysine Corn Meal with each paid subscription.



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THE VICE PRESIDENT'S BIBLE

The 100-year-old book beneath Dan Quayle's hand as he took the oath of office had bolstered his great-grandparents through difficult pioneer days.

by Russ Pulliam

With his hand on the Bible to take the office of Vice President, Dan Quayle made American history and celebrated some family history at his inauguration. He became the first person born after World War II to take office at the highest level of national government.

His assumption of this new duty came 100 years after another Hoosier, Benjamin Harrison, took the oath of office as president.

I'm a cousin of Dan Quayle's, so I'm disqualified from claims of detachment and objectivity. But I think he'll carry out his duties with distinction and excellence, proving his critics wrong.

This Bible he put his hand on during the inaugural is a fitting reminder of his family background and some family history.

It was at Christmas 1889, nearly 100 years ago, that his great-grandfather Irvin B. Pulliam gave that Bible to his wife. "Search the Scriptures," he counseled her, and she followed his counsel, marking the pages over the years.

From the Scriptures and from a dramatic conversion to Jesus Christ, I. B. Pulliam had found a new direction in life a few years earlier. A businessman in Danville, Illinois, he had had little interest in the Bible or Jesus Christ, even though his father had been a Baptist minister.

But Jesus Christ was interested in I. B. Pulliam, and He gave him new life in the early 1880s. I. B. Pulliam and Martha Collins had already married in 1881, and they gave up a comfortable life in Danville to become Methodist missionaries in the barren frontier of western Kansas.

In the tradition of John Wesley, I. B. Pulliam was a circuit rider, or a pastor-missionary, for as many as ten communities. One task for a circuit rider was to help keep the peace—or sometimes preach at funerals for those who died shooting at each other in the battles over which community would get to be the county seat.

Service to others flowed from I. B. Pulliam's conversion. People we would call the homeless today would come by his home, which was sometimes just a sod hut, for food or help. The couple's salary for the first year was $350, as well as food and clothing that came in "missionary barrels" sent from the more civilized part of the country.

A growing family of little children must have been a special challenge for the parents on this frontier. Zella, the oldest, was handicapped, and she required special care.

Just a few months before the circuit rider gave the Bible to his bride for Christmas, a son was born. His name was Eugene C. Pulliam.

He went on to a well-known career in journalism, as publisher of the Indianapolis *News* and *Star*, as a businessman who bought and sold more than 50 newspapers, as an influential commentator. But most important, he always stressed that the highest calling in our business was being a reporter of news, and he kept working at that calling until the year he died.

He had children as well, including Corinne, the mother of the Vice President; Suzanne Murphy, of Washington, D.C.; and Eugene S. Pulliam, my father and the present publisher of the Indianapolis *Star* and *News*.

Somehow it doesn't seem so coincidental that the Bible was a gift from Vice President Quayle's great-grandfather to his great-grandmother 100 years ago.

Those Scriptures that he said to search declare: "Promotion cometh neither from the east, nor from the west, nor from the south. For God is the judge; he putteth down one, and setteth up another." (Psalm 75:6-7)

The same God who changed I. B. Pulliam a century ago has been preparing the new Vice President for duty for several generations.

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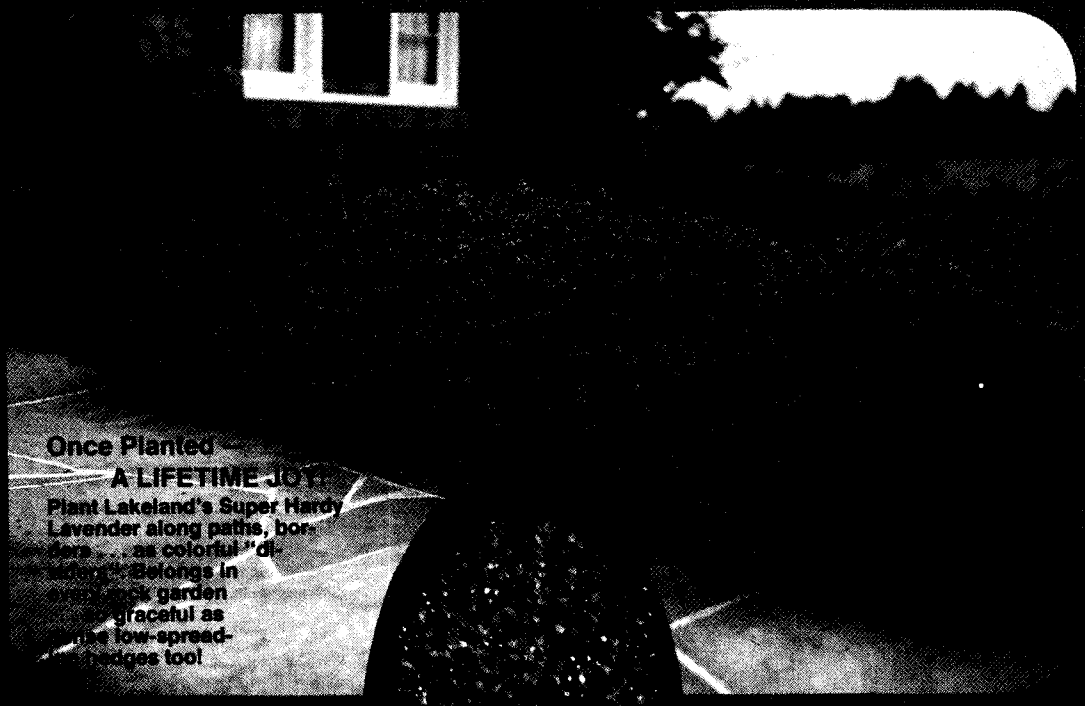

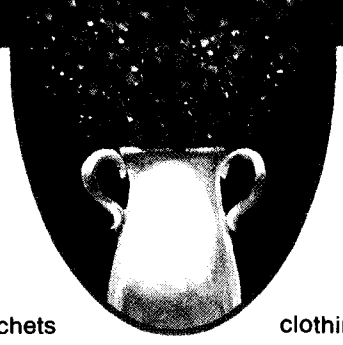

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A STAMP FOR STAEHLE

Art lovers as well as pet lovers agree: it's about time the post office came up with a stamp honoring the illustrator Albert Staehle.

by Maynard Good Stoddard

Butch didn't have the regal bearing or the stamina of Lassie. Butch couldn't perform the tricks that made Benji a movie hero. Butch was a cocker spaniel whose one talent was sitting—while his master, Albert Staehle, the renowned illustrator, made him famous as America's pinup pooch, aided by his appearance on 25 covers of *The Saturday Evening Post*. In the process, Butch came to personify the love animal owners feel for their pets.

Today, President Bush, whose love for his own pooch, Millie, has been documented on previous *Post* pages, is recommending a commemorative stamp to honor Albert Staehle. Should the Postmaster General be persuaded, art lovers as well as pet lovers will agree: it's about time! To date, Norman Rockwell, a contemporary of Staehle's, is the only American illustrator whose art has honored U.S. stamps.

Butch the pinup pooch debuted on the *Post*'s cover chewing up a book of rationing stamps.

By using live animal models for realism and focusing on the animals' expressions, the late Albert Staehle became one of America's most popular illustrators.

Albert Staehle's art influenced everything from Borden's "Elsie the Cow" to Esso Oil's "Tiger in the Tank," and Staehle was also the creator of "Smokey the Bear." But his widest audience was *Post* readers who fell in love with "Cover Boy Butch." For who could resist the soulful eyes of this six-week-old black-and-white cocker puppy Staehle had found in a pet store window?

Whoever came up with the idea of a doggie on the cover was anywhere but in the doghouse after February 1944, when the first Butch cover appeared. It showed Butch chewing up a book of wartime rationing stamps. Not only did the magazine sell out quickly, but mail poured in defending the mischievous puppy. Some readers even sent rationing stamps to replace those the puppy had destroyed. Butch continued to endear himself to *Post* buyers until the end of the decade.

After Butch went blind at age 12, he and his offspring Butch, Jr., helped raise money for blind charities. They acquired additional fame when a New York TV station filmed Butch, Jr., leading Butch by his leash on one of their daily walks. Butch was also awarded a medal of honor by the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals for helping raise money for orphaned animals.

No doubt about it—Albert Staehle and Butch put a lasting stamp on animal art in America. If you would like to see Butch or his artist master honored on a postage stamp, you can lend your support by writing to: The Citizen's Stamp Advisory Committee, c/o Stamp Development Branch, U.S. Postal Service, Washington, D.C. 20260.

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PHYLLIS DILLER'S ABOUT-FACE

A chance visit to a neighborhood church changed her outlook on life from negative to positive.

by John McCollister

Thirty-six years ago, America's most well-known female comic didn't feel much like laughing. Phyllis Diller, a middle-aged housewife in Alameda, California, had hit rock bottom.

"It was awful," she remembers. "My husband was fired from his job. We owed back mortgage payments. We knew that any day we would lose our home. The local grocer wouldn't give us food or credit. The power company threatened to turn off the electricity."

Pressures at home became unbearable. Phyllis had to get away to someplace where she could sort things out. She walked—alone—around her neighborhood. She passed an open church and, on impulse, went inside.

A young 71, Phyllis Diller is working on her autobiography. Don't worry, she assures such colleagues as longtime booster Bob Hope, this won't be a "kiss and tell."

"Empty churches are retreats for me," she says. "Even today, whenever I really want to think, I visit an empty church. The vibes, especially in a large cathedral, are powerful. An empty church is the one place I can go to get in touch with the 'inner me.' "

As she meditated there in solitude, she realized she was being dominated by negative-thinking people and negative circumstances. She made a private vow not to allow this to happen to her again.

"It seemed as though God Himself wanted me to get that message," she says. "Of course, my life didn't turn around instantly. But that new conviction got me pointed in the right direction. I had read books on the subject of self-motivation, but putting it to practice is much different. My first step was to realize that I had to stop wallowing in self-pity and negative thoughts about what a hard time I was having.

"I had a new confidence," she says. "I went out and got a job as a writer and publicist for KSFO—a local radio station. Sure, I still got scared at times, but I faced all my fears eyeball-to-eyeball and never let them get the best of me."

But writing for a radio station was not what she wanted. She knew she wanted to be in some kind of show business. She learned songs she could sing and melodies she could play on the piano. "Heck, I had never been on the professional stage before. I didn't know exactly what I was going to do," she says. "And every day I reminded myself to avoid the negativity of others who will engulf you with their pessimism."

She learned to hate the word "quit."

In 1955—just two years after her low point—she resigned from her job at the radio station to pursue a career as a stand-up comic. When she handed in her two-week notice, her station manager promised to keep her job open in case she failed to make it. Without hesitation, Phyllis did a "reverse MacArthur" and promised him, "I shall *not* return."

It was actually Phyllis' husband who talked this 37-year-old housewife into auditioning as a nightclub comic. She was nervous, scared, and unsure of herself. But she galvanized her gumption, walked onto the stage, and gave it her best shot. She passed the test and was signed to perform for two weeks at the famous Purple Onion in San Francisco.

Her act was filled with jokes about the one subject she knew best—being a housewife. Patrons howled with laughter. Many returned to hear more. The owner was pleased enough to extend her contract. Diller stayed at the Purple Onion for nearly two years.

"I had never been in a nightclub before," she says. "When you're a mother and wife with five kids and a station wagon in the suburbs, you don't go to nightclubs. In Lima, Ohio, we didn't have any such places. Frankly, I used to think that only sleazy people went to places like that.

"The Purple Onion wasn't a nightclub, really. It was a high-class 'discovery club.' Acts such as the Kingston Trio and Smothers Brothers opened for me while I was there."

Her first national exposure was on the "Tonight Show" in 1959. When Jack Paar introduced her, the audience was taken aback; they were not accustomed to seeing female stand-up comics. But within minutes she had the studio audience and TV viewers laughing as she stood, wearing a pair of black leotards, on top of a grand piano. "I did a musical number," she says. "It was a parody of Eartha Kitt, who had sung a rather sensual number called 'Monotonous.' I titled my song 'Ridiculous.' I slithered all over that piano like a cross between a snake and a black cat."

Her "Tonight Show" appearance catapulted her into the national spotlight and into demands for concert appearances throughout the country. Phyllis Diller became the nation's first touring female comic.

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In a profession dominated by men, she experienced absolutely no special problems. "I was prepared," she admits, "and I could get laughs. Who could argue with that?"

Phyllis distinguished herself in yet another way. She refused to use obscene four-letter words in her act. And she has never compromised on that principle. To this day, whatever she says onstage can be said on television during the family hour.

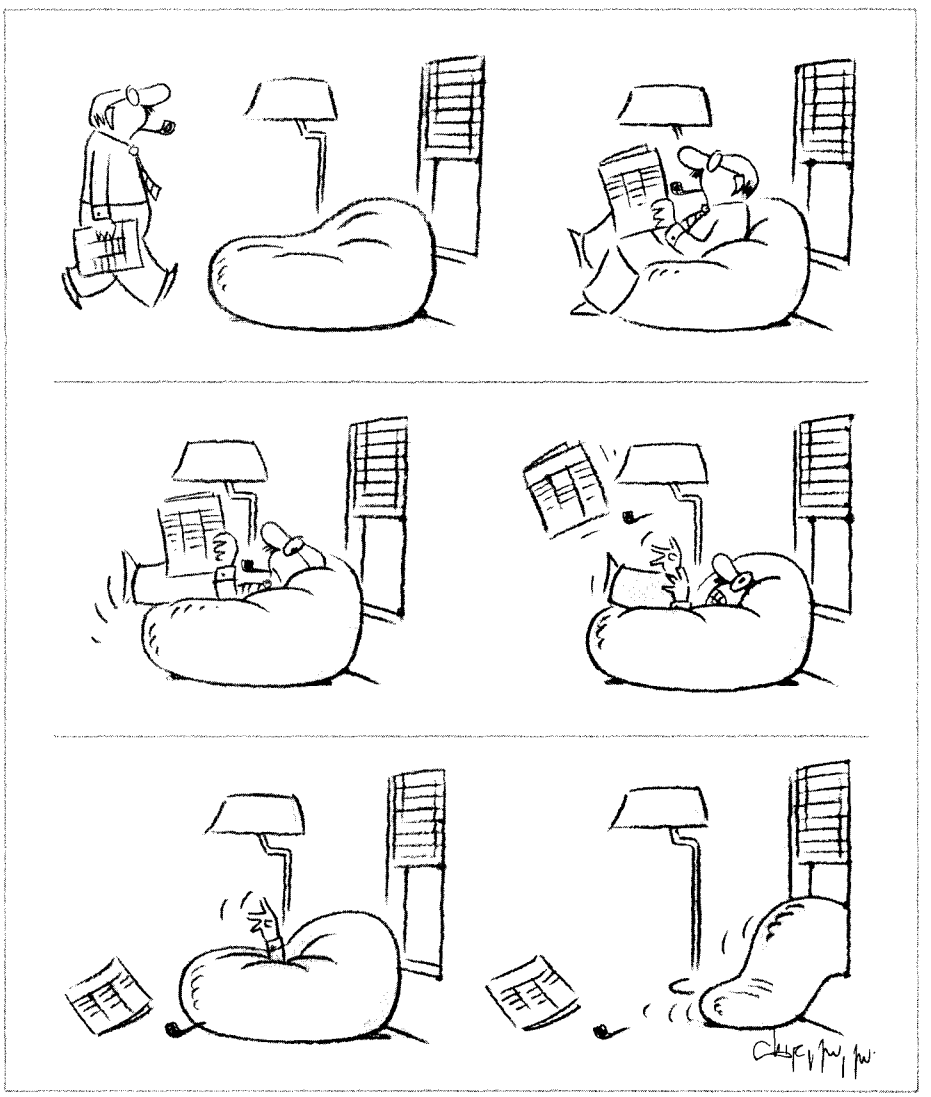
"Comics who use profanity to shock an audience are copping out," she says. "It's a shame to constantly throw in shock buzz words. They have nothing to do with good material. When I listen to a comic, I want to hear great ideas and funny stuff. Those words add nothing.

"Sure, it may be harder to get a clean laugh than a dirty laugh," she adds, "but that's something I owe my audience."

Although Phyllis Diller didn't start her nightclub act until she was 37 years old, she was no stranger to performing in public. She was trained from early childhood as a classical pianist. During her college days at the Sherwood Conservatory of Music, where she was a piano major, and at Bluffton (Ohio) College, in music education, she often gave concerts both as a pianist and as a lyric soprano. She certainly would have continued performing had her career not been interrupted by marriage and babies.

After she gained fame as a stand-up comic, she dusted off her old piano music and performed as a soloist around the country. From 1971 to 1982, she soloed with the Pittsburgh Symphony, the Buffalo Philharmonic, and more than 100 other symphony orchestras.

"I don't do that anymore," the comedienne says. "I'm just too busy to practice, and I travel too much to have a piano at my fingertips. I can't carry a violin like Jack Benny did and practice all the time."



There's a subtle connection between her musical training and her success in show business. "Rhythm has a lot to do with comedy," she explains. "If you don't do comedy in a rhythm—timing, they call it—you're dead. The better your timing, the more perfect your show will be. If you're not going to give an audience time to laugh, you're not going to hear it. In comedy, that's like losing a diamond—it's a terrible loss."

Those who follow Phyllis' career know that she is a walking medical-school visual aid for plastic surgery. "I've had everything done that could be done," she admits. Her list of surgeries includes two complete facelifts, a breast reduction, a tummy tuck, a nose job, cheek implants, an under-eye lift, a chemical peel, and straightened teeth.

"It cost me over $50,000, but it was worth it," she says with the zeal of an evangelist. "It has changed my life. I want everyone to know why I look better at 71 than I did when I was 30 or 40. I never liked the way I looked. Now I do. I used to be young and ugly. Now I'm old and *gorgeous*."

Today, at her 22-room mansion in Brentwood, California, she's writing—off and on—her autobiography. "Don't worry," she says with that famous laugh. "This won't be a 'kiss and tell' book. I won't include anything that will reduce my self-esteem or that of anyone else. I have no envy or jealousy. I'll not let anyone take away what I am or what I have done."

The book will cover her childhood in Lima, Ohio, her early career, her two marriages, her five children, her four grandchildren, and her dreams for the future.

Many people think Phyllis is still married, because of the many references in her routines to her husband, "Fang."

" 'Fang' is a myth," she says. "He doesn't exist. However, that didn't stop my first husband's relatives from filing a quarter-million-dollar suit because of the jokes I made. It never reached the courtroom.

"When I compare my life 36 years ago with what it is today, it seems like a fairy tale," she says. "I got to where I am because of hard work and positive thinking.

"I sometimes wonder, however, where I would have been had I not visited that little church."

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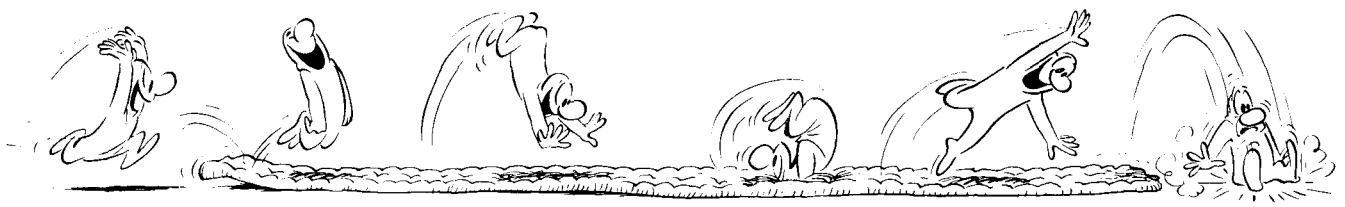

So Far, Yet So Near

Keeping their lonely lighthouse vigil one night, two men saw a small vessel make its way through the choppy waters toward them. Suddenly, a squall lifted the craft and tossed the boat's occupant into the water. Immediately, the lighthouse keepers manned their own boat and fought the perilous waves to reach the drowning individual. After a struggle, they at last got him aboard.

"Good thing you rescued me," the man said. "I was coming to see you about your income tax."

—James Curnane

Fare Thee Not Well

A lady and her son were just about to enter the train when the conductor stopped them.

"You'll have to pay fare for that child, lady," the conductor said impatiently. "He's over 12."

"How can he be over 12 when I've only been married 10 years?" the lady asked.

The conductor shook his head: "Lady, I just collect fares, not confessions."

—Henry H. Dunagan

There's Nothing Like Being Unprepared (or, Things I Know Happened Before We Went on Vacation)

News brief: The East Coast Whissipinni Indian tribe is preparing for its centennial rain dance. Legend has it huge amounts of rain will fall afterwards, thereby appeasing their God of Thunder for another century. Weather records from 1889 show that three inches of rain fell on the East Coast each day of the week after the Whissipinni's ceremony.

"To begin with, Billings, I'd like to thank you for getting here on such short notice."

Supervisor of roads, somewhere in Pennsylvania: "Well, we're gonna have to reroute traffic on the turnpike for a spell. Gee, I don't know where. Say, Fred, where's that dart we use to throw at the map?"

Lodge manager in Virginia: "We got a couple of heavy-metal bands coming in for that big rock concert again. Beats me where to put them; we always get so many complaints when they party in their rooms. Oh, heck, let's put 'em on the far south end, on both sides of that Ooms family coming in from Illinois."

Tourist bulletin: Next week, for the first time since it was built, Virginia's scenic Sky Line Drive will be closed down entirely for repairs. The drive will reopen the week after.

On the 10:00 News: "Tourists visiting Washington, D.C., will apparently have to hoof it for a while. Drivers of the tourist buses have called for a strike that will affect the approximately 100,000 tourists who visit the nation's capitol each week."

Manager of the Friendly Family Motor Inn: "We got some family from Illinois coming here in about half an hour with one of those lousy 50 percent-off coupons. Say, go roll that fallen tree across our road again. Unless they know about that old Indian trail around back, the only way they'll see us is from the expressway where they can't get off."

Public Works Department, Philadelphia: "Looks like we're running short of funds for all those street signs. H'm. Guess we'll have to order for one street now instead of two."

Gas-station owner: "Got a letter here from the Akurit Map Company. Says here they're recalling all their maps of

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the East Coast. Says some of the main routes were marked wrong, and others were drawn in invisible ink."
Attendant: "Jeepers! I just sold one to a family from Illinois. . . ."
—Marilyn Traub Ooms

Don't Take It Personnel-y

Telling the boss what you really think can be called honesty, integrity, and self-assertiveness. It can also be called instant unemployment.
—Sam Ewing

Taking It Personnel-y

So soft-spoken on the job,
All tact, 100 percent,
Then happily we hasten home
And snarl to our heart's content.
—May Richstone

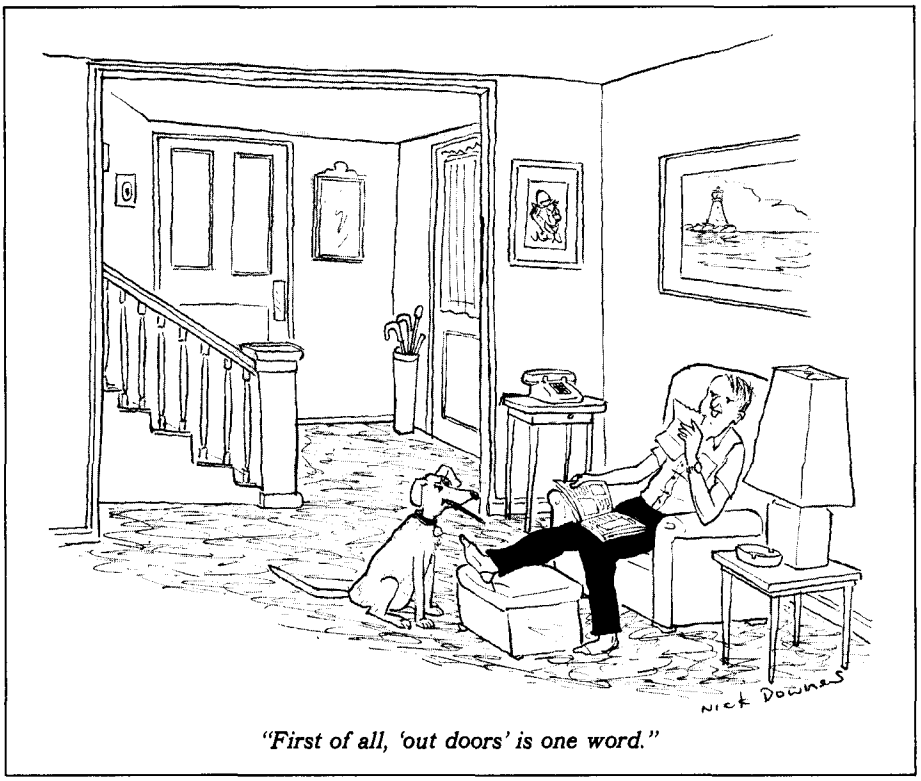
Signing Off

Sign on church bulletin board:
"Potluck supper. Prayer and medication follow."

In window of haberdashery:
"Great bargains in shirts for men with 16-17 necks."

In window of diner:
"Family Sty Food."

In window of clock repair shop:
"If your grandfather needs oiling and adjusting, we still make house calls."



"First of all, 'out doors' is one word."

In window of shoe repair shop:
"We bring back departed soles."

In jewelry shop window:
"Diamonds—plain and fiancée."

Graffiti on building wall:
"Legalize mental telepathy."
And just below it:
"I knew you were going to say that."
—Kris Lee

Our Tunnel-Vision Audience

Pessimist: One who sees only the tunnel.
Optimist: One who sees the light at the end of the tunnel.
Realist: One who sees the tunnel and the light and the next tunnel.
—Rose Sands

Son of a Beach

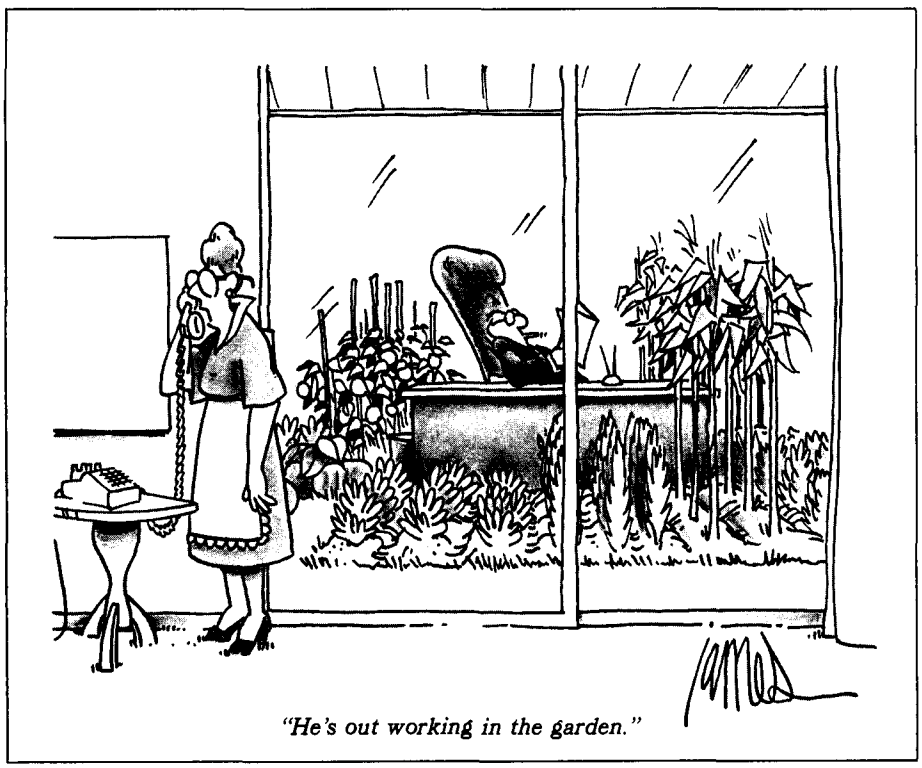
A small boy sat on his bald dad's knee and watched his mother set her hair in waves.
"No waves for you, Dad," the boy said. "You're all beach."
—Bobbie M. Cooley

Safety First and Last

Safety first is something
We cannot live without;
Good health is not a second chance—
It's what life's all about.
—Charles Ghigna

Be . . . All That You (Really) Can Be

Wives are often accused of trying to make their men over. Actually, some wives could just be trying to make their husbands be what they pretended to be before they got married.
—Ivern Ball


"He's out working in the garden."

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DO YE KEN WILBUR POPE—

Ed, the celebrated talking horse, turns a stately fox hunt into a Pier-A brawl.

by Walter Brooks

Illustrated by George Hughes

Editor's note: **Whoever heard of a talking horse? Well, nobody had until the writer Walter Brooks introduced "the famous Mr. Ed" to readers of *The Saturday Evening Post* in 1942. Brooks served on the staffs of *Outlook* and *The New Yorker* during the 1920s and '30s. He published numerous children's books as well as many short stories in *The Saturday Evening Post* and other magazines. He died on August 17, 1958, but his talking horse lived on in a popular TV series.**

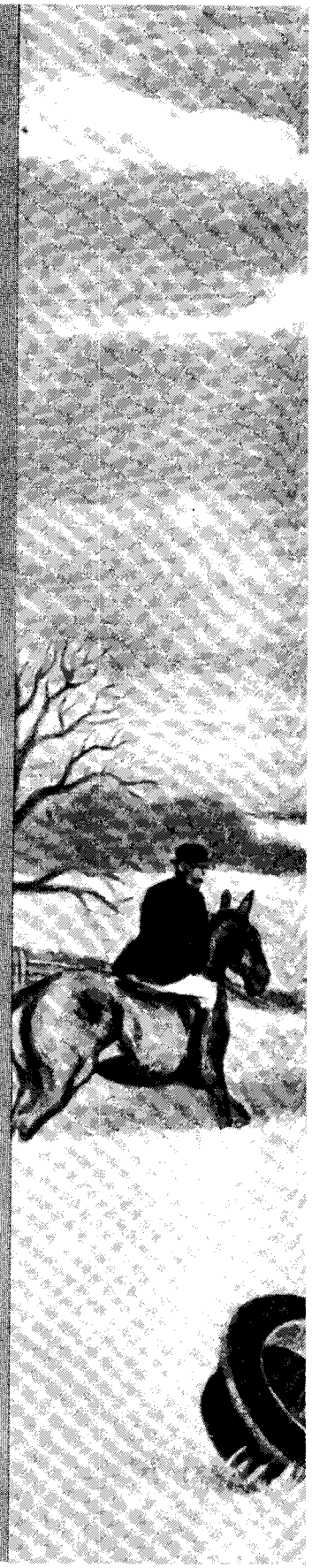
When this Wilbur Pope started riding his horse Ed to the station every day to save gas, he rode in his business clothes, because, of course, he couldn't go to the office in riding breeches. But before he had ridden the first mile, his trousers started riding too. They rode up his gartered shanks to his knees. And by the time he reached the station, they were so creased and baggy that his fellow commuters on the platform kept waiting for him to jump. So he took to changing at the office.

Then Mr. Lamson, the president of the firm, had one of those flashes of inspiration that presidents and even employees of advertising agencies are constantly getting, and he suggested that perhaps, with certain accounts, breeches might be a distinct advantage. "Snob appeal," he said. "Connotes county society, the spacious homes of old England, and so on. If you could give Lois Grandin the impression that you belonged to the hunting set, you'd have no trouble with her. I understand she's trying to break into the Flint Ridge crowd. She's bought a big place up there in Rockland County, and I'm told she's bought a few horses from some of these fellows who are getting rid of their stables."

The advertising for Lois Grandin Cosmetics was placed through another agency, but Mr. Pope had been trying to interest Miss Grandin in taking some spots on the television, which she had never used. He had presented his plan, and Miss Grandin had seemed receptive, and had even agreed to talk it over with her production and sales heads. But there the business had stuck, and Mr. Pope couldn't seem to start it moving again.

So he spent a day at the library, doing what the agencies laughingly call research, and then he had his breeches pressed and went to see Miss Grandin.

He had thought the whole idea pretty silly, but the décor of the Grandin salon reassured him. Miss Grandin had been one of the first to realize that nothing is so demoded as a modern style that is old-fashioned, and she had recently done a sweeping early-Victorian redecoration of her entire establishment. Mr. Pope had on previous calls acknowledged the charm of the crystal chandeliers, the thick Aubusson carpets, and the rich hangings, but



Wilbur Pope became aware that Ed was peering down at him, asking if he was all right.

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in the Victorian boudoir that was Miss Grandin's office, he now felt completely at ease. It was the breeches, he decided. They struck the note.

And Miss Grandin's first words were to ask if he had been riding. She was small and dynamic. Severely smart until recently, she had then, to match her new setting, gone in for daintiness, restrained frills, and a certain fluffiness about the coiffure which gave an odd, blurred effect. But there was nothing blurred about her business methods.

"Oh, I ride a bit," said Mr. Pope. "Matter of fact, I was out a little longer than usual this morning, so I didn't change before coming into town. I thought you wouldn't mind, and I wanted to drop in and see if your people liked my plan."

Miss Grandin said that they hadn't yet had time to go over it in detail. "Frankly, I'm afraid I can't hold out much hope. I liked the plan, and if it weren't so expensive and such a radical departure from our usual procedure—which, after all, has been completely satisfactory—— But I'll let you know when we've reached a definite decision." And then she asked if he hunted.

Mr. Pope was rather discouraged. Any chance of selling her, he felt, was pretty remote. But he didn't see why all that research should go to waste, so, after expressing regret that for the past few years he had not had time to hunt much, he went on to discuss the sport. He mentioned the Quorn, and the Devon and Somerset pack, and let it be inferred that in the old days in England he had hunted with both packs many times. He disparaged the American gray fox, which turns and twists, even sometimes climbs trees, rarely giving you a straight run. He spoke of his own horse, Ed, in terms which would have astounded that animal. A tall clean-limbed hunter who knew all the tricks of the sport and could be ridden on a loose rein, or with no rein at all, over the roughest kind of country. I guess he got rather carried away.

But Miss Grandin got carried away with him. Her eyes glistened, and she got out pictures of her own horses, and of herself costumed for the chase, complete with top hat, and she told him about the Flint Ridge pack, and how she'd been out with them twice, and she ended by asking if he wouldn't like to come up some Saturday and ride with them. "The hounds meet Saturdays, late in the afternoon," she said. "People are so busy nowadays that it's about the only time they can get out. A drag, of course. We have to be sure of getting some action."

Mr. Pope said he'd be delighted and, after he left, thought no more of it. But a week later Miss Grandin phoned. There was to be a meet the following Saturday, and she would like him to come up for the weekend as her guest. "Mrs. Pope, too, of course. Does she ride?"

Mr. Pope said she had never hunted.

"Well, she could at least follow along," said Miss Grandin. "I can put her up on Ragamuffin—he's very gentle. I can mount you, too—on Wotan. He's a bit hard to handle, but with your experience—— But it occurred to me that you might prefer your own horse. You could ride him up Friday, and Mrs. Pope could come up by train. I'd send a car for her, but I'm afraid that would be a little nonessential."

A weekend at Miss Grandin's was too good a chance to be missed. It certainly kept the television-advertising question open.

"Very good of you to think of me," he said. "We'd be delighted to come."

Then he paused. Wotan! Good heavens! Miss Grandin might be astonished at the discrepancies between the aristocratic picture he had given of Ed and the actual appearance of the horse, but he certainly wasn't going to climb aboard any snorting terror by the name of Wotan. Ed was formed neither by nature nor by experience to cut a dash in the hunting field, but Mr. Pope knew that he could at least stay on him. So he said he'd ride Ed up Friday. And Miss Grandin said she'd phone Mrs. Pope about trains, and hung up.

Well, Mr. Pope's wife was no different from anybody else's wife—she didn't like to have social engagements made for her. But, fortunately, she thought a weekend at Miss Grandin's would be amusing. "And I look forward with screams of joy, Wilbur," she said, "to seeing you take your first fence. If I didn't know that Ed couldn't jump over a row of old bottles, I'd be worried."

"Don't worry about Ed," said Mr. Pope. "I admit he'd probably stop to see if there was anything in the bottles before he jumped. But anyway, in this kind of a hunt they drag a bag of anise over a prearranged course, and the hounds follow that scent instead of the fox, and I understand they fix it up so there's always a gate handy for the less skillful hunters."

So Friday morning Mr. Pope saddled Ed and set out on the long ride up to Rockland County. For the first few miles neither of them said anything. I suppose you think there's nothing very queer about that, but you can take my word for it that it was pretty unusual. Because while really the most you can say about this horse of Mr. Pope's is that he was certainly a horse, there were unusual features about him. For one thing, he could talk. And it wasn't any parrot talk

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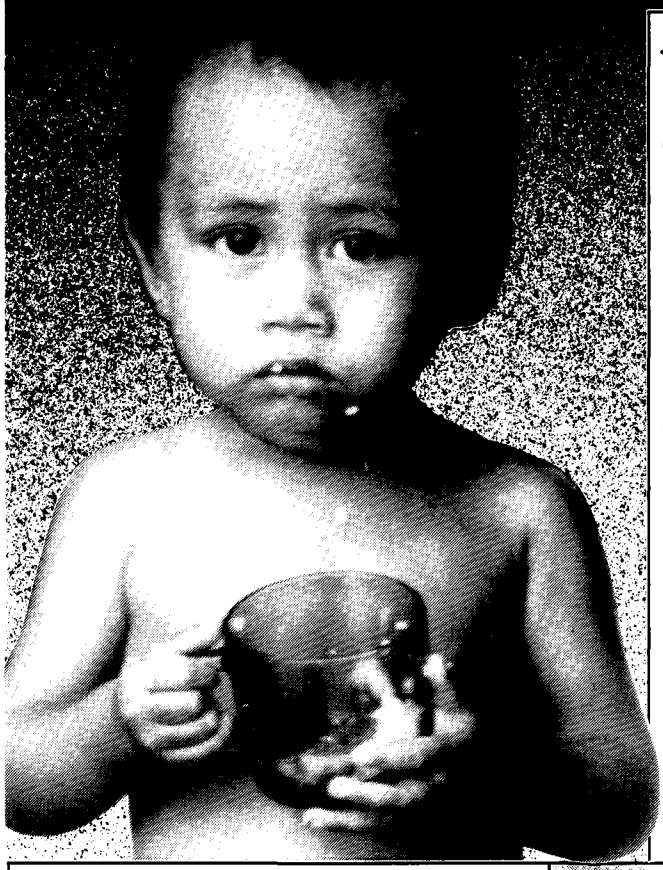
Your "Loose Change" Can Make a Big Change...In Manuel's Life!



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For as little as $12* (less than 4¢ a day), Oblates can distribute rice to many needy children. For $15 (less than 5¢ a day), they can innoculate children against disease. Your 5¢ a day CAN BE the difference–between a cup of rice, and hunger–between medical care, and none.

Won't you help now? Send your donation today by filling in and mailing the coupon below. Your loose change can make a big change in the lives of abandoned children throughout the world. A child cannot always wait until tomorrow....

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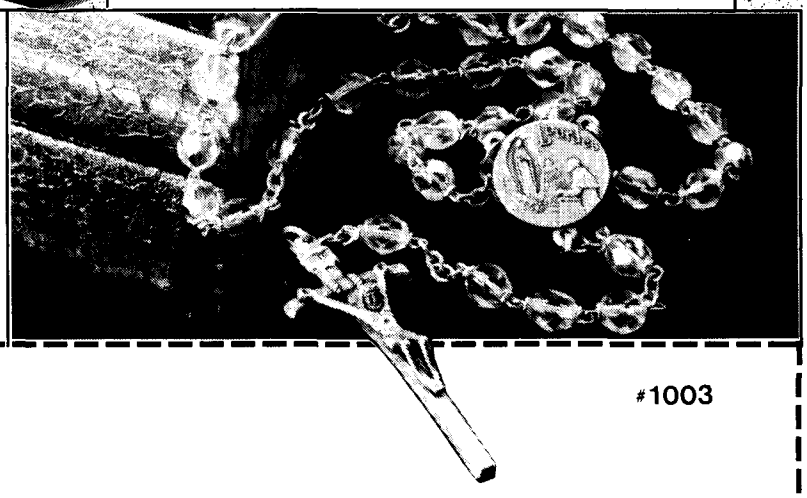

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either. He had strong opinions, and he expressed them in strong language. Which was only natural, as he had, after all, been brought up in a stable.

But although they had many arguments, Ed and Mr. Pope got on well. "You and me, Wilb," Ed used to say, "we make a good team. We agree in our tastes and disagree in our opinions, and arguments make life interesting if you know that before you come to blows you can always settle 'em with a bottle of beer."

Well, this morning Mr. Pope felt an argument coming on, and to forestall it he stopped at Barney's and bought Ed a bottle of beer. But Ed was still grumpy. He drank his beer and wiped his mouth on Mr. Pope's shoulder, and when Mr. Pope was in the saddle again, he said, "I don't like to carp, Wilb, but this seems a darn-fool excursion to me. In the first place, I hate these weekend visits. I never can sleep a wink in a strange stall. And on top of that, we've got to hunt."

Mr. Pope said it would be just a pleasant canter across the fields.

"In a pig's eye it'll be a pleasant canter," said Ed. "It's the same as a steeplechase, only you don't have a chance to look over the course beforehand. And for you and me to jump a wall, Wilb, is just plain suicide."

"Nonsense," said Mr. Pope. "You can jump. How about that Van Tessart hedge?"

"Sure I can jump," said Ed, "with nobody on my back. Or with somebody that knows his stuff. But with a hulk like you, that's got a seat like a sack of coal——"

"All right, all right," said Mr. Pope. "If we can't jump 'em together, I'll get off and we'll go over separately. We'll manage. But for heaven's sake try to put a little style into it when we get there. There's a lot hangs on this for me. I'll appreciate it if, when Miss Grandin and her friends are around, you'll stand up straight, and not lean against trees and give your usual imitation of an animal on the verge of collapse."

This made Ed sore, and they continued to wrangle until late in the afternoon, when they reached Miss Grandin's. Ed was led off to the stables by a groom, and Mr. Pope was shown into a huge living room, where Miss Grandin and Mrs. Pope and a slim foreign-looking man were having tea by the fire. Mr. Pope was stiff, for the ride had been longer than he was accustomed to. Usually, he and Ed cantered sedately for a few miles, with an occasional stop for beer, and then found a secluded tree under which they talked and napped the hours away. But he managed to bow to Miss Grandin and to the stranger, who was introduced as Prince Tchetchensky, and to sink without groaning into a deep chair.

Well, Mrs. Pope had never met a prince before, and she put her best foot forward. She put it forward with great charm, and it was plain that the prince was captivated, but after an hour or so, it was also plain that Miss Grandin was getting uneasy.

When they went up to dress for dinner, Mr. Pope spoke of it. "I wish you wouldn't play up to Tchetchensky quite so hard, Carlotta," he said. "You're antagonizing Miss Grandin, and that's the last thing I want to do."

"Pooh!" said Mrs. Pope. "Why don't you play up to her, then, if you want to sell her on your program? Pay her a few good gross compliments. If I'm any judge of character, that's the line to take with her."

"You may be right," said Mr. Pope, "but I still don't see any sense in getting her sore."

"She'll get over it," said Mrs. Pope. "I like to hear the prince; he has a fascinating accent."

"He ought to have," said Mr. Pope. "He works hard enough at it. He can speak as good English as I can, if he wants to."

"I should hope so!" said Mrs. Pope. Then she kissed him. "Don't be stuffy, darling. I've got to get a little fun out of this."

Mr. Pope knew it was no use to argue any more.

At dinner there were several new faces, and by the raw and weather-beaten look of them, Mr. Pope deduced that they were members of the Flint Ridge Hunt. It was odd that Miss Grandin had settled among a people whose appearance was an always-present challenge to her professional skill. For obviously those skins had never been treated with any product more sophisticated than yellow laundry soap.

Next to Mr. Pope sat a Mrs. Meecham, short, compact, with uncultivated gray hair and a face that would have defied a geologist's hammer. "Understand you've been out with the Quorn," she said.

Mr. Pope admitted that several years ago in England he had been out with that celebrated pack, but he did not enlarge upon the experience. He hoped she would mistake his reticence for modesty.

"Not much huntin' left in England now," she said. "Can't feed their hounds. Nobody to ride to 'em if they could, except a few old fogies like meself. Well, we keep it up, but it

continued on page 104

"Don't be ridiculous—of course I'm not finished with the infinity experiment!"

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HEARTBEAT

The Healthy Heart Report

HIGH CHOLESTEROL IN CHILDREN

Study after study confirms that cholesterol levels among much of American youth are too high.

High blood pressure in childhood also portends ill for adults. Under supervision, children can be taught to help screen for hypertension.

If a noted Louisiana doctor has his way, children will be tested for high blood pressure and cholesterol *before* they enter first grade, and lessons in a "heart smart" lifestyle will be integrated into the current elementary school curriculum.

These recommendations come from Dr. Gerald Berenson, director of the Bogalusa Heart Study, the head of Louisiana State University's Specialized Center of Research on Atherosclerosis, and overseer of the country's most in-depth look at heart disease and children. More than 10,000 people have participated in the study since 1973. Current guidelines suggest that cholesterol screenings be done only on children with family histories of heart problems. But Dr. Berenson says that's not good enough. He says early testing could prevent 40 percent of adult heart disease cases.

For years, researchers had no firm evidence that linked elevated cholesterol levels in childhood to high cholesterol in adulthood. Now, findings of the Bogalusa Heart Study confirm that high blood pressure at age ten is connected to adult hypertension and that high cholesterol at even six *months* can lead to high cholesterol in adulthood. Dr. Berenson says these new findings mandate the screening of youngsters for blood pressure, cholesterol, height, weight, body fat, and family history. His team has also developed a program called "Heart Smart," which encourages the total school environment to promote cardiovascular health and teaches children the components of a healthful lifestyle.

Because habits form early and die hard, Heart Smart is designed to instill toned-down eating habits and stepped-up exercise habits during the formative years. Every known contributor to heart disease among adults—diet, stress, lack of exercise—is countered head-on by the prevention program. School lunches are balanced, physical education is monitored, and stress-management skills are taught. Because no program can be successful if followed only during school hours, an all-out effort has been made to involve parents. Role modeling underscores classroom instruction; and teachers, cafeteria workers, and physical-education instructors undergo staff training in Heart Smart's plan. A special unit called "It's Me" boosts children's self-esteem and self-identity; and aerobic activities, labeled "Super Kids—Super Fit," encourage regular exercise. The total experience, although designed to strengthen cardiovascular health, also discourages other negative habits, such as cigarette smoking and drug use.

Dr. Kenneth Cooper, a recognized leader in the fitness movement and the author of *Controlling Cholesterol*, agrees with Dr. Berenson on early cholesterol testing. He endorses a low-fat diet after the age of two and encourages regular aerobic exer-

For many children, a little friendly competition makes exercise more fun. "How many meters in a 20-yard dash?" These future track stars learned the metric system while they dreamed of Olympic conquests.

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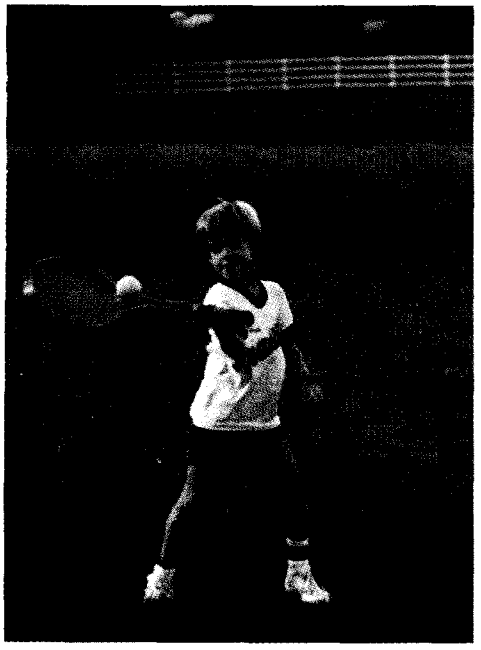


Teach children a sport like tennis that will carry into adult life. Families that play together stay together.

cise. Again, the hope is that habits formed in childhood will spill over to adult life. "If the epidemic of heart disease in the country is ever going to be controlled, it must start with an aggressive preventive approach with our children," Dr. Cooper says.

Study after study across the country confirms that cholesterol levels among much of American youth are too high. Fortunately, subtle changes in diet and exercise can significantly lower these levels. In New York, nearly 80 percent of nine-year-old children are eating too much saturated fat, and 60 percent are consuming too much cholesterol. To turn these numbers around, youngsters would need only to trade ice cream and doughnuts for sherbet and fruit and to substitute turkey and fish for red meat and sausages.

The results would make the sacrifice worthwhile. In such countries as Greece, where a non-Western diet is consumed, cholesterol levels among children are significantly lower than in the States. Moreover, the incidence of heart disease is rare among adults. Some of our trade neighbors, however, seem to be in a state of flux. In Japan, for instance, adults still register low levels of cholesterol, but children, enamored of anything Western, including our diet, are showing increased cholesterol levels.

Researchers suspect that cholesterol levels above 180 milligrams per 100 milliliters of blood in children lead to an increased risk of developing high cholesterol levels in adulthood. In the United States, an estimated one-quarter to one-third of children have cholesterol levels above 176 milligrams per 100 milliliters of blood. As a precaution, the American Academy of Pediatrics recommends that children with cholesterol levels higher than 176 receive long-term dietary counseling from nutrition experts.

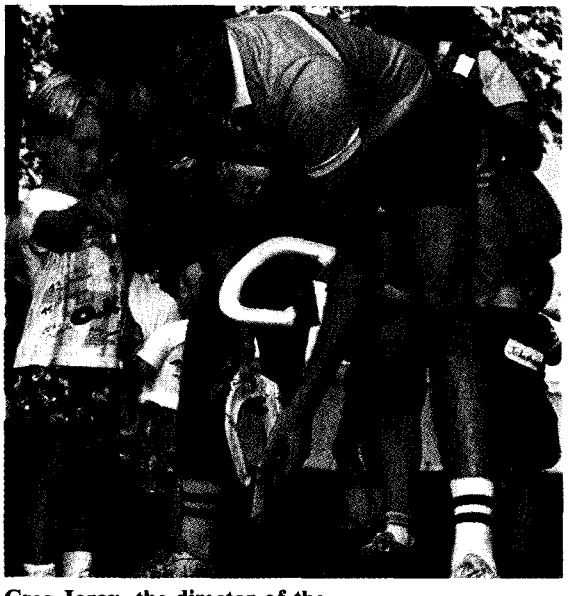
Probably the most impressive information on childhood-onset heart disease comes from the Bogalusa anatomic studies. Since 1978, autopsies have been done on all residents who died between the ages of 3 and 26. Even in that youthful age group, evidence of early heart disease has been found. Fibrous plaques have been identified in the coronary arteries of several men who had previously been examined for risk factors. These plaques, which were associated with low HDL ("good cholesterol") and high LDL ("bad cholesterol"), often progress to the point of blocking the coronary vessels and causing angina pectoris and heart disease.

High blood pressure in childhood also portends ill for adults, say Bogalusa researchers, who found that elevated blood pressure correlates with increased heart size, structural changes in some small arteries, and increased thickness in heart walls.

Clearly, coronary-artery disease and essential hypertension begin early. "They are percolating in childhood," the Bogalusa study's Dr. Berenson says. If we want to help stop heart disease in the next generation, today's elementary schools are the places to start.

But, elementary school teachers can't be responsible for *sufficient* exercise for children. The Children's Better Health Institute is helping parents organize Fitness Fairs that can be duplicated all over the country. Parents who wish to put on neighborhood Fitness Fairs can write to the Institute for instructions. Games include horseshoe pitching, parent-child relays (foot races), basketball-dribble courses, bean-bag toss, football toss, tricycle races, and more. Ribbons, trophies, and instructions for warm-up exercises can also be ordered from the Institute. Address: Children's Better Health Institute, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, IN 46202.

It's never too early to start children on an exercise program. This little girl enjoyed parent-child relays at a Humpty Dumpty Fitness Fair.



Greg Joray, the director of the Jack and Jill Fitness Fairs, gave a youngster tips on a sport that might get him invited to a George Bush horseshoe tournament someday.

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HEALTHFUL RECIPES CHILDREN CAN COOK

Young chefs will revel in compliments on their delicious mini-pizzas and apple-raisin muffins.

Hold the mayo, the fries, and the double cheeseburgers. Diet can make a *big* difference in curbing the cholesterol levels of children. With about 30 percent of America's youngsters reportedly having abnormally high levels, it's time to call for limits on fat, cholesterol, salt, and sugar. Such a diet should also have a positive effect on weight-conscious student bodies. (Another new survey, this one studying 7,000 children, indicated that one in five weighed at least 20 percent more than his ideal weight!)

Recommended foods include whole-grain cereals and breads, pasta, frozen yogurt, chicken, fish, and turkey. The trick, of course, is to make the "good" foods attractive and fit to be tried.

Among the most appealing are these mini-pizzas, spaghetti, oatmeal-apple muffins, cornmeal waffles, and frozen yogurt sticks.

Mini-Pizzas
(Makes 4 mini-pizzas)

4 whole-wheat English muffins
1 cup tomato sauce
⅛ teaspoon oregano
⅛ teaspoon basil
½ cup grated mozzarella cheese
Extra toppings: chopped green pepper, zucchini slices, Parmesan cheese, sliced onion, or sliced mushrooms

Cut each muffin in half and toast. Combine tomato sauce, oregano, and basil in small bowl. Top each muffin with 2 tablespoons tomato-sauce mixture. Sprinkle 1 tablespoon cheese on each muffin. Add your choice of extra toppings listed above. Arrange muffins on baking sheet and place under broiler 1-2 minutes or until cheese melts. (An adult should help with oven use.) Serve immediately.

Confetti Spaghetti Salad
(Makes 6 servings)

1 cup low-fat yogurt
½ cup light mayonnaise
1 teaspoon oregano
Black pepper to taste
½ pound cooked whole-wheat spaghetti
1 cup flaked tuna in water, drained
½ cup sliced cooked carrots
½ cup chopped celery
½ cup cooked peas
½ cup cooked green beans, cut in 1" pieces
½ cup grated Parmesan cheese

Mix yogurt, mayonnaise, oregano, and pepper. Toss in cooked spaghetti, tuna, and vegetables. Mix in cheese. Chill and serve.

Oatmeal-Apple Muffins
(Makes 12 muffins)

2 ounces Egg Beaters or Scramblers or *2 egg whites*
1 cup skim milk
3 teaspoons polyunsaturated oil
1 cup whole-wheat flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
1 cup uncooked rolled oats
1 cup raisins
1 cup peeled, chopped sweet apples

Preheat oven to 425° F. and grease muffin tins. (An adult should help with oven use.) Mix egg whites, milk, and oil in bowl. Add dry ingredients and mix. Fold in raisins and apples. Place batter in muffin tins; fill each ¾ full. Bake about 20 minutes or until centers seem dry.

Cornmeal Waffles
(Makes 4 waffles)

1 cup high-lysine or regular cornmeal
1 cup whole-wheat flour

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2 teaspoons baking powder
1⅓ cups low-fat buttermilk
3 ounces Egg Beaters or Scramblers or 3 egg whites
2 tablespoons melted margarine
½ cup chopped walnuts

Blend cornmeal, flour, and baking powder together in mixing bowl. Make a well in center and add buttermilk and egg whites. Beat just to moisten flour. Beat in melted margarine. Fold in walnuts. Five rounded tablespoons make one waffle.

Icebergs on Sticks
(Makes 5 popsicles)

1 8-ounce cup plain, nonfat yogurt
1 6-ounce can unsweetened fruit-juice concentrate
Dash vanilla, if desired
3-ounce paper cups
Wooden sticks

Combine ingredients in big bowl. Mix well. Fill paper cups ¾ full, and place in freezer. When mixture has begun to freeze, insert wooden stick into each cup for handle. Return to freezer. When popsicles are frozen solid, peel off paper cups and eat!

French Toast
(Makes 2 servings)

2 ounces Egg Beaters or Scramblers or 2 egg whites
2 tablespoons wheat germ
2 tablespoons water
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 teaspoon honey
2 tablespoons Puritan (canola) oil
4 pieces cracked wheat bread

In small bowl beat eggs; then stir in wheat germ, water, vanilla, and honey. Heat oil in skillet over medium heat. Dip each bread slice into egg mixture. Place in frying pan and cook until bread is brown on both sides. Top with fresh crushed apricots, blueberries, or cinnamon.

Oven French Fries
(Makes 4 servings)

4 unpeeled potatoes, washed
2 tablespoons Puritan (canola) oil
Paprika

Cut washed potatoes into ⅓" sticks (do not peel). Toss sticks in salad bowl with vegetable oil. Place potatoes on greased baking sheet. Sprinkle with paprika and bake at 450° F. for 8 minutes; then reduce heat to 350° and cook 10 minutes longer.

Leprechaun Soup
(Makes 4 servings)

1 carrot, scrubbed
2 small potatoes, scrubbed
4 stalks celery with green tops
5 whole green onions
4 tomatoes
2 bay leaves in cotton spice bag
4 cups water
5 low-sodium beef bouillon cubes
¼ cup chopped cabbage
1 cup peas, 1 cup corn

Cut carrots, potatoes, tomatoes, celery, and onion into small pieces. In big pot, heat water, and bouillon cubes. Add vegetables. Cover and *simmer* for about one half hour. Always remove bay leaves before eating.

137
132
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BRINGING ORCHIDS DOWN TO EARTH

The sky's the limit for growers of the world's most heavenly flowers.

by Dr. Ellen Henke

No other flower is quite like the orchid. The very name evokes visions of tropical jungles, fragile beauty, extravagance, mystery, even intrigue. However—not that we want to lessen the romance of this exotic flower—anyone with a thumb green enough to grow an African violet can just as well grow an orchid and have beautiful blossoms on hand to give as Mother's Day corsages or as gifts to friends.

Despite orchids' fragile appearance, they have as strong a will to live as you have to make them live. And with a little tender loving care, they will display beautiful flowers on a regular and predictable schedule.

Although orchids in the wild require five to ten years from seed to blossom, the modern techniques of tissue-culture production have shortened the time for blooming. Many new orchids can be produced in short order from just a few cells of a selected plant. But don't plan on being listed in *The Guinness Book of World Records* for growing every orchid in nature's portfolio. The orchid family is the largest among plants: approximately 800 genera, more than 35,000 known species, and probably that many or more hybrids.

Orchid species have been found from the arctic tundra to the tropics, in rain forests, in bogs, on sand dunes. A few in Australia even grow underground. Some species thrive at sea level; others survive equally well at 14,000 feet. Although orchids are grown primarily for their exotic flowers, one variety, the vanilla orchid, is important commercially as a source of vanilla flavoring.

Assuming you're more interested in the flower than in making your own vanilla, where to begin? Your choice will be between epiphytic and terrestrial varieties. Most tropical orchids are epiphytic—that is, rather than growing in soil, they attach to trees or other support systems by means of aerial roots. Orchids that grow in colder climates are terrestrial: they grow like most other plants rooted in the soil.

Whatever species you choose, you must provide conditions it requires to grow well and flower. Basically, orchids are classified by the temperature range in which they grow. The cool-growing require daytime temperatures of 60° to 70° F. and night temperatures of 50 to 55. Warm types like day temperatures of 70° to 85° F. and night temperatures of 60 to 65.

Orchids have two distinct ways of growing, either upright or horizontal. In general, orchids that grow horizontally prefer the high light of very lightly shaded south-facing windows; the upright variety will thrive in the slightly lower light of east-facing windows. Your orchids will let you know whether you are giving them the light they prefer. If the light is too intense, the leaves will turn yellow and you may even see some burn spots. If the light is inadequate, the leaves will become unnaturally dark green, growth will be stunted, and flowers won't form.

If you don't have a window with good light, you can grow most orchids under four 40-watt fluorescent tubes turned on for 16 hours a day. The tops of the plants should be about six inches away from the lights. Position the orchids that grow horizontally in the center, where the light is highest, and the upright growers at the ends, where the light is lowest.

Should you be short on growing space, you can choose from thousands of miniatures. The new *Toyland* miniature delivers a first-rate performance for the home grower. It never outgrows a four-inch pot, and its nearly white, silver-dollar-size blossoms cover the plant for nine to ten months of the year. In the few months that *Toyland* rests, you can enjoy its mottled white foliage.

Although orchids prefer rather high humidity, most of them are accommodating enough to survive the moderate humidity of the ordinary home. You can easily increase the humidity by placing the plants on a tray of moist pebbles. All orchids need good ventilation year-round. Be sure to adjust them slowly to protect them from the direct sun if you give them a summer vacation on a patio. Otherwise, they may get sunburns.

You will have to revise your thinking about watering and potting when you grow the epiphytic orchids. The spongy roots will rot if the potting medium is not allowed to dry out slightly between waterings. They will grow best in mixtures of redwood-, fir-, or pine-bark mulch with sphagnum peat, perlite, and a long-lasting fertilizer. Terrestrial orchids, on the other hand, are watered like any other houseplant because they are potted in typical soil mixtures.

You won't have to repot orchids often—they like to grow potbound. If newly potted, they should be watered sparingly at first. Established plants should be drenched at each watering, foliage and all, with a quarter-strength solution of 30-10-10 liquid fertilizer or the equivalent. Just be sure not to overwater them, and never let them sit in water. All orchids should be allowed to rest for a month or more, depending on the species, when their flowering displays are over. During that period, water them sparingly and don't fertilize them.

A word of warning: once you purchase your first orchid and experience the fun of knowing them and the ease of growing them, you won't want to stop. Orchids are indeed the most irresistible of all plants we can grow in our homes.

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SOMETHING TO BARK ABOUT

Now that Brutus has retired at the age of 12, his master is doing the growling for him.

by Maynard Good Stoddard

Illustrated by Don Trawin

"I didn't know whether it was safe to get out of the car or not," the census taker chirped. "I saw your sign at the end of the driveway: 'Beware of M.G. Stoddard.' "

After she had finished prying into how many bathrooms we had in our little termite picnic shelter and such, I walked down the drive to see if she was just being cute. No, by golly, she was right. The "Dog" had disappeared from the sign, and the "Beware of" led directly to the wooden letters of my name beneath it. My dear wife was quick to express an opinion that the sign made sense as it stood. She was, I'm sure, referring to the fact that 12-year-old Brutus no longer could detect a prowler if one stepped on his tail, much less hear a car coming up the drive.

Nevertheless, in hopes of fooling some of the people some of the time, I bought a new "Beware of Dog" sign and, armed with sign, hammer, and five nails (one to drop in the long grass below the sign), I headed for the post at the

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foot of the drive. On the way, thinking all the time, I thought, *I'll switch the nails from my right-hand coat pocket to the left-hand coat pocket because I'll be hammering with my right hand, and it will be difficult to put that hand into my coat pocket to get the nails while it's holding the hammer.* Got that? Maybe you'd better go over it again.

Making the switch while wearing gloves wasn't easy, but I managed it. Only to find upon arriving at the post that my left-hand coat pocket didn't possess a bottom. I looked up and down the drive until my eyeballs bulged, but no nails. My left front tire, however, had no trouble picking up the first two that same day. I'm sure the other three will turn up shortly by the same means. If I'd only thought of this sooner, it would have saved a lot of looking.

It's no wonder that Lump, our cat, is the only thing around here that purrs. My dear wife hums, Brutus whines, and I—so it is said—bark. If that is true, at least I have plenty to bark about.

I've just come down with a bad case of smut from stacking bales of straw around our fuel-oil tank. Dear wife, a retired R.N., says I am crazy. "It's nothing but a mild touch of leprosy" was her diagnosis, which she thought was real funny. It would serve her right if that's what it turns out to be.

I'm also having trouble shaving because of fruit flies fogging the mirror. Which raises the question of whether we keep fruit in the bathroom. The answer is no. It's got to be that jug of strawberry cologne one of the grandsons bestowed upon his doting grandmother this past Christmas.

In hopes of no longer having to repeat everything I say, I took advantage of this same gift-giving occasion to surprise my dear wife with a hearing aid. She won't wear it because she says it doesn't fit. I thought all ears were the same size. Except for the outside flaps, of course.

This place seems to be a breeding ground for controversy. Before the ground froze this winter, I asked dear wife to lay aside *Hearts Aflame*, her complete library, and help me replace three chewed-up wooden fence posts with steel posts, which, I hoped, would offer the termites more of a challenge. How trippingly the names of other duos come off the tongue: Abbott and Costello, Martin and Lewis, Gilbert and Sullivan, corned beef and cabbage. Now try Lois and Maynard. Sort of sticks in your throat, right? And for good reason. (Excuse me—her cat just dipped its tail in my coffee.)

To decide which of us would hold the post and which would mount the stepladder with the sledge hammer to drive the post into the ground, I took a poll. And her answer was, "I'll hold the post, thank you."

I said, "O.K., steady the ladder."

She said, "I can't steady the ladder and hold the post too. What do you think I am?"

Here I'd been waiting years for this opening, and whatd'ya know, folks, I lost my nerve. So I had scaled halfway up the ladder, at which point, in scaling ladders while carrying sledge hammers, one can drop the sledge hammer on his foot or not. It's optional. I usually do. And I did. So I scaled back down the ladder, and after regaining my power of speech, I said, "Would it be convenient, light of my life, to hold the ladder instead of the post until I have arrived safely at the step from which I can apply the sledge hammer to the confounded post?"

"I defy any man, including Schwarzenegger himself, to stand on a ladder holding a 16-pound sledge hammer and apply it to the top of a post that a woman is waving around like a drum major's baton."

Even employing that strategy, I defy any man, including Schwarzenegger himself, to stand on a ladder holding a 16-pound sledge hammer and apply it to the top of a post that a woman is waving around like a drum major's baton. So naturally I missed completely, and the velocity of my swing sent me sailing over the fence. Had it not been for landing in a clump of thorn bushes, I might have been hurt.

"Why couldn't you hold it steady?" I yelled up at her.

"Why couldn't you hit where I held it?" was her rejoinder. And when my dear wife rejoins, it's just as well not to pursue the matter further. The last such exchange ended with her statement that one more word and I'd be parking for the next two weeks in places reserved for the handicapped. Sometimes that woman is tougher than her pot roasts.

Our efforts to work together are not always this serious, of course. They can actually be funny. Funny to one of us, anyway. Her helping me to install a new blade in my bow saw would be a fair illustration. All I wanted her to do was line up one of the two holes in the end of the blade and hook it over this little peg when I pushed down on the metal bow, which would require every muscle, sinew, and tendon in my whole united body. And I was right in the middle of this superhuman effort . . . when she began to giggle. Giggle and jiggle. And when that woman begins to jiggle, you can just forget it.

"What's so funny?" I wheezed.

"The holes keep going past the peg—there goes one now," she screamed. Oh, how funny! Here my small intestine was practically tied in a granny knot from exertion, and she was having a ball. I finally gave up and took advantage of my adrenaline flow to retire to the patio and push the bow down myself, although my clavicle will never be the same.

In way of apology, the next day dear wife drove into Spencer and charged a ceiling fan to my account at the hardware store. She had been expecting one for Christmas, instead of the hearing aid. And did she want it put in the living room, where it would make a little sense? Don't be silly. It was going in the kitchen, presumably to cool the tasting samples of tuna hash or whatever she was throwing together for the evening mess.

And of course, to install the thing she had to call Martin Morton—or is it Morton Martin? I could look it up on one of his bills. Lord knows we've got enough of them lying around.

Upon arriving home the next night, I noticed that the yard could have served for no man's land in a war movie. We're talking here of trenches, bunkers, foxholes, the whole business. When I saw the lengths of pipe

continued on page 110

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KING AND QUEEN OF TORTS

The Michael Tucker-Jill Eikenberry partnership has been legendary since pre-"Law" days. Now it's playing in prime time.

by Holly G. Miller

It's a clubby foursome: Jill Eikenberry and Michael Tucker, Ann Kelsey and Stuart Markowitz. "We take them home with us all the time," Jill says of Ann and Stuart. "We're all living very comfortably with each other." Her husband, Mike, agrees, but adds a just-between-us tidbit of gossip. "We have them to dinner a lot," he confides, "but they eat too much."

The two couples actually are one, with four distinct personalities. Eikenberry and Tucker, married since 1973, play the attorneys Kelsey and Markowitz on the highly rated NBC drama "L.A. Law" (Thursdays, 10 p.m. E.S.T.). The irony is that in a show renowned for its not-so-subtle treatment of sex, two of the most sizzling characters are the married, 40ish Kelsey and Markowitz. She, at 5'7", is sultry and stylish. He, at 5'5½", is pudgy in pinstripes.

If viewers are fascinated by the odd-couple dynamics of Kelsey and Markowitz, so were Eikenberry and Tucker when they were introduced to the characters three years ago. In fact, it was the promise of knowing Ann and Stuart better that made Jill and Mike relocate from their cozy apartment on New York's 89th Street to their sprawling California home. They've had no regrets.

"The biggest problem with committing to a television series is that many television characters are two-dimensional," Mike says. "That really locks you in to a very narrow person. But these characters clearly are 360-degree people. I feel that they could be put in any situation and behave as human beings." The show's writers seem determined to find out. Ann and Stuart have coped with ego, ambition, passion, and jealousy; seduced each other at the company cocktail party; adjusted to an interfaith marriage; endured mother-in-law problems; and experienced the trauma and joy of adopting a baby. They're forever hissing and kissing, fighting and making up. No wonder the Tuckers love the Markowitzes.

The Kelsey character also offered Jill the opportunity to break new ground. Whereas she had played an assortment of meaty roles on stage, her film credits had a certain sameness to them. Ann Kelsey was something else. "Normally, I've played the nice, quiet wife," Jill says. "Kelsey was an interesting, aggressive person who excited me."

The roles were developed for Jill and Mike by Steven Bochco, the creator of "Hill Street Blues" and a friend of Mike's since college days. The actors are quick to deny that Ann and Stuart were patterned after them, and Mike insists he and Stuart don't even look alike ("Stuart's shorter than I am"). The truth is that Ann and Jill have little in common, and Stuart and Mike have even less.

"A good writer and producer understand that if you write too close to a person it will be harder for the person to play the role," Mike explains. "Ann Kelsey is the opposite of Jill. She's much more strident and aggressive. If Steve had cast a strident, aggressive actress, Ann Kelsey would have lost a full range of emotions that she now has."

Jill says the same holds true of Mike's role: "The character of Stuart started out very shy and insecure about women and about himself in public. All this is quite the opposite of Mike, who is extremely socially adept. Having the opposite in there makes Stuart more interesting and more three-dimensional."

Eikenberry and Tucker slip in and out of their characters with ease. They delight in dissecting their roles and in creating scenarios to see what Ann would do under this set of circumstances or how Stuart would react to that kind of predicament. They take scripts home with them and rehearse

The popularity of "L.A. Law" has translated into instant stardom for cast members. But ego is no problem on the set, according to Jill and Mike. If one actor dominates the script one week, another is prominently featured in the next segment. The work environment is so affable that in the off-hours the stars congregate at each other's homes.

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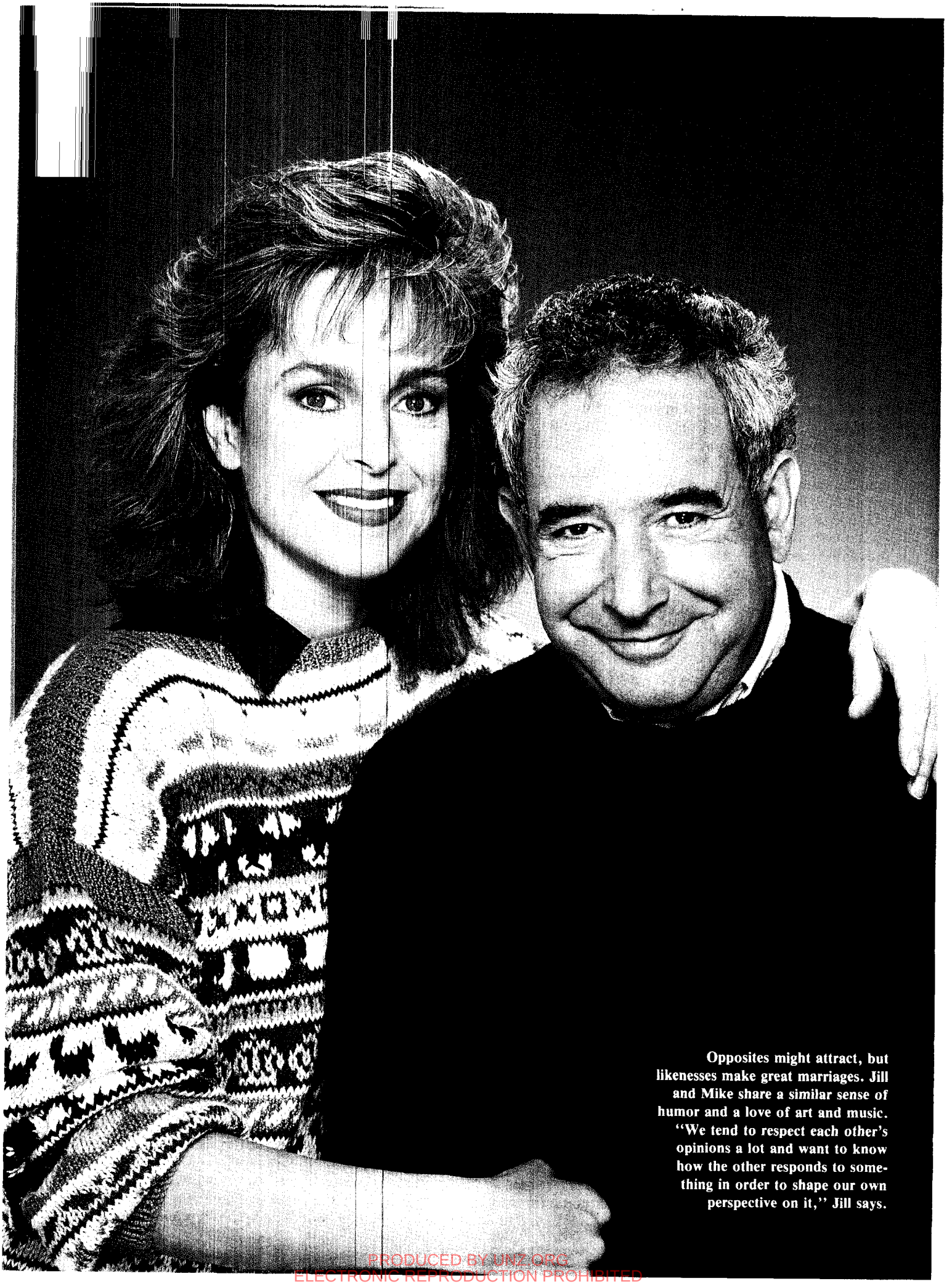

Opposites might attract, but likenesses make great marriages. Jill and Mike share a similar sense of humor and a love of art and music. "We tend to respect each other's opinions a lot and want to know how the other responds to something in order to shape our own perspective on it," Jill says.

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dialogue first one way and then another. They frequently play "what if" games to add depth to the characters of the hard-charging Kelsey and her gentle foil, Markowitz.

"We're constantly talking to each other about the characters," Mike says. "We try to look for some kind of angular approach to the moment or to the scene. We can see clearly what the writers' intention was; then we say, 'What if Ann and Stuart had had an argument this morning? How would that color the scene?' Or, 'What if they had had a wonderful night of making love? How would that color the scene?' 'Maybe Ann's mother just called; how would that affect the moment?' We're always looking for a more interesting approach, a more interesting runway into a scene."

Such cerebral exercises probably stem from the couple's years of formal drama training. Eikenberry and Tucker are no overnight successes. She didn't ascend to star status by way of a beauty contest (she's pretty enough); neither did he enter the theater through the back door of, say, a sports career (his golf game isn't *that* good). Jill, who grew up in the Midwest, studied anthropology at Barnard College in New York before being accepted at the Yale Drama School. Michael, born in Baltimore, is a graduate of Carnegie Tech Drama School, where he performed in more than 40 plays. They met in Washington, D.C., when both were playing at the Arena Stage. The chemistry was instant, and by the time they headed for New York City a year and a half later, they were traveling in tandem. They credit the ups and downs of those early theater experiences with preparing them for the success that would come later.

"Repertory theater is where we both got our feet under us," Mike says. "We did eight plays a year, so by the time we hit the ground in New York we felt we could act. It must be a terrifying feeling for young people not to know if they can crack into what everyone calls the 'big time.' "

Even for a couple of veterans with their feet squarely on the ground, the "big time" can be elusive. During one dry spell Mike abandoned acting altogether to write speeches for corporate executives and sketches for trade shows. Luckily, Jill's career spurted ahead and Mike was able to get back to show business after six months. Today they recall the lean years as being romantic, a period when their close family relationship—Mike's daughter, Alison, has always lived with them—was forged. They laughed a lot and spent a good deal of time boosting each other's ego when success was lopsided one way or another, and they stretched their talents by doing everything from playing Shakespeare in the Park to singing in the chorus of a short-lived off-Broadway musical. Their résumés grew and so did their list of contacts. Mike played opposite Meryl Streep on Broadway and Faye Dunaway on film. Jill was directed by Dustin Hoffman on stage and cast as Dudley Moore's jilted fiancée in the movie *Arthur*.

Before long, their working days far outnumbered their hiatuses. The two weren't exactly household names, but their faces and voices were everywhere. Mike copped a couple of plum roles in Woody Allen's *Radio Days* and *The Purple Rose of Cairo*. Jill appeared in the CBS miniseries *Kane & Abel*. Slack time was filled with short-term assignments for commercial voice-overs.

"We're so used to having the downs follow the ups, but we've never had an up that was quite this up. . . ."

Still, the ups and downs of the early years had left their mark. "We're extremely conservative with money and things like that," Mike says. "All we've ever had to trade on was whatever talent we have. Actors don't retire, you know—they figure they'll keep doing this until they're buried. I'm sure that will be true of us. Our career is a gamble all the time, so we're not interested in gambling our money once we get it."

Jill disagrees. "For the first time in our lives we're seeing a difference," she says. "We're expanding in a way we never allowed ourselves to before. It's exciting and sort of scary. We're so used to having the downs follow the ups, but we've never had an up that was quite this up and one that predicts a future more financially secure than we've ever had. So we're doing things like buying original artwork. We've done it before, but on a much smaller level. We're thinking of how to expand in ways we've always dreamed about. We're not sitting on our laurels at all, and life is more exciting right now because of that."

Two quarterhorses have been part of their expansion plan. The animals, a Christmas gift from Mike to Jill, are boarded nearby, always available for a leisurely canter through the mountains. Jill, who had owned a horse as a child, had gently hinted that because they now live away from bustling New York City, wouldn't it be nice . . . ?

"What we both try to do is enrich each other's life," Mike suggests. "In a sense, we're saying, 'How can we make our lives better? How can we improve our values and look at life in a more broadening way?' Jill's so good at that, and I'm getting better. When we give presents to each other we try to find a way to get back to the real stuff. In a way, the decision to have the horses was similar to a decision to have a baby. Of course, a baby is much more important." He laughs. "And Jill didn't carry the horse nine months or anything like that."

It's his style to make a sharp observation, then follow it with something silly. Ask him what he admires most about Jill and he can't decide among several traits. He praises her discipline, her honesty, and her strength. Then he adds, "Of course, there's her cute little body." Given equal time, Jill applauds Mike's sense of humor, his warmth, and his willingness to take risks. "He sort of plunges ahead and says, 'Let's go for it,' whereas I tend to hold back and later be glad we took the chance," she says.

They continue to prop each other up in their time of success as they once did in their period of struggle. Jill insists that they talk out problems before they go to

Jill, an accomplished musician, and Mike, a veteran page turner, will tackle any kind of script unless it's "boring," Mike says. In an upcoming film for CBS, he plays Leo Szilard, whose idea of splitting the atom led to the atomic bomb. Jill's documentary on breast cancer has met with such success that tapes are now available in many doctors' offices, hospitals, schools, and clinics.

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bed at night. Mike, who says he once had an inclination to pout, now airs grievances with gusto. "She really kicked that out of me," he says.

Jill credits Mike with helping her cope with their new fame. No longer can they anonymously zip across country to visit Alison at Fordham University or eat pasta at the neighborhood café unnoticed. "I don't like to go to airports alone because I feel self-conscious that everybody is watching what I do, what I eat at the coffee shop, or whatever," she says. "The benefit of being a team is that we help each other out of any kind of situation where we feel pressured. Mike's comfortable with all of this. He doesn't feel his privacy is violated at all. So I've gotten more comfortable with it too. Besides, people are so nice; it's sort of like having a lot of friends wherever we go. Now that the show is doing so well in Europe, it's become an international thing."

Any minor irritations caused by the show's popularity are far outweighed by the freedom it ensures. Eikenberry and Tucker are free not only financially, but creatively too. Opportunities and offers are coming from every facet of the entertainment business. They now have the luxury of picking what they want, rather than grabbing what is offered. The choices they've settled on may seem odd for anyone but Jill and Mike. For instance, Jill recently narrated on tape Anne Tyler's bestseller *Breathing Lessons*. She tackled the three-hour, two-cassette project simply because she had never narrated a book before and she's "crazy about Anne Tyler's work."

Another major release for Jill is in a sense a repeat of an earlier triumph. The TV documentary "Destined to Live," first aired last October, will be shown again this spring. Jill's involvement with the hour-long project is much greater than her title of coproducer implies. The show is an in-depth look at breast cancer, and the focus is on the recovery of its victims. Jill herself experienced a malignancy three years ago (she was treated for it during the filming of the first six episodes of "L.A. Law"), and she feels an emotional attachment to the subject and to the 100 women interviewed for the documentary. Jill has had no further sign of cancer since she opted for a lumpectomy, which removed only the affected tissue rather than the entire breast.

"To tell you the truth, except for when it comes time for another mammogram or another examination, I don't feel cancer is a big part of my life now," she says. "It certainly was when I was reliving it and doing the documentary, [which] was important because it was two years after the diagnosis and I was able to resolve some things that, at the time, I was too scared to resolve. It was a kind of catharsis to bring it all back and go through it. Now I feel I've been able to get on with my life in a different way. I don't think, *Oh, God, if I can*

continued on page 92

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"Oh, Alex!" she wailed. He made a frantic dive with an oar and promptly lost it.

THE YOUNG VISITOR

by Mary Roberts Rinehart

Illustrated by Courtney Allen

Alex Hallam stamped in from his nightly visit to the power plant. As usual, there had been something wrong with it; and, also as usual, in his dressing gown and bare legs he had run into the cactus plant Sheila had insisted on leaving by the path.

Sheila was knitting in the living room when he entered the house, and knowing the customary effect of these excursions, she did not look up.

"I ran into that d— cactus again," he observed morosely.

She sighed. These intervals of waiting after Alex had sent off a book to his publishers were always bad. Now, isolated as they were, this one was being particularly trying.

"I should think you would know by this time that it is there," she said. "Or put a light on the path."

"Light!" he said, jerking the tweezers from the mantelpiece and inspecting with a jaundiced eye a hairy but not unhandsome leg. "Do you know how much light we use already? Or gasoline? Do you realize that I've ceased to be a writer and become a nurse to a pair of dynamos and a motorboat?"

He extracted the barb with a jerk, and, stalking into the bathroom, came back with a bottle of iodine in hand. Both performances being painful, he yelped; but as this elicited no sympathy from Sheila, he resumed his listing of grievances.

"If everything else fails," he said darkly, "I'm a qualified plumber too. And if Mary loses another brush down a drainpipe, she can go after it herself."

The list of his grievances mounted in his mind as the iodine bit into his flesh.

"I came here to write," he went on. "But what am I? I'm a champion bug exterminator and water-tank inspector. I'm an errand boy and a snake killer. On the days George doesn't choose to show up, I'm the milkman and the postman. And I'm here to tell you that tomorrow I'm going to be a cactus remover."

"I like that cactus where it is," said Sheila, with some firmness.

He laughed bitterly.

"Naturally. So I can step into it." He glared at her. "Whose idea was all this anyhow?"

"Yours," Sheila said calmly. "You said you wanted to get away from everything. You said you were sick of

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people and noise and cocktail parties. You said you wanted to get to the end of the world somewhere and write. You said——"

"All right. All right. Blame it on me. You know d— well the idea appealed to you."

Suddenly she put away her knitting and got up. She was a pretty woman, still young, but just then she looked rather worn. She had put in a week of waiting to hear about the book, bolstering Alex's ego at frequent intervals. Now she was exhausted. She drew a long breath.

"Maybe you'll get a telegram tomorrow," she said. "I certainly hope so."

"What do you mean, a telegram?"

"Do you have to put on an act for me, Alex?"

He stared at her. There had been moments recently when he acutely disliked Sheila, and this was one of them. He knew now why some men killed their wives. Nothing big. Nothing dramatic. Just some small thing, like being shut off with her on a spit of land in the Gulf of Mexico, with the promised road not developing, and the nearest anything at all six miles away by boat. Or being reminded that your publishers hadn't thought enough of your last book even to telegraph.

"I'm not acting," he said coldly. "If you want the exact truth, I'm bored. I'm bored stiff. I know you do your best," he added, with a sort of malignant magnanimity, "but when I wanted quiet I didn't want a graveyard. That's what this is, a nice cactus-lined graveyard. No life. Nowhere to go. Nothing to do. Nothing to——"

He did not finish, however. Something was wrong with the lights again. They were dying, undeniably dying. They faded into a dull rosy red and then went out entirely, leaving them like two enemies, facing each other in the dark.

"At least," said Sheila's voice, frigid but resigned, "there seems to be something to do. I suppose you've forgotten to order gasoline again."

"You would!" he retorted furiously. "There's plenty of gas. There's plenty of everything."

"There seems to be something missing!" she observed, and proceeded, with the ease of long custom, to find the matches, locate a candle, and light it.

"Good night," she said politely, and she went out, taking the candle with her.

Left alone in the darkness, he stared after her balefully. That was what happened in marriage. You found a nice loving girl, and, in due time, she became the sort who would have a pet cactus so you could step into it and would take away the only candle and leave you in the dark.

The iodine was still stinging. It hurt all the way up his leg, and when he fumbled for the flashlight he could not find it. Instead he upset a vase of flowers, and the water soaked his pajamas. He could hear it dripping from the table to the floor. He hoped fervently that Sheila had left her knitting there.

He stood still for a moment, divided between the desire to follow Sheila and tell her a few plain facts, and the necessity for some sort of action. Finally he chose the latter, flung out onto the porch in a rage, stumbled over a chair, and collapsed on the floor, holding his ankle and muttering in low agonized tones.

He sat there for some time. Let the lights stay out. Let the meat spoil in the electric refrigerator. Let the whole place go to ruin. What did he care? He was completely and utterly fed up. No ideas. No stimulation. This last book was tripe. It was sentimental tosh. He'd better stop writing and raise oranges. At least you didn't have to raise them on a typewriter.

He grunted and got up. There was a moon now, and in spite of his leg he contemplated it for a moment. He had always liked the moon. With Sheila the way she used to be, he could have

Sheila was inside at the table when, Betty leaning heavily on him, they reached the dining room. And he was quite certain that something had amused her.

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enjoyed it, power plant or no power plant. But Sheila had changed. There was no living with her this last week or two. That crack about the gasoline, for instance!

That reminded him of the dynamos, and he made his way, cautiously this time, to the powerhouse. There was the silence of death over the place, and to his fury he found he had lost his matches when he fell. In sheer demoniac rage he kicked the cement base of the engine, and it was in the pause while he accumulated adequate language that his attention was suddenly distracted.

There was a boat coming in!

Instantly his anger subsided and his pulse rate increased alarmingly. A boat at that hour of the night meant only one thing—a telegram. And a telegram meant only one thing, also. If the book was wrong, there would be a letter, long and apologetic. It was all right. All right. All right. He would get Sheila up and they would have sandwiches and cold beer—no, the beer would be warm. Well, anyhow, he would get Sheila and tell her. She had always believed in him. She was a great girl. She——

It was a new man who was on the dock with a lantern when George, an angel of light, a messenger of hope, brought his boat to a standstill. Not that George looked like either. He had a white rag tied around his lower jaw; such part of his face as was visible was contorted with agony.

"Got a telegram for you, Mr. Hallam," he said, without moving his jaw.

"Thanks. Hand it up." Out of the rise in his spirits flowed compassion. "Got a toothache?"

"Yes, sir. I hadn't by rights to be up at all. But the agent thought you might be in a hurry."

"Put an extra dollar on the account, George. Sorry to trouble you."

The boat slid off, a shadowy black streak in the moonlit water, and Alex stood gazing after it. What a night! What peace! He sniffed appreciatively, but, the fragrance of orange blossoms being overwhelmed by gasoline, abandoned the idea. Then, sitting down comfortably on a bench, the lantern beside him, he opened the envelope and took out the message.

It said: "Motoring to Palm Beach. Reach Baird's Landing tonight about eleven. Please meet." And it was signed "Betty."

He sat staring at it, then slowly and savagely he read it again. Betty! What Betty? He knew a dozen Bettys, and for some unspeakable reason he was now to dress, take the boat, go six miles, pick up one of them, and bring her back. Nor were things better when, throwing his pride to the winds, he stalked into Sheila's room and laid the message in front of her.

"Betty?" said Sheila, looking very comfortable in her bed and rather amused than otherwise. "I suppose it's Betty Jennings."

"Let me guess. Free valet parking?"

"Why should you suppose any such thing?"

But a cold chill struck the base of his spine and proceeded by inches up to between his shoulder blades, where it remained.

"Well," Sheila said, lying back on her pillows with the air of one who abandons all responsibility, "you rather fell for her that night before we left, didn't you? Are you sure you didn't ask her to come?"

"Don't be ridiculous."

But his voice lacked conviction. What had he said to the darned girl anyhow? They had been dancing, and she had looked up at him with wide candid eyes and told him how lonely she often felt, and that she knew his books by heart.

"I just can't believe I'm dancing with you," she had said.

"Well, you are, my child. How is it?"

"It's divine," she had answered, and closed her eyes.

Sheila was looking at him.

"You did ask her, didn't you?"

"I may have said something. She seemed low in her mind that night, and lonely. Just if she was in the neighborhood. You know what I mean."

"Well, she's yours, not mine," said Sheila, yawning, and, turning over, she gave every evidence of going to sleep.

He dressed in candlelight and in a state of acute indignation, and before he left, he stalked to the side of Sheila's bed.

"Are you going to do anything about this?" he inquired savagely. "Or are you leaving it up to me?"

"Up to you," said Sheila drowsily. "Put her in the guest room and tell her, for me, that I'm glad to have help for a day or two."

"What sort of help?"

Quite unexpectedly Sheila giggled.

"Never mind," she said. "You'd better hurry. And you need cigarettes if the store's open. She smokes like a chimney."

"I resent that," he said hotly. "Just because a girl is young and—and lonely, and darned good-looking, you have to pick on her."

Sheila, however, merely yawned again.

"I haven't thought of her as lonely," she observed. "I could never see her for the crowd, especially of susceptible males. However, that's not the point. You'd better hurry."

He slammed out of the room and down to the boat. But once out on the water, negotiating carefully the twisted channel, he felt better. After all, she was a nice kid, and she had certainly liked him. She had even asked if she could call him Alex.

"If you wouldn't mind," she said. "I'm so sick of boys. They don't know anything. All they want is to have a good time."

He warmed a bit, remembering. They had sat out a dance or two, and she had asked him why he was going away, when she had just found him. That was how it happened, too, for he had said he wasn't going out of the

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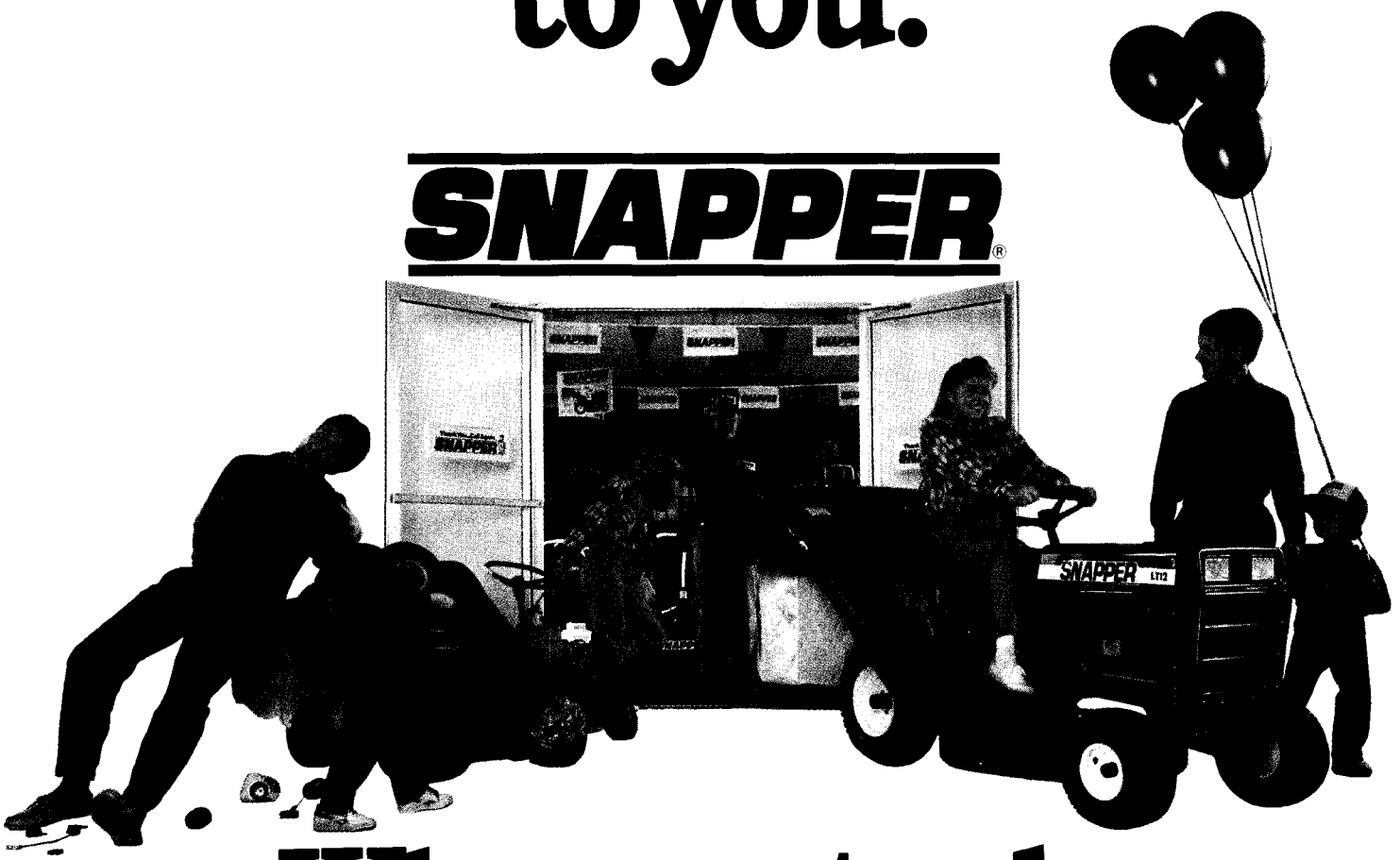

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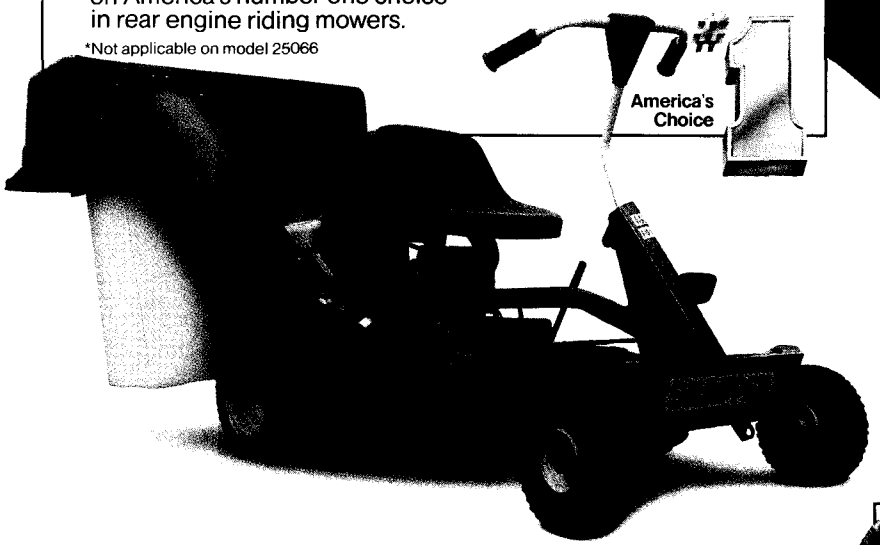

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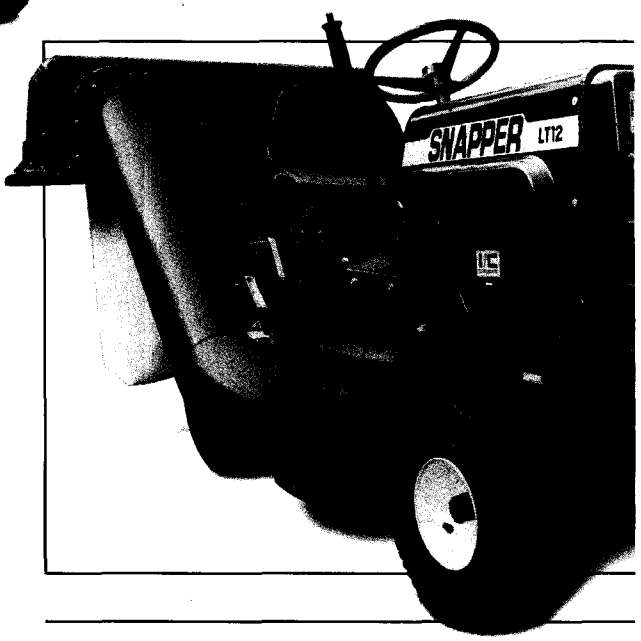

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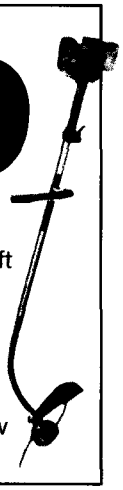

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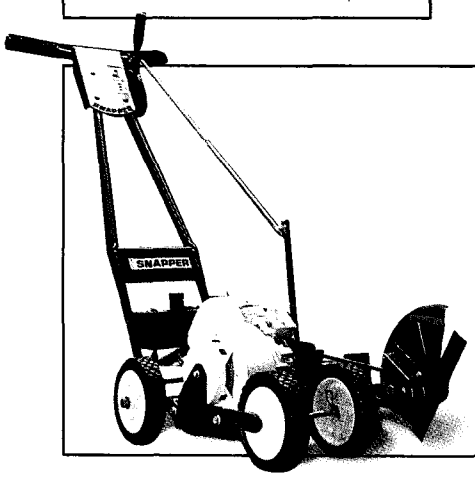

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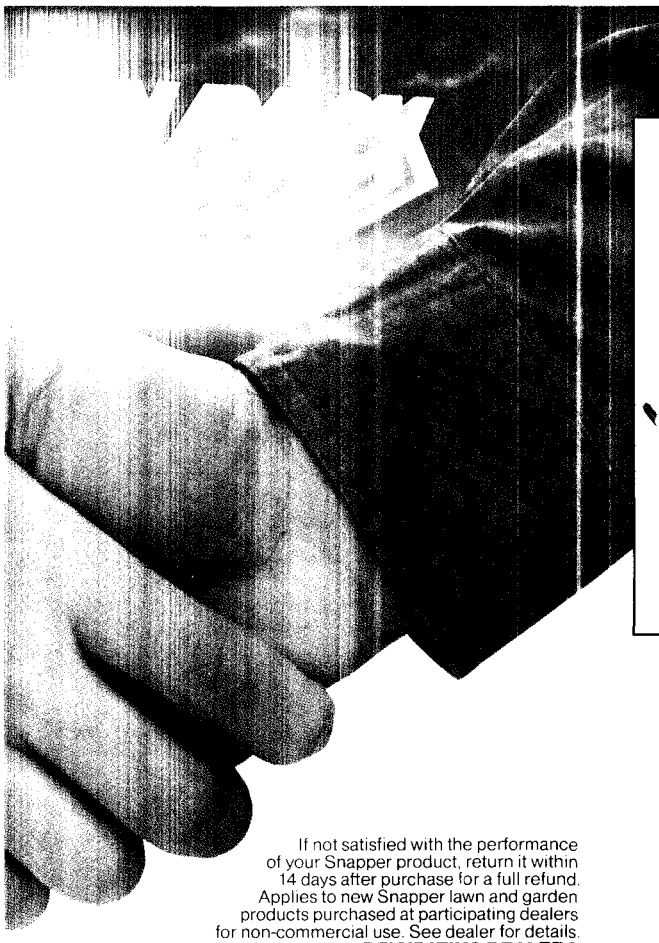

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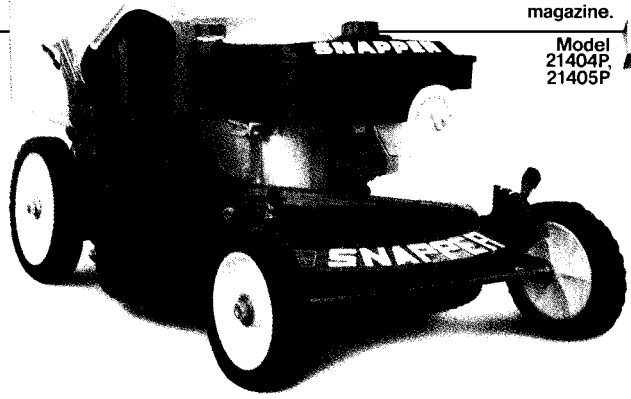

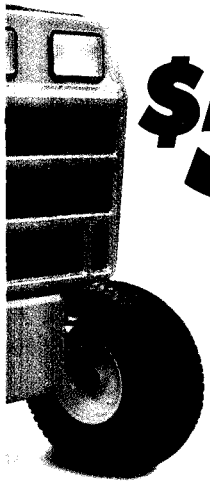

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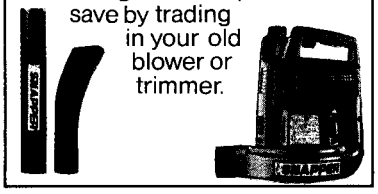

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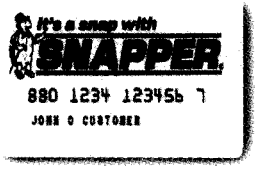

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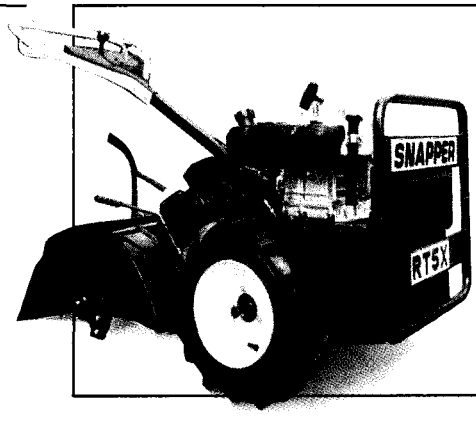

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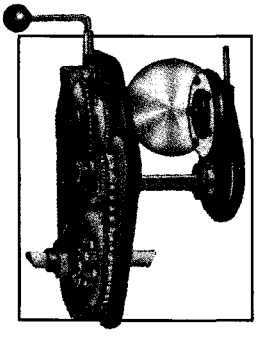

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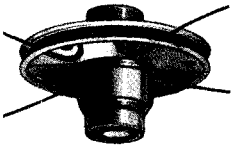

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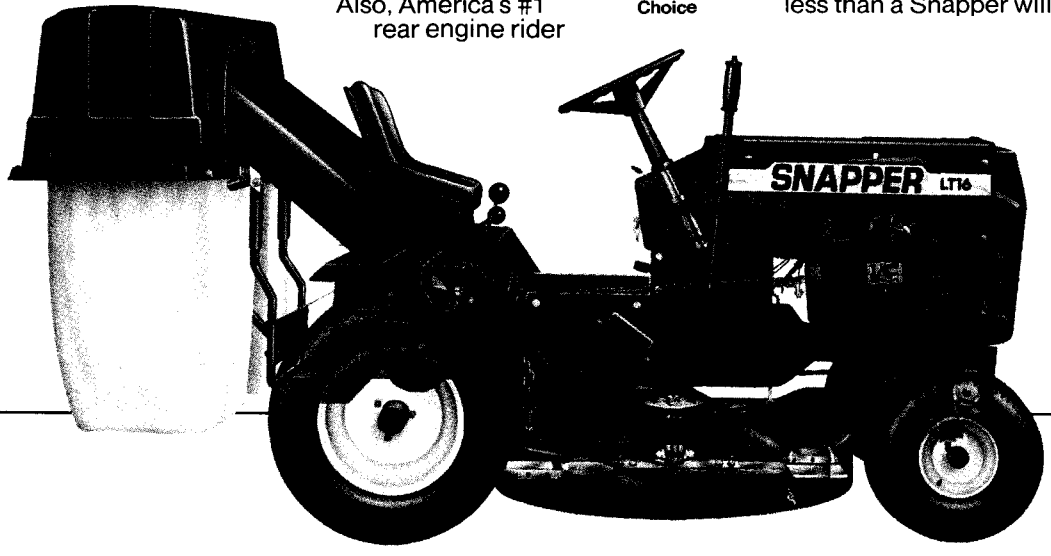

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world, and she had said, with another wide-eyed look, that he would forget her, wherever it was.

"Forget you? Don't be silly."

"But you will. You live such an interesting life. You will, Alex darling," she had said.

"Come and see if I have forgotten you!"

"You don't mean that."

"Of course I mean it."

And he distinctly remembered writing "Baird's Landing" on a card and giving it to her.

He began to feel quite cheerful. After all, a man was not necessarily less of a man because he had written a bad book. What mattered was to live; to live fully, to have friends, to mix with youth and so grow young again. Moreover he was only 35. Maybe he had lost his perspective.

Nevertheless, the six miles were long and not made more happy by the knowledge that the boat was short of gas. A cold breeze had sprung up, too, and when, a quarter of a mile from the landing, the engine stopped and quit entirely, he was glad enough to row and warm up a bit. But the boat was heavy, and some of his enthusiasm died before he made the long dock.

He revived, however, on hearing a gay young voice from the darkness overhead.

"Hello!" it called. "Is that you, Alex?"

"Hello yourself," he said, somewhat breathlessly. "How are you? And where are you?"

"I'm here. Oh, Alex darling, I can hardly believe it."

There was a snort, remarkably like George's, from somewhere nearby. Betty, however, paid no attention.

"I've brought you a pretty kiss," she called. "Hurry up and get it."

This time the snort was undeniably George's, and the kiss Alex gave her when he had climbed to the dock was anything from elder-brotherly to fatherly. But nothing could silence her clear young voice in the stillness.

"I just can't believe it," she said happily. "A moon, and you. You are glad to see me, aren't you, Alex?"

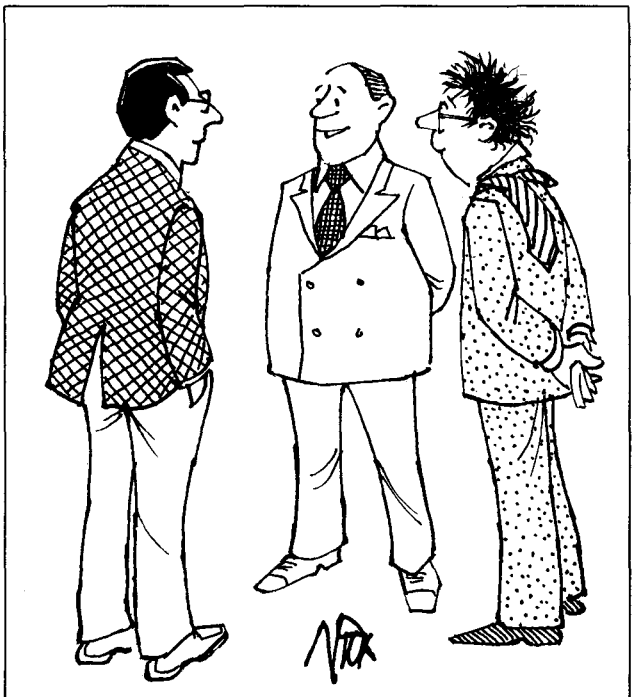
"That's hardly the word," he said, still aware of George hidden somewhere, and with ears that turned like a mule's. "Sheila will be glad too."

"Sheila?" she said vaguely. "Oh, yes, of course. I hope she doesn't mind."

"Why should she?" he said, and squeezed the hand she had slid through his arm. Then he became severely practical. "Where's your baggage?" he inquired.

"It's here, in my laundry bag. I can only stay a day or two. The rest's locked in my car. They told me I'd have to leave the car."

"Unless it can swim."



"Say, whose is that neat little convertible outside?"

She laughed at that, a gay young laugh that warmed his very heart. Oh, youth! Oh, love and tenderness! Oh, moon on shining waters! Oh, h—, he was out of gas.

It took some time, George having retired at the possibility of work, to fill the boat with gasoline, and, as the store was closed, he could buy no cigarettes. Nevertheless, he felt slightly heady when at last, clutching a striped laundry bag, Betty climbed down into the boat and for a moment he held her slim young body.

"At-a-girl," he said, reverting to a form of speech he had long abandoned. "Comfy? Warm enough?"

"Just frightfully happy."

It was after they had left the dock and were headed into the moon that she looked slightly worried.

"I feel as though I'd forgotten something, Alex."

"Well, forget everything. This is the place for it."

He began to feel rather exultant. She was slim and distractingly pretty, and, although his leg still bothered him, he felt younger than he had felt for years. Nevertheless, he was startled when, halfway back, she called over the noise of the engine.

"Listen, Alex," she said. "The water's heavenly. Let's take a swim."

"What? *In puris naturalibus!* You shock me!"

She gazed at him with her candid, childish eyes.

"Don't be silly," she said. "I'll go over first, and you can turn your back. Then I'll swim off and you can come in. I've often done it."

He had a brief picture of Sheila—or even George—observing this innocent Garden of Eden, and shook his head determinedly.

"No time," he said.

"You write about things like that," she said reproachfully.

The engine, however, at that time began to knock, and he stooped over it. When he straightened, he was conscious of a complete silence behind him; a silence, however, which was followed, to his horror, by a splash. When he looked, he could see a small wet head rising from the water and a bare arm waving at him.

"Come on in!" she called. "It's wonderful!"

Then she was swimming toward him, a long overhand stroke; better than his own, he perceived with some annoyance. He circled the boat around and came up to her.

"What's the idea?" he inquired grimly. "Where are your clothes? Haven't you got any decency?"

She trod water and smiled at him shamelessly.

"I'm covered. What's the matter with you, Alex? I do believe you're blushing."

"Never mind about my blushing. You're coming in, and coming quick. Can you do it alone?"

continued on page 70

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THE BASKETBALL MAN

A longtime basketball buff remembers well the day he came face-to-face with the gentle man who invented the game.

by Bob Broeg

A short, stocky old man with a bristling mustache and a thick, powerful neck that belied his age wandered into a gymnasium some years ago. He was asked by one young chap to referee an impromptu basketball game.

Another youth interrupted and said in a semi-whisper, "Oh, you're wasting your breath. That old guy can't know anything about basketball."

James Naismith, the man who invented the game, told me that one about himself. When I repeat it, people think I'm so old I must have been the official scorer when Naismith came up with the greatest invention since indoor plumbing.

Truth is, though basketball now ranks internationally behind only soccer as a team sport, the great American game—invented by a Canadian with a Scottish accent—really isn't *that* old, but neither was Doc Naismith when he devised it nor was I when he talked to me about it two years before he died.

As a sophomore at the University of Missouri, I visited the University of Kansas at Lawrence on Thanksgiving 1937 for the annual football game between the oldest rivals west of the Mississippi. At my social fraternity's KU chapter house, I met with delight the professor emeritus. A widower, Dr. James Naismith was wooing the chapter housemother, who would become his wife a few months before his death two years later at 78.

With a twinkle in blue eyes framed by severe gold-rimmed glasses, Naismith told about meeting the kid who

Naismith's task was to invent a winter activity that would keep young physical culturists in shape for spring.

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hadn't thought "that old guy" knew enough about basketball to referee a game. Naismith told me he'd been the featured speaker that night on the young man's campus. The "old guy" noticed the younger man in the audience and gave the red-faced kid a good-natured ribbing.

I found the inventor grumpy about the only two changes made in the 13 rules he had set down for the game in 1891. Five years earlier, in 1932, the rules committee had instituted the rule giving the defensive team ten seconds to move the ball beyond midcourt. Now, in 1937, they were eliminating the center jump after each score.

"They've spoiled it," Naismith said, a bit peevishly, yet with a pretty sound argument. Naismith recognized that the 1932 ten-second rule had been installed primarily to keep a team from playing patty-cake with a ball in its half of the court. But elimination of the center jump, he felt, created a disadvantage to the team that had scored.

But, Doc, weren't they trying to speed up the game, increase the scoring, and make basketball more interesting?

"But have they?" Naismith asked rhetorically. "They've cut the court in half, requiring ten men to play in it, but they still haven't eliminated the stall, which they tried to do. A player scored against now has five seconds to throw the ball in and ten seconds more to take it over the center line. With the center jump after each basket, it took only an average of four seconds to take the ball to midcourt and toss it up.

"Spectators don't like the stall, I don't, and I believe most coaches don't. I saw one game where one side passed the ball 343 times, and a great referee, Ernie Quigley, stood there 12 minutes watching them. I still say that eliminating the center jump penalizes the team that has scored."

Naismith talked about time, i.e., the modern shot clock, and about bonus points for outside shooting, both of which came long after he was gone. "Scoring is important," he said, "but not all-consuming. I think speed is. Speed, passing, and the unexpected. To curb the stall, I'd put in a time limit on the team with the ball. To make the defense come out, I'd penalize the defense after, say, 30 seconds, or to draw the defense to the ball, I'd give the scoring team four points rather than two for a basket scored from 30 feet out."

Naismith's suggestion became pro basketball's 24-second clock nearly a quarter-century later and more recently the 45-second-shot requirement in college ball. Even more prescient was his proposal to double the point value for a shot from nearly ten feet farther out than the current distance for three-point shots.

• • •

Born in Almonte, Ontario, in 1861, James Naismith was a son of Scot immigrants. Orphaned at 9, he was reared by an uncle and an older sister. Rugged both physically and in spirit, James was interested in hunting and the outdoors. He was a high-school dropout. To envision his becoming an honorary doctor of divinity, a medical doctor, and an honorary master of physical education would have been difficult—as difficult as suggesting that a person who reveled in Rugby, soccer, lacrosse, and wrestling would devise the scientific poetry of motion that is basketball.

The young Jim Naismith suddenly saw the spiritual light. He went back to school and graduated in theology from McGill University at 26 in 1887. He didn't smoke or drink, and he rarely swore. In fact, he had a purity of heart that made him the counterpart of college football's Amos Alonzo Stagg.

The divinity graduate with muscles turned his interest to youth, recalled his daughter Mrs. Hellen Dodd when visiting her own family 20 years ago in St. Louis. Mrs. Dodd, one of Doc's five children, was named Hellen "with two *l*'s," she quipped, so her father could say, " 'Hellen blazes,' his only curse word."

Naismith began teaching at the YMCA's training school at Springfield, Massachusetts. The head of the physical-training department, Dr. Luther H. Gulick, told Naismith he wanted a winter activity that would keep budding young physical culturists in shape for spring. Something that could be played on the gym floor, Jim.

Naismith studied and borrowed from various games. Duck on a rock suggested the use of a ball tossed in an arc rather than hurled. Lacrosse contributed the arrangement of players. Rugby furnished a hint of putting the ball in play, and soccer—well, association football, as they called soccer then, offered a ready-made ball.

A goal on the floor, as in hockey, wouldn't do because it would be too easy to defend, especially if Naismith were trying to accommodate Dr. Gulick's 18 students. So, h'm, Jim got himself a peach basket and a ladder. He installed the peach basket at a height the Y's gymnasium floor would permit—nine feet from the floor. He began the game with nine players on a side.

The players wore woolen sweaters and turnverein trousers. A referee

He asked for boxes, but all the janitor had were two old peach baskets.

continued on page 92

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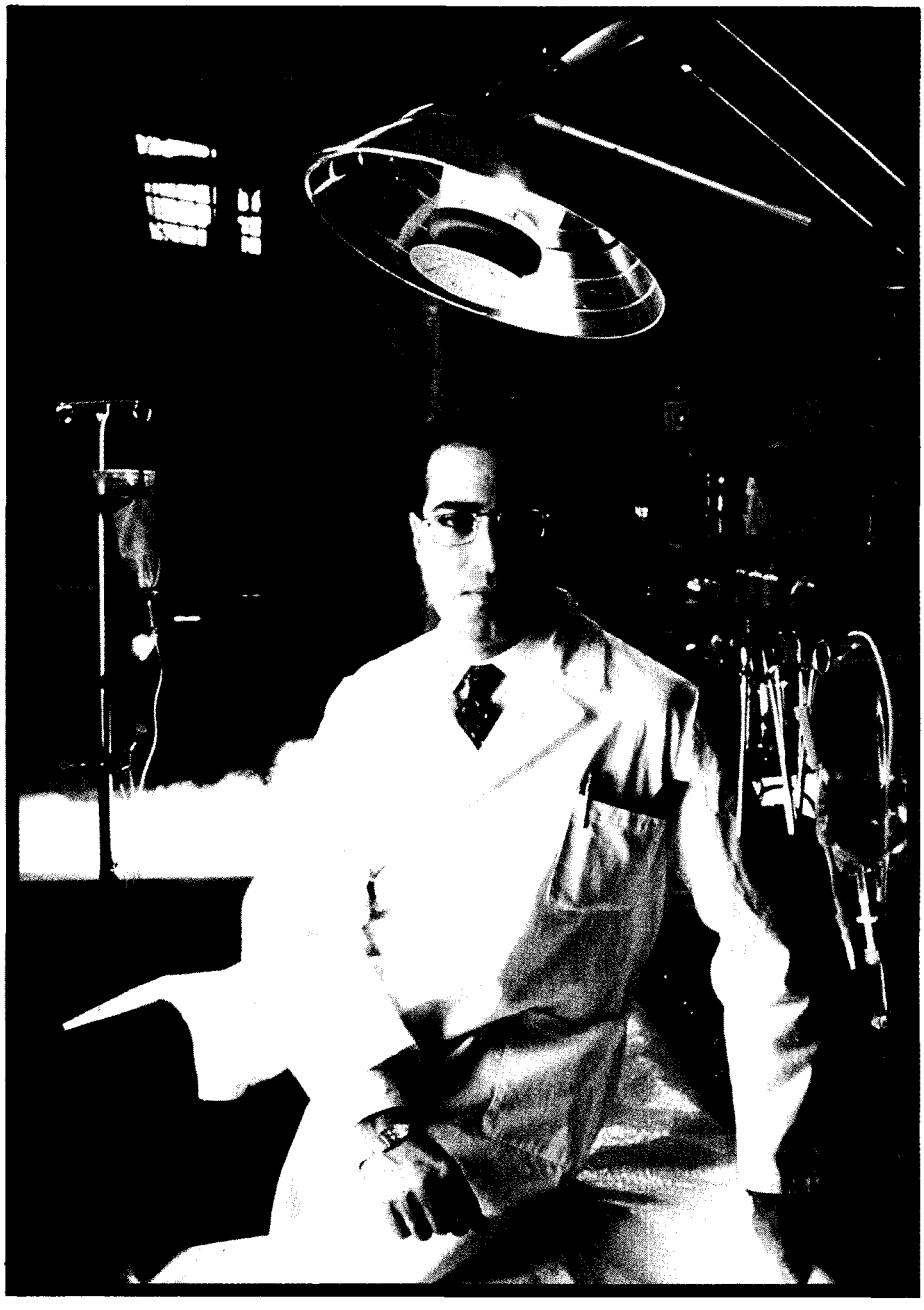
PUTTING DEATH ON ICE

New hope for those dying from incurable diseases may come from cryonics research.

by Dr. Avi Ben-Abraham



Dr. Avi Ben-Abraham's research of low-temperature medicine at the University of California, Berkeley, may lead both to lower-risk surgeries that require no transfused blood and to a cancer treatment that targets specific organs.

Benjamin Franklin, who predicted humans would one day live to be 1,000 years old, once said he would prefer to live one year every 100 years, so that he could peek into future centuries, even millennia. Modern-day cryonics may eventually fulfill that fantasy, and the United States, home of the world's most prominent cryonics facilities, is in the vanguard of this emerging science—investigating suspended animation to enable sick humans to hibernate at sub-zero temperatures for decades, even centuries, without damage to the cellular structures, and to be awakened when cures are found for them.

Since 1968, when the first human was cryonically suspended, the number has been steadily growing. There are now some 20 people worldwide in suspended animation, and hundreds have signed up.

But the technology of cryonics has not yet been perfected. Patients who are frozen with today's techniques cannot be thawed out and revived. The cryonic suspension procedure involves the lowering of body temperature to -196° C, after having perfused protective chemicals through the circulatory system. (All experts agree that at liquid nitrogen's temperature of -196° C, molecular motion is extremely slow and decay is essentially nonexistent. At this cold temperature, degeneration that would take one second at normal temperature would take 30 trillion years.) But the process also causes freeze damage. In fact, no vertebrate has ever been or can presently be revived after deep-freezing and thawing. So although cold can preserve, it can also destroy. At -20° C most of the fluids in cells are frozen, causing the formation of ice crystals and possibly substantial damage.

Further, scientists are thus far unable to even estimate the extent of freeze damage occurring during a cryonics suspension performed at the time of clinical death because measurement of the damage would require thawing.

So those who have been frozen with current techniques will be thawed using advanced and improved technologies in the future.

Death: A Process, Not a Moment

Cryonics is implemented at the time of clinical and legal death, defined as loss of cardiovascular activity and brain waves. And although many might argue that when you are dead, you are dead, this simply is not true. Leaders in cardiovascular physiology, and medical resuscitation experts such as Dr. Peter Safar at the University of Pittsburgh, agree that

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death is not a moment but a progressive pathophysiological process of systems shutting down—that it occurs over time. A patient is declared dead after his heart stops beating and the coordination of his body is absent. But the cells, tissues, and organs are still alive, and very much so. In fact, organs are now being used for transplantation *after clinical death.*

Thus, true death occurs when a person is pronounced dead and left at room temperature, causing the cells to deteriorate. Burial then permits the total destruction of the organism. Cooling and freezing prevents this normal progression. In fact, reversal of death in humans is currently possible within 5 to 20 minutes of onset. And people have survived as much as 22 minutes underwater and after hours of clinical death. Advances in resuscitation medicine are expected to enable the reversal of clinical death after even longer periods of time.

Encouraging progress is also being made by cryobiologists—scientists studying the effects of cold on single cells and on such human organs as hearts, livers, and kidneys in the hope that, one day, whole organs can be stored for transplantation. At present, hearts and livers can be stored for only a few hours and kidneys for only a couple of days.

As with whole human bodies, though, the problem with trying to keep organs frozen is that the very process of freezing tissue tends to destroy it. The spaces between cells are filled with water. When the temperature drops to 32° F or below, this water freezes, forming ice crystals on the outside of the cells, which sever and tear the organs and can cause substantial damage.

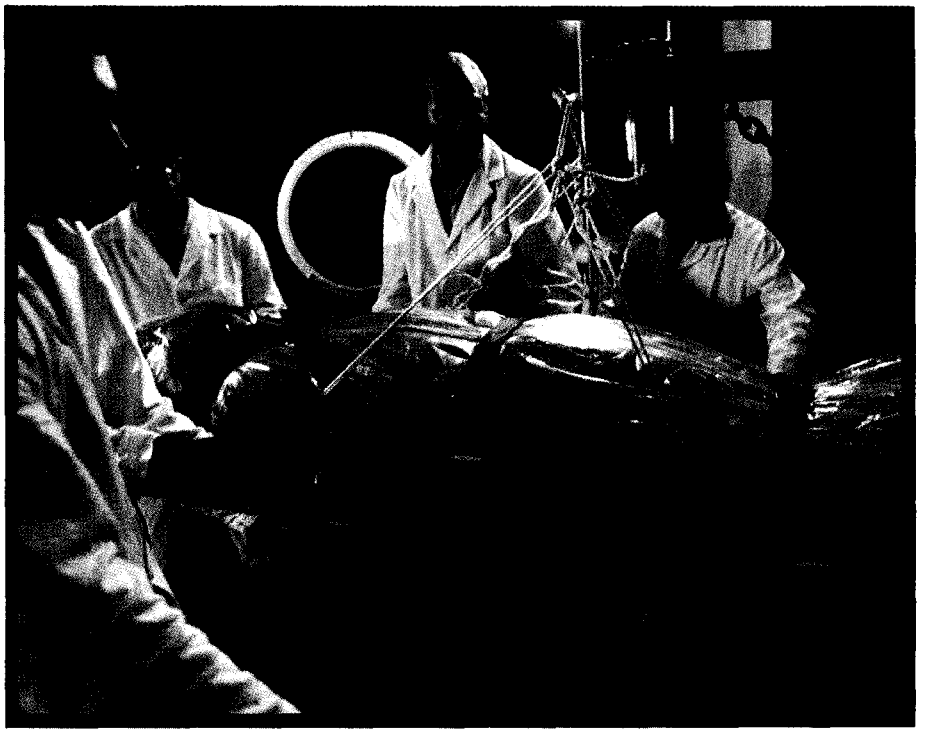
The challenge, then, is either to avoid the formation of ice altogether, by freezing and thawing so fast that crystals do not have time to form, or to minimize ice formation by pumping high doses of glycerol or some other cryoprotectant into the organ. Although both techniques hold out much promise, rapid-thawing technologies are so far immature, and cryoprotectants are usually toxic.

One promising new approach to organ preservation is a technique called vitrification. Fluids in an organ are replaced by a cryoprotectant that, when cooled, becomes instantly hard as glass. The vitrifying solution seems to leave kidneys intact, experts at the American Red Cross say, but it is too soon to predict whether the organs will regain full function after transplantation.

Dramatic breakthroughs are taking place, however, in labs that are working with single, discrete cells. This work could impact on the large-scale preservation of bodies and organs. Free of the problem of damage from surrounding water crystals, individual cells such as ova and sperm are being rapidly frozen. In fact, many mammalian cell types and almost all human tissues can be frozen and cryopreserved with great success. Such tissues as human corneas, blood components, sperm, bone marrow, skin, intestines, lymphocytes, erythrocytes, teeth, kidney tissue, and embryos are routinely being frozen and stored in liquid nitrogen—and surviving the process. Although a great variety of cell types and tissues can be cryopreserved, it is not yet possible to reversibly freeze entire organ systems of appreciable size, or entire vertebrates.

Strong evidence suggests, however, that such technology is feasible. Many species of insects can tolerate deep, subzero temperatures, and insects are in fact highly complex organisms comprising many cell types in an organized array. Thus, nature demonstrates that the freezing of highly complex tissues is possible.

Also of great relevance to humans is the knowledge that some species of frogs can tolerate partial freezing during winter months in the northern United States and Canada, thus proving that nature already successfully practices cryopreservation. The frogs produce cryoprotective polyols (like glucose and glycerol) that allow them to survive temperatures of -9° C, when nearly 50 percent of their bodies turns to ice. Likewise, golden hamsters can survive temperatures between 0° C and -2° C after their body water becomes up to 50 percent ice, but only for a period of about one hour. If the hamster can tolerate this extent of freezing without cryoprotectants, it is conceivable to assume that mammalian species might also be able to tolerate long-term storage in a partially frozen state if cryoprotectants could be administered and distributed throughout the body, as occurs naturally in frogs.



The technology of cryonics has not been perfected. Patients who are frozen with today's techniques cannot yet be thawed out and revived.

Medical Benefits

Strictly speaking, cryonics is considered the freezing of the human body in liquid nitrogen, in hopes that future medical and scientific progress

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will enable the thawing and revival of the patient. But the blood substitute and protocols developed in order to advance cryonics technology have immediate applications in low-temperature medicine. Such applications include multi-organ preservation; bloodless surgery; therapy for overcoming the blood-borne symptomatic infections that accompany AIDS; and specific, organ-directed, high-dose cancer chemotherapy. A number of surgical and experimental procedures can potentially be performed in an ice-cold, bloodless condition, thereby eliminating certain risk factors that accompany such operations at normal temperatures.

The blood substitute also has important implications for chilled, bloodless surgery, possibly allowing for major surgery that requires little or no donated blood for transfusion. (This is assuming a high degree of importance these days, given the risk of a patient's contracting AIDS from tainted blood during surgery.) The blood substitute can also be used at ice-cold temperatures to extend storage time for multi-organ transplant donors. Currently, the postmortem storage time of hearts, livers, lungs, and certain vital organs is limited to several hours.

The blood substitute can also be effectively used to maintain transplant recipients and other nearly terminal individuals over time spans of weeks or months until needed organs, tissues, machinery, or therapies become available. Thus, cryonics has the potential to become the backbone of space medicine, maintaining seriously ill or injured astronauts during prolonged missions.

One of the most important and immediate applications of low-temperature medicine, however, is the use of the blood substitute at ice-cold temperatures for specific, organ-directed, high-dose cancer chemotherapy. In this case, the cancer patient is chilled, blood-substituted, and cooled to the ice point. The organ bearing the tumor is selectively warmed and perfused with warmed, oxygenated blood containing very high concentrations of powerful antitumor agents, while the other tissues and organs are protected by the cold.

The chemotherapeutic agents selectively destroy the proliferating cancer cells, but dividing cells in other tissues and organs normally poisoned by such treatment (due to the high toxicity of the chemotherapeutic agents) are protected by the cold and the specificity of the organ receiving the antimetabolite.

After Life

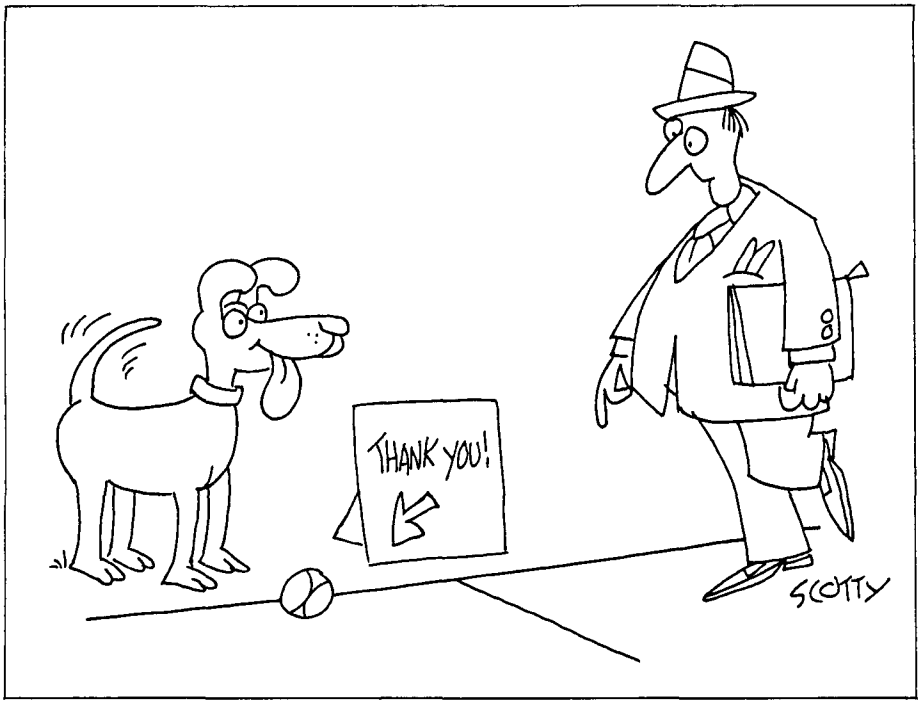
Cryonics, however, is just the tip of the iceberg in the broader discipline of the life-extension sciences. Life-extension sciences include such areas as interventive gerontology, which involves trying to understand the aging process, hopefully slowing or halting it, and eventually reversing it; transplantation and artificial organs, in which unbelievable progress is being made; regeneration and biological repair; resuscitation, or the reversal of death; and cloning, creating whole organs and body parts genetically identical to our own using the nuclei and genetic material preserved in the suspended patient's cells. Scientists may also be on the verge of locating and tampering with the DNA-level biomechanisms that cause aging.

Yet, most of what is known conclusively about aging and life extension has been discovered only during the past few decades. It was only in the late '50s, for example, that Leonard Hayflick demonstrated that human cells—with the notable exception of cancer cells—replicate a maximum of 50 times. This phenomenon, known as the Hayflick limit, was major news to scientists, who had been clinging to the results of prior research, believing that human cells were immortal. Fifty replications roughly corresponds to 115 years, giving us a maximum life span and making us by far the world's longest-living mammals.

What remains a mystery is just how our cells *know* when they have hit 50 replications: even when frozen and thawed, they still "remember" what number they are on. Considerable effort has therefore gone into trying to locate the internal clock, since slowing it down would theoretically extend human life. Is it in the magically complex DNA molecule discovered only 30 years ago, or is it somewhere in the brain?

California Institute of Technology scientists are trying to find a way to keep DNA from deteriorating, allowing it to be kept in constant healthy replication. If this experiment succeeds, it could potentially slow the process of aging. And if this is done soon, we may be the last generation to die "young," and our grandchildren may be the first to measure their lives in centuries.

Moreover, advances in our understanding of human aging may result in the ability to reverse age changes, which could permit the revival of old, cryonically suspended patients as young, healthy individuals.



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I BELIEVE IN MOTHER TERESA

To live so true a life as to shine out from the back streets of Calcutta takes courage and faith we cannot admit in ourselves and cannot be without.

by Robert Fulghum

Illustrated by Lucian Lupinski

There is a person who has profoundly disturbed my peace of mind for a long time. She doesn't even know me, but she continually goes around minding my business. We have very little in common. She is an old woman, an Albanian who grew up in Yugoslavia; she is a Roman Catholic nun who lives in poverty in India. I disagree with her on fundamental issues of population control and the place of women in the world and in the church, and I am turned off by her naïve statements about "what God wants." She stands at the center of great contradictory notions and strong forces that shape human destiny. She drives me crazy. I get upset every time I hear her name or read her words or see her face. I don't even want to talk about her.

In the studio where I work, there is a wash basin. Above the wash basin is a mirror. I stop at this place several times each day to tidy up and look at myself in the mirror. Alongside the mirror is a photograph of the troublesome woman. Each time I look in the mirror at myself, I also look at her face. In it I have seen more than I can tell; and from what I see, I understand more than I can say.

The photograph was taken in Oslo, Norway, on the tenth of December, in 1980. This is what happened there:

A small, stooped woman in a faded blue sari and worn sandals received an award. From the hand of a king. An award funded from the will of the inventor of dynamite. In a great glittering hall of velvet and gold and crystal. Surrounded by the noble and the famous in formal black and elegant gowns. The rich, the powerful, the brilliant, the talented of the world

in attendance. And there at the center of it all—a little old lady in sari and sandals. Mother Teresa, of India. Servant of the poor and sick and dying. To her, the Nobel Peace Prize.

No shah or president or king or general or scientist or pope; no banker or merchant or cartel or oil company or ayatollah holds the key to as much power as she has. None is as rich. For hers is the invincible weapon against the evils of this earth: the caring heart. And hers are the everlasting riches of this life: the wealth of the compassionate spirit.

To cut through the smog of helpless cynicism; to take only the tool of uncompromising love; to make manifest the capacity for healing humanity's wounds; to make the story of the Good Samaritan a living reality; and to live so true a life as to shine out from the back streets of Calcutta takes courage and faith we cannot admit in ourselves and cannot be without.

I do not speak her language. Yet the eloquence of her life speaks to me. And I am chastised and blessed at the same time. I do not believe one person can do much in this world. Yet there she stood, in Oslo, affecting the world around. I do not believe in her version of God. But the power of her faith shames me. And I believe in Mother Teresa.

December in Oslo. The message for the world at Christmastide is one of peace. Not the peace of a child asleep in the manger of long ago. Nor the peace of a full dinner and a nap by the fire on December 25. But a tough, vibrant, vital peace that comes from the extraordinary gesture one simple woman in a faded sari and worn sandals makes this night. A peace of mind that comes from a piece of work.

Some years later, at a grand conference of quantum physicists and religious mystics at the Oberoi Towers Hotel in Bombay, I saw that face again. Standing by the door at the rear of the hall, I sensed a presence beside me. And there she was. Alone. Come to speak to the conference as its guest. She looked at me and smiled. I see her face still.

She strode to the rostrum and changed the agenda of the conference from intellectual inquiry to moral activism. She said, in a firm voice to the awed assembly: "We can do no great things; only small things with great love."

The contradictions of her life and faith are nothing compared to my own. And while I wrestle with frustration about the impotence of the individual, she goes right on changing the world. While I *wish* for more power and resources, she *uses* her power and resources to do what she can do at the moment.

She upsets me, disturbs me, shames me. *What does she have that I do not?*

If ever there is truly peace on earth, goodwill to men, it will be because of women like Mother Teresa. Peace is not something you *wish* for; it's something you *make*, something you *do*, something you *are*, and something you *give away*!

About the author: *Robert Fulghum is a Unitarian minister who resides in Seattle. His first book,* All I Really Need to Know I Learned in Kindergarten: Uncommon Thoughts on Common Things, *is on the New York Times Best Seller list.*

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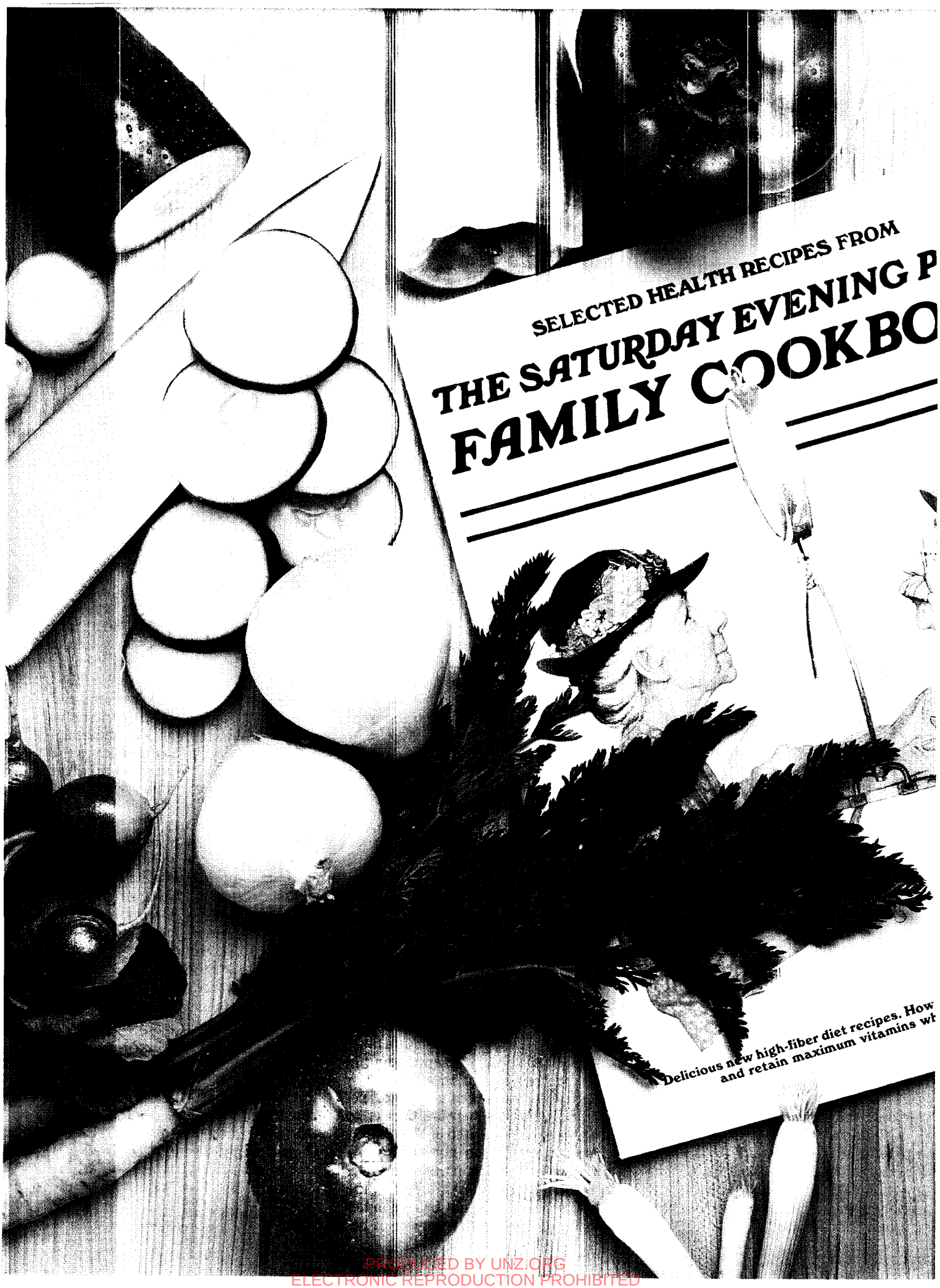
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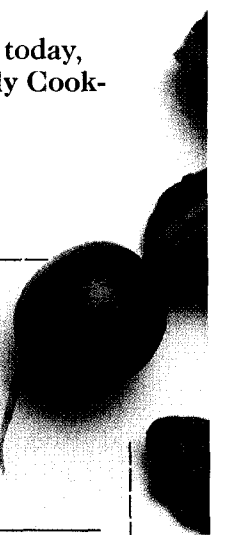

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CHALLENGING THE TRADITIONAL TRANSFUSION

Knowing the alternatives can save lives while providing peace of mind for patients facing high-blood-loss procedures.

by Theresa L. Crenshaw, M.D.

A precedent-setting lawsuit recently awarded $3.9 million to a blood-transfusion AIDS victim. The judgment against the Blood Center of Southeastern Wisconsin will have a major impact on the blood-bank industry as a whole.

John Carroll, a 63-year-old man from Brookfield, Wisconsin, told a jury that he expected to die of AIDS within a year.

He received infected blood products through transfusion during heart surgery in April of 1985. The blood he received had not been screened or recalled after screening became required in March of '85.

The blood bank conformed to the letter of the law by testing new donor blood but didn't test its inventory, which it continued to distribute for transfusion. The infected blood donor had given blood repeatedly, once in March and again in November. Mr. Carroll and his wife did not learn of his infection until nine months after the operation. By that time his wife could have become infected too.

The Presidential Commission on the HIV Epidemic states in its final report: "The initial response of the nation's blood banking industry to the possibility of contamination of the nation's blood by a new infectious agent was unnecessarily slow."

This expensive lesson—in money for the blood bank, and in loss of life for the Carrolls—sends a message to all blood bankers that carelessness, insensitivity, and delays will not be tolerated by the courts, or the people. It also highlights the need for more legislation to protect patients from unnecessary transfusions.

The blood-supply system within the United States and the international exchange of blood and blood products have been seriously challenged by the HIV (AIDS) epidemic. Many experts feel the blood industry was slow to respond to the HIV crisis. The Presidential Commission on the HIV Epidemic states in its final report, "The initial response of the nation's blood banking industry to the possibility of contamination of the nation's blood by a new infectious agent was unnecessarily slow."

Even if the blood industry had responded with lightning speed, it would still have been five or ten years too late. When a virus, such as HIV, takes an average of seven to nine years before symptoms appear, the medical community is not even aware of the disease in our presence until it has been traveling through blood for almost a decade. And when the problem finally becomes evident, the response is often delayed.

A recent example is HTLV-1, a cancer virus transmissible through transfusion. The process of getting HTLV-1 tests approved and in use at the blood banks took several years.

Last June the Presidential AIDS Commission recommended that "all blood banking facilities should implement screening procedures for HTLV-1."

It is fair to say that HIV and its relatives will not be the last blood-borne viruses to challenge the health of the human species. With this knowledge in mind, we must develop a national blood strategy that fulfills three criteria:

1. minimizes the use of banked blood (homologous blood);
2. maximizes the use of a person's own blood (autologous blood);
3. improves our rapid-response capability when new blood-borne diseases are identified.

Mr. Carroll received blood products—clotting factors—from infected donor blood that could probably have been avoided altogether if a technique called plasmapheresis had been used. In this way he would not have had to depend on the conscientiousness of the blood bank or the quality of its blood products.

Plasmapheresis is a simple procedure performed in the operating room just before surgery begins. Some plasma—rich in platelets and other clotting factors—is withdrawn from a patient's own bloodstream by a special machine and is saved for later. During the operation, another machine is used to recycle the patient's own blood during surgery. Even if a great deal of blood is lost, it can be recycled, but often platelets

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and necessary clotting factors are washed away in the process. When the surgeon is ready to close, he need not use a "six pack" of someone else's platelets. Instead, he returns the patient's own platelet-rich plasma that was standing by during the operation. This way no foreign blood or blood product is necessary.

Knowledge of these alternatives to traditional transfusions can save lives while providing peace of mind for those facing heart surgery or other high-blood-loss procedures. These resources also provide comfort to the relatives and friends of older patients who need an operation.

However, it isn't only aging patients or accident victims who are vulnerable to transfusion-related AIDS.

A 22-year-old woman from Ventura, California, might be a healthy, happy mother today if she had known the right questions to ask her doctor a few years back. At 17, suffering from heavy menstrual bleeding, she went to her physician, who performed a dilation and curettage. Because she was slightly anemic from blood loss, she received two units of blood. At 19 and pregnant, the woman learned she was infected with the AIDS virus. She has since given birth. However, because it takes more than a year before the HIV test is reliable for newborns, the medical status of her baby is unknown. Now she is in the early stages of AIDS-related complex.

In 1989, such a patient would probably not have been transfused at all, because medical science is in transition from using transfusions liberally to minimizing their use. Yet unnecessary transfusions are still commonplace, and many physicians continue practicing the old way. This teenager had a common adolescent problem. She could have been anyone's young daughter.

Babies, children, and pregnant women are especially vulnerable to transfusion-related infections because they often can't predonate. Babies and children are usually too small. Pregnant women are frequently too anemic. Unless other methods of autologous blood use become routine, they will be forced to depend on homologous blood products.

Approximately 2 million unnecessary transfusions are given each year, to patients who receive two units of blood or less. They could have survived without receiving any blood at all. However, an important few will not survive because they received an infected transfusion.

To ensure that physicians discuss transfusions with patients before surgery, the Presidential Commission on the HIV Epidemic recommends: "Informed consent for transfusion of blood or its components should include an explanation of the risks involved, including the possibility of HIV infection, and information about appropriate alternatives to homologous blood transfusion therapy.

"These specifically include predeposit autologous blood [your own blood], intraoperative autologous transfusion—known as IAT [recycling your own blood during surgery]—hemodilution techniques, and postoperative collection," the recommendation reads.

Dr. Thomas Zuck, a professor of transfusion medicine and the director of the Hoxworth Blood Center, University of Cincinnati Medical Center, said the best strategy for reducing the risk of HIV infection through blood transfusions is "Don't give any transfusions that aren't absolutely necessary." In fact, 50 percent of the transfusions of banked blood can probably be avoided with proper techniques. One orthopedic surgeon in San Diego has not given banked blood for more than two years.

There are many reasons why banked blood should be avoided whenever possible.

- The Food and Drug Administration, which regulates the blood-bank industry, recently uncovered safety problems in 12 percent of the nation's blood centers and hospitals. More than 190 of the 1,543 blood banks have violated regulations for handling blood.
- Due to clerical error, the Red Cross Blood Bank in Nashville distributed 16 units of blood potentially infected with the AIDS virus. In addition, laboratory test records for at least 8,735 pints of blood drawn during March 1986 were "missing, lost or otherwise unavailable for inspection." (*Nashville Banner*, April 5, 1988.)
- The Red Cross Blood Bank in Washington, D.C., recently had a similar mixup. Eighteen units of AIDS-infected blood were distributed for transfusion. (*Washington News Observer* [AP], March 19, 1988.)
- A Denver blood bank, failing to follow standard procedure, distributed 22 units of blood that initially tested positive for the AIDS virus and hepatitis. (*San Diego Union*, September 1988.)
- Blood shortages pressure blood banks to get more blood. Under pressure to collect more and more blood, blood banks may be more likely to accept borderline donors. The same principle applies to interpreting test results, which often depends on a

Before World War II, blood banking as it is known today did not exist. Relatives and friends rushed to hospitals to donate blood when blood transfusions appeared imminent. It was after WWII that the Red Cross, the American Association of Blood Banks (AABB), and the Council of Community Blood Centers (CCBC) spawned large blood sales operations and staged massive drives for corporations to contribute time for their employees to donate blood, which would in turn be sold to hospitals. During the early years of the AIDS epidemic, drives in large industries were conducted in such a way that blood bankers claimed it would be embarrassing to high-risk employees if they were asked not to donate.

Today, blood may still be shipped from such high-risk locations as San Francisco and sold to hospitals in low-risk areas.

Up to 90 percent of hemophiliacs requiring blood products have become infected with AIDS, and most were infected while blood banks delayed taking precautionary measures.

In January 1983, the Red Cross, the AABB, and the CCBC adopted a joint statement on high-risk donors. It said evidence for transfusion-transmitted AIDS was both "inconclusive" and "incomplete." Yet the CDC had warned of telltale signs, and Dr. Edgar Engleman at the Stanford University Blood Bank had already begun protecting his patients by testing for T-cell abnormalities, which are prevalent in AIDS and pre-AIDS. Stanford's precautions were criticized by some blood bankers as "distasteful" and "a marketing tool." Dr. Engleman's abstract, showing proof that surrogate blood testing could prevent AIDS casualties, was rejected for presentation by the American Association of Blood Banks in July 1983.

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subjective assessment. Questionable results might be read as negative.

One of the most important questions you can ask yourself today is: If I were to undergo surgery tomorrow, how much trust would I place in the blood transfused into my veins? Not nearly as much as you once would have, if you've been following reports that reveal the true risk of developing the HIV infection through blood transfusions.

Although testing of the blood supply provides an important measure of protection, there is a window period during which infected blood can slip through undetected. This period is of special significance when you learn that last year there were ads in *Gay Scene* magazine soliciting for New York City blood donors, or that the Irwin Memorial Blood Bank in San Francisco held blood drives in the Castro district—the heart of the gay community.

Even if you live in a low-risk area, the blood you receive may not be safe. Why? The National Blood Exchange, situated in the Irwin Memorial Blood Bank building in San Francisco, exports blood to all parts of the United States.

This exchange tracks blood surpluses and shortages to keep blood circulating throughout the nation. "Blood migration" is a common practice that patients and even some doctors don't know about.

The blood-banking industry claims that in spite of the "window" problem in testing, the blood supply is safe because its first line of defense is "donor deferral," which means that high-risk individuals are discouraged from donating blood. Blood banks use questionnaires and depend upon the truthfulness of donors.

However, even the most truthful person does not usually know the sexual patterns of all former partners. In fact, just a few years ago it was considered bad sexual etiquette to discuss former relationships. Obviously, the reliability of the donor-deferral program —"the first line of defense"—is brought into question by blood drives in homosexual communities and ads in gay magazines.

There is good news to report, however. Several excellent programs can serve as role models for the rest of the nation:

- Dr. Charles Huggins, the director of blood transfusion services at Massachusetts General Hospital, checks the surgical schedule daily and assigns IAT transfusion to surgeries that can use it.
- Dr. Gerald Giordano, the director of the Southern Arizona Regional Red Cross Blood Program, has pioneered a model program using IAT within the blood-banking industry. Relieving hospitals of the need to buy their own equipment, he supplies both the machines and the trained staff on a 24-hour basis. He has demonstrated that not only is it possible, but it can be economically viable for the Red Cross.
- Dr. Lester Sauvage of the Hope Heart Institute in Seattle, Washington, uses IAT and plasmapheresis (withdrawal of blood and return of selected components) routinely for cardiothoracic surgery. Recently, Dr. Sauvage performed a triple bypass with aortic valve surgery on a 52-year-old man. He required no banked blood. Plasmapheresis and IAT were more than adequate, and the patient is well today with no fear of AIDS. For Dr. Sauvage, this case is the general rule rather than the exception, and it previews a new standard of medicine.
- Dr. Ronald Gilcher, the director of the Sylvan N. Goldman Center in Oklahoma City, recognized the threat from blood migration. He took a state that regularly imported blood from elsewhere and intensified local blood drives. Now he has a surplus in Oklahoma, and he can export low-risk blood to places that need it.

National Blood Safety Plan

In the age of AIDS, there are few readily available solutions. A rare exception to a less-than-optimistic picture is the prevention of transfusion-related HIV infection.

If blood banks would stop holding drives in high-risk neighborhoods, and would prevent advertising in gay magazines, the blood supply could become almost as safe as some now claim it is.

If, instead of distributing high-risk blood throughout the nation, blood drives were intensified in low-risk areas, excesses could be shipped to high-risk areas.

If, instead of competing with intraoperative autologous transfusion services, the blood-bank industry promoted IAT enthusiastically, it could solve the problem of blood shortages.

If the blood bankers took advantage of all forms of autologous transfusion, including IAT and plasmapheresis, blood banks could be more selective in choosing donors. Banked blood would be safer.

Until there is a national blood strategy making these resources available to everyone, patients should take advantage of them, because they are available today.

In case of an emergency

If I require a transfusion, use autologous (my own) blood if possible. If my condition allows transfer me to a hospital that can provide:

Intraoperative Autologous Transfusion (IAT)
*Plasmapheresis *Hemodilution *Postoperative Salvage*

Do not use homologous (banked) blood unless absolutely necessary.

My blood type is: _____

My next of kin is: _____

Telephone number at work: (_____) _____

At home: (_____) _____

It is a good idea to know your blood type and carry it with you. If you need blood after an accident, or if you want to be an emergency blood donor, having your blood type in your wallet might save time. If you don't know your blood type, your doctor can send you to the phlebotomy laboratory at your local hospital to have your blood typed.

Before a transfusion can begin, correct matching for the ABO system and Rh factor must be done.

Generally, people with type A blood can safely receive blood from A's and O's. Type B recipients are safe with blood from B's and O's. People whose blood is type AB are called "universal recipients," because their blood is compatible with types A, B, AB, and O. Type O people, on the other hand, are safe only with blood from type O donors; however, they are often called "universal donors," because they can give blood to anyone.

In addition to knowing which of the above types you possess, you should know whether or not you are Rh-negative.

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or
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The Young Visitor

continued from page 57

"I suppose you wouldn't help me?" she asked him.

"Not on your life."

She was laughing at him, and he felt rather like a maiden aunt; but in a moment he heard a scramble at the stern, and turned on the engine.

"Alex!" she called. "I've scraped my leg!"

"That's all right with me," he told her coldly. "If you will act like a little fool, you deserve it."

"Well, if you will have a dirty mind——" she said without anger. "I don't suppose you've got a towel?"

"No."

He felt rather ashamed. The girl was decent; he knew that. Perhaps he did not understand these youngsters. Perhaps that was what was wrong with his book. He grunted and kept his back rigidly turned. Yet he felt vaguely happier when she came forward to the wheel and touched his arm timidly.

"I'm sorry, Alex," she said. "It just seemed a good idea at the time. The water looked warm, but it wasn't. I'm cold. Haven't you a blanket or something?"

He looked at her. She was certainly shivering, and her hair and thin silk dress were dripping. He took off his coat and gave it to her with a fatherly admonition for her behavior.

"I don't mind you kids being free," he said soberly. "It's mostly window dressing. But I wish you'd remember that I've got a wife, and she's neither dumb nor blind."

Nor was she. She was not, as a matter of fact, even asleep. As they climbed the bank to the house, Sheila, in a dressing gown, appeared, with a candle, on the porch and surveyed them both.

"Good gracious," she said. "Did he throw you overboard?"

"I had a little swim," said Betty meekly.

"Then you'd better get in to the fire," said Sheila briskly. "And give me your bathing suit. I'll hang it up to dry."

There was a brief silence. Sheila looked rather blank. Then she saw Alex's face and smiled to herself.

"Or maybe you'd better attend to that yourself," she said. "I've got a good fire, Alex. Take her in and look after her."

Some time later he followed Sheila into the bedroom and closed the door. Betty was in the living room, smoking the last of his cigarettes, and giving no indication of considering sleep. Never had his bed looked so tempting.

"I want to tell you, Sheila——"

"You don't need to tell me anything, Alex."

He eyed her. She looked very smug and even slightly amused.

"What does that mean?" he asked suspiciously.

"Nothing. I know her and her kind, that's all. You couldn't keep her for a week, could you?"

"What do you mean by her kind? She's a sweet impulsive kid. That's all. And why a week? What's the matter with you, anyhow?"

Sheila yawned. It seemed to him she had been yawning all evening.

"Nothing is the matter. She's young and strong, that's all."

He had no idea what she meant. His hands were blistered, he was quite certain that he had taken cold when he gave Betty his coat, and there was no moon inside the house to feed romance.

He gave Sheila a strange look and went back to the living room.

At two o'clock in the morning, Betty was still curled up by the fire, talking cheerfully. Her life seemed an open book of boys, cocktails, and nightclubs, but there were moments when she disappeared strangely, when the lines of her young body faded out and Alex's head would jerk forward.

At something after two, however, he got up with determination.

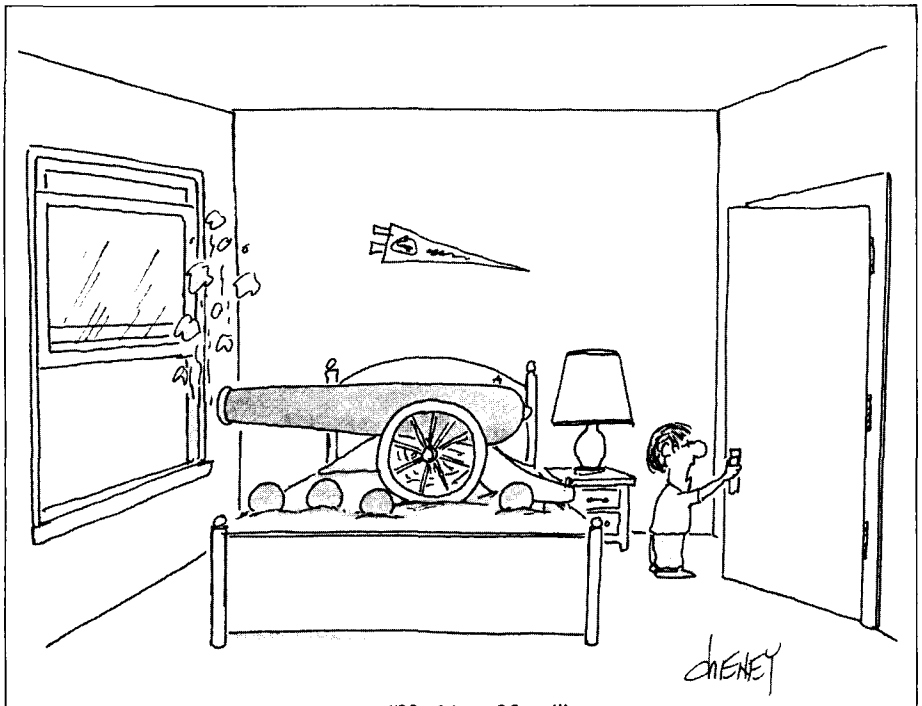
"Listen, my child," he said. "I've had a long day and so have you, and I've got to fix that power plant in the morning. How about some sleep?"

She rose reluctantly.

"I love being with you," she said, raising her face with its wide candid eyes to his. "But I suppose I bore you. I'm not intelligent, you know. That's why I'm so crazy about you, Alex."

He made a valiant effort to rise to this, but, in spite of himself, an unexpected yawn rather spoiled the effect. He did manage a chaste salute on her forehead, however, and felt he had failed her. He thought, indeed, that there was even a little malice when he showed her her room, and she called him "darling" when she said her good-night in a loud clear voice.

Sheila was asleep when he went to bed; or at least so she appeared. But he could not sleep. His mind was a chaos of publishers, power plant, and Betty. Also his back was stiff, his hands hurt, and his ankle throbbed. Nevertheless, he was aware of a small warm feeling in the region of his heart. She really liked him. He was not a stodgy 35 to her; and tomorrow, when he was rested, he would



"Nothing, Mom!"

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show her the power plant and the septic system and the water tower, and explain about the plumbing. She would see that a writer was also a man. . . .

It seemed to him that he had barely closed both of his eyes when he heard a faint tapping on his bedroom door, and Sheila in the next bed turned over and opened her eyes.

"Alex!" called a gay young voice.

"Yes?" he said thickly.

"It's a simply divine morning, Alex. Do come out and look at it."

There was a faint movement from Sheila, followed by every indication of stifling herself with a pillow. Alex gave her a bitter look, groaned, and looked at the clock. It was barely six, and the rapping was continuing.

"Alex! Are you awake?"

"Certainly I'm awake," he said with dignity. "Give me time. I'm coming."

There seemed now to be no question about Sheila. She was fairly gasping for breath.

"If you think it's so darned funny," he said icily, "get up yourself." But she merely stopped laughing and stretched luxuriously.

"I'm taking a vacation," she said. "Get up, Alex, darling, and look at the sun. And you might look at the power plant while you're about it."

Some of yesterday's instinct toward murder revived in him, but he repressed it.

"I'm darned if I understand you lately," he said sulkily, and proceeded to throw on some clothes.

Betty was eagerly waiting for him on the porch as he staggered out, still drunk with sleep. She wore a negligee over what seemed a very thin nightdress, but appeared to be entirely oblivious of herself. Also she looked as fresh as though she had slept the clock around.

"Isn't it wonderful?" she said. "I just wanted you to see it."

"My dear child, I've seen it before," he said.

"Not with me, Alex."

He shut his eyes against the blazing early sun and, leaning against a post, yawned heavily.

"No, that's so," he said thickly. "So what?"

She slipped her fingers into his like a coaxing child.

"I want to take a walk, Alex."

"At this hour?" he said, alarmed. "You have all day to walk."

"But not when things are like this. Fresh and—well, you know. Sort of mysterious. I should think, the way you write, you loved the dawn."

"I'd rather stay up for it than get up for it. And," he added virtuously, "I go for no walk with anybody dressed like that. Go and put some clothes on."

"How funny you are! I didn't think you were a bit like that."

But she went, obediently enough, and he sat down on a porch chair and fell immediately to sleep. He roused guiltily on her return.

"All right. Here we are," he said with spurious liveliness. "How about the power plant? I ought to look at it anyhow."

"Mercy, I don't want to see any old power plant. I need some exercise," she said.

From the house came a sound which resembled somewhat George's snorts the night before, and which left him indignant and outraged. The sun stabbed his eyeballs and within him was a great void, caused by the absence of morning coffee. Not for years had he faced the daylight without coffee. But in front of him was Betty, youth and romance in a pair of violently striped slacks and something which resembled a handkerchief tied around and over her young breast. Between that and the slacks was an undeniable portion of Betty herself, of which, however, she seemed entirely unconscious. Also, in her hand, she carried what was only too obviously a camera. He shied away from the camera like a scared horse.

"Good God!" he said. "What's that?"

"I thought I'd take some pictures of you," she said ingenuously. "You know, the famous author resting in the South." She was focusing the camera on him. "I do wish you'd smile, Alex."

He loathed cameras. He loathed having his picture taken, especially at six o'clock in the morning on an empty stomach. But he forced a ghastly grin, and, as though hypnotized, he stood and sat for a half hour, while she took him from every possible angle. When at last she ran out of film, she gave him an enchanting glance.

"I won a bet on that," she said happily.

"A bet?"

"I know a man who works on a newspaper, and he bet I couldn't do it," she said.

He looked terrified.

"Now see here, no newspaper gets those pictures. They're for you, and only for you."

"I think you're sweet" was her reply to that.

He felt completely helpless. A despairing glance toward the house showed no signs of Mary and breakfast, and to his fury, Sheila's shades were still down against the light. There was a wife for you! A woman who could calmly let him in for this sort of thing and then go to sleep!

continued on page 111

"Howard has just returned from the old country."

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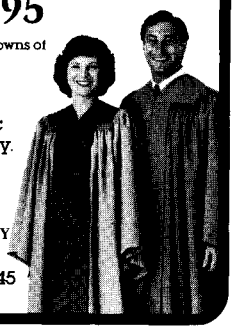

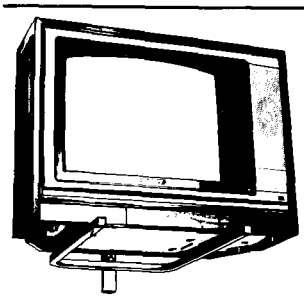

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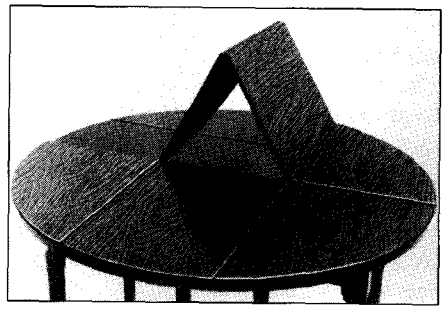

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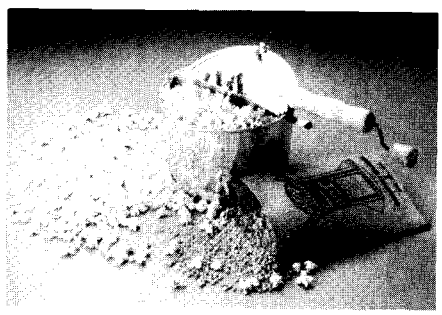

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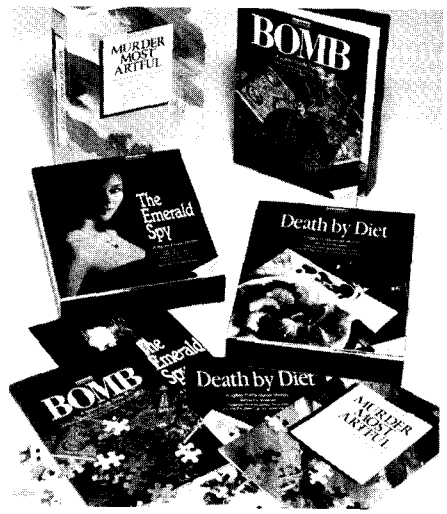

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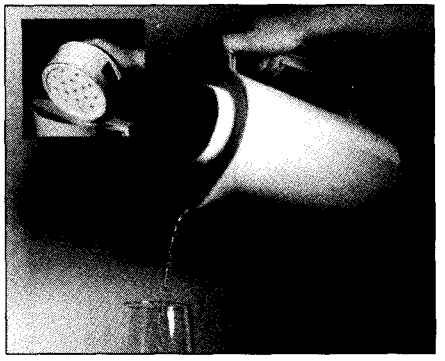

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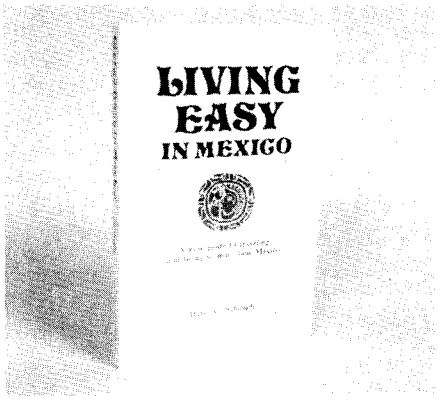

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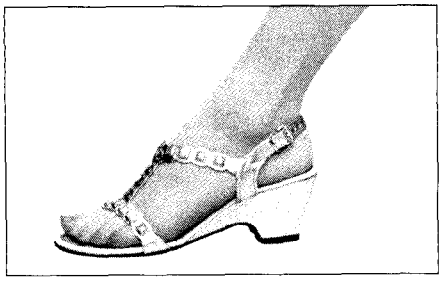

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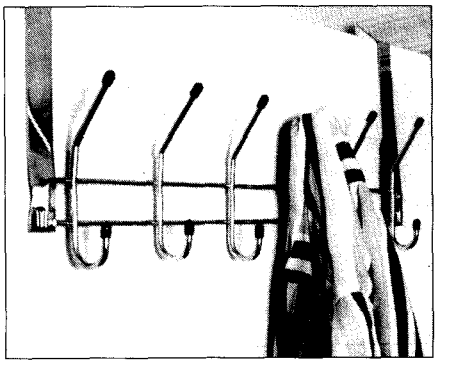

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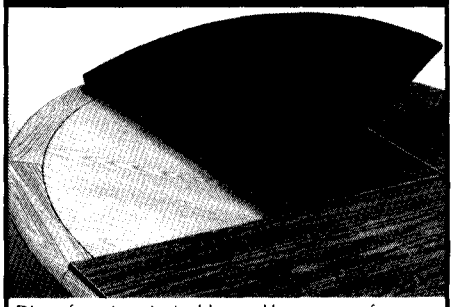

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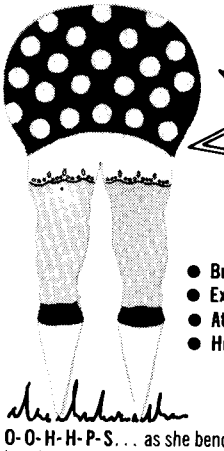

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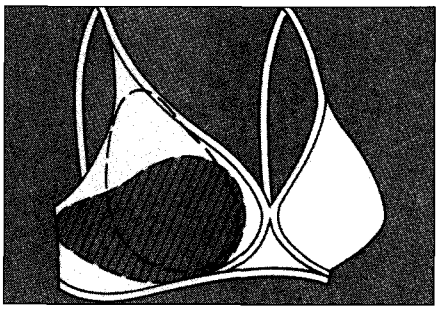
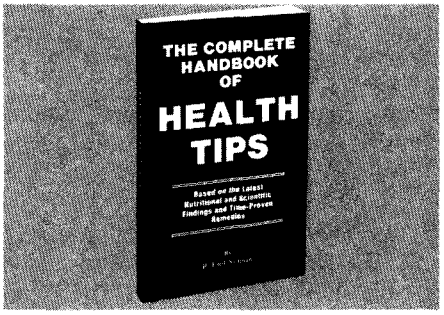


Health tips



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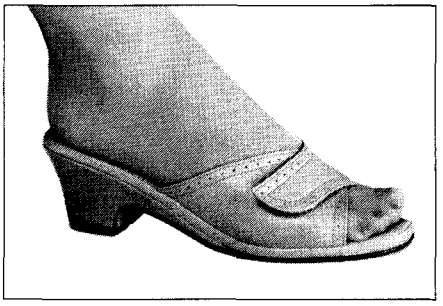

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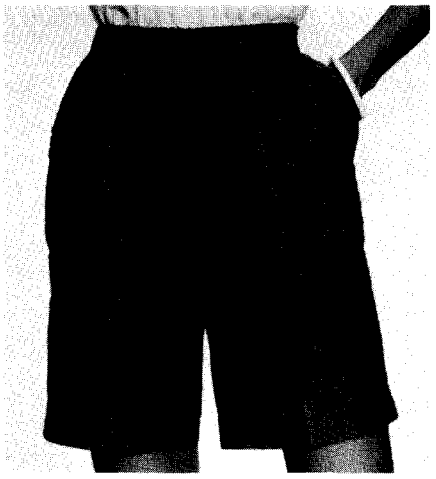

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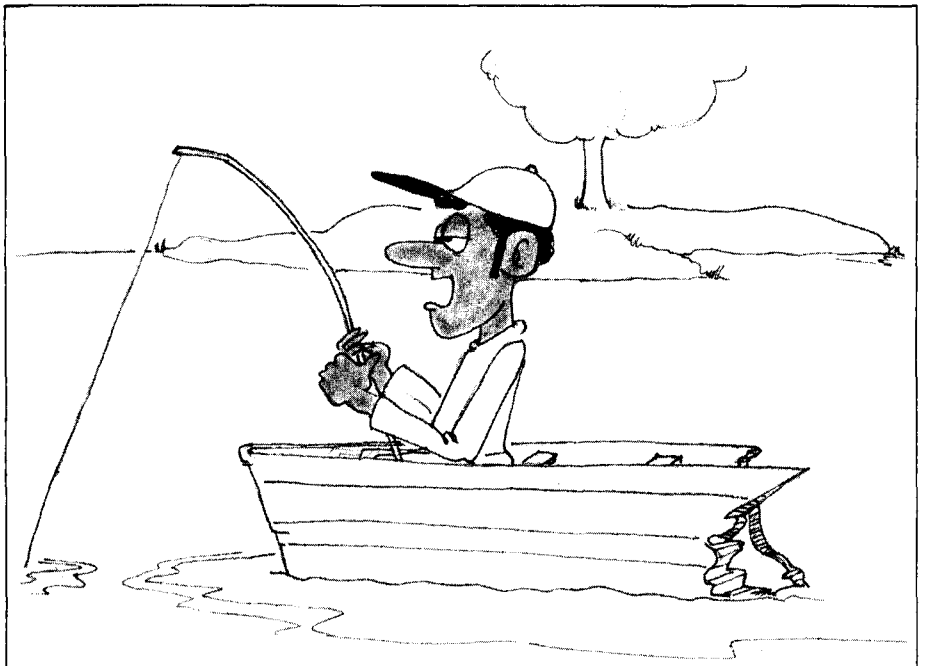

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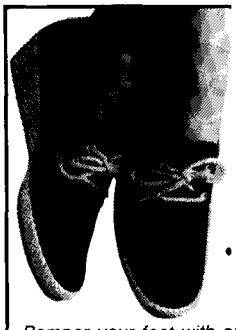

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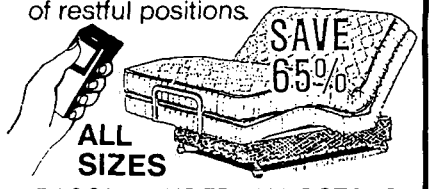

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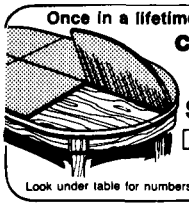

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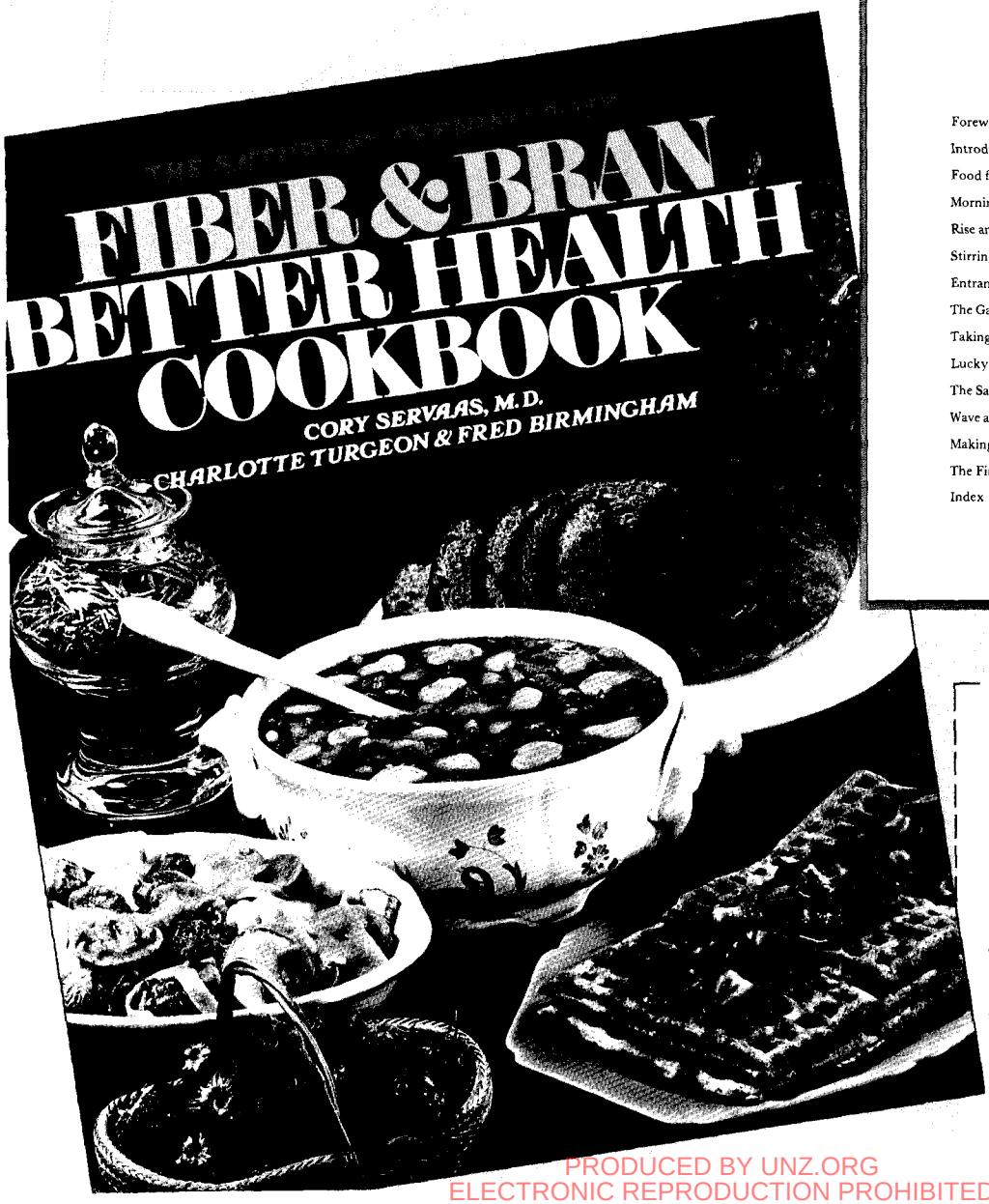

Contents

Foreword	vii
Introduction	xi
Food for Thought: More Than Lip Service	1
Morning Glories: Pancakes, Waffles and Coffee Cakes	11
Rise and Shine: Breads, Quick Breads and Muffins	27
Stirring Experiences: Soups and Chowders	71
Entrancing Entrees: Luncheon and Dinner Dishes	89
The Garden of Earthly Delights: Vegetables and Grains	123
Taking Your Leaves: Salads and Salad Dressings	153
Lucky Breaks: Snacks, Sandwiches and Beverages	173
The Satisfying Conclusion: Desserts and Candies	191
Wave a Magic Wand: Microwave Cookery	217
Making Light of It: The High-Fiber, Low-Calorie Diet	235
The Final Reckoning: A Reference Chapter	273
Index	293

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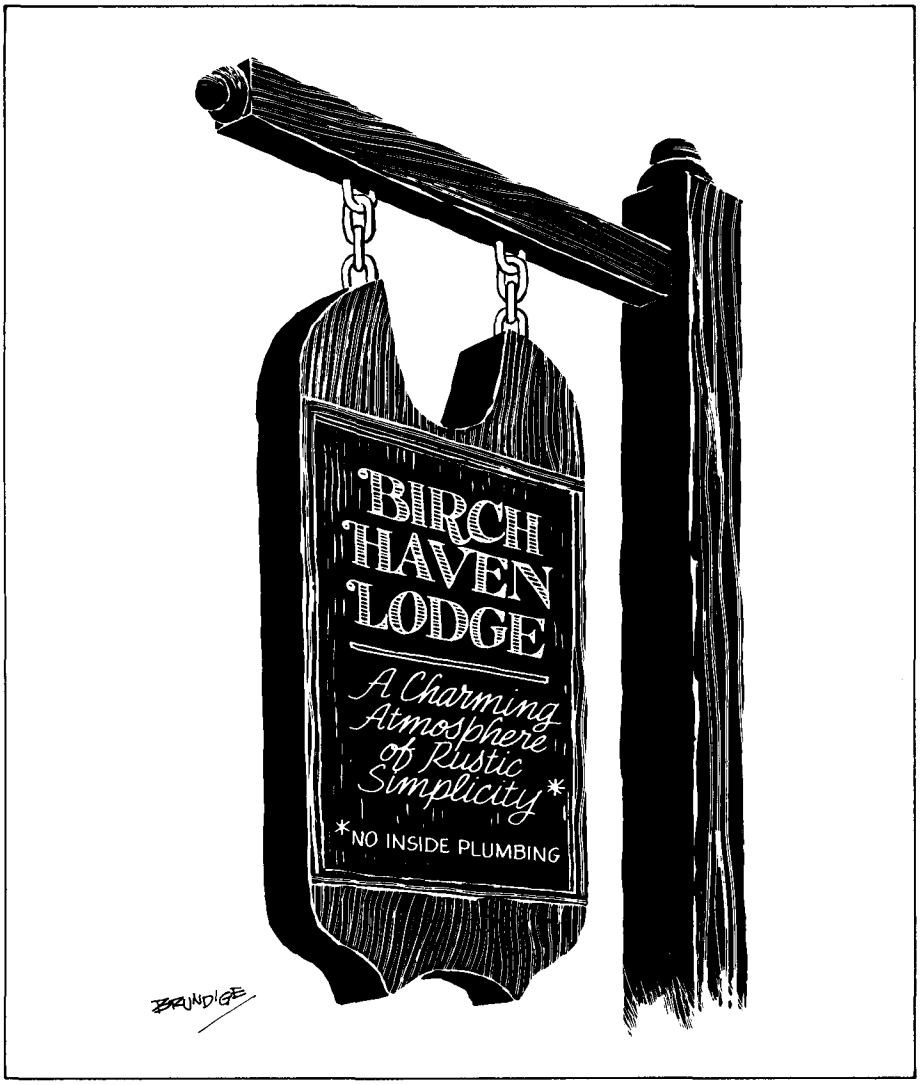

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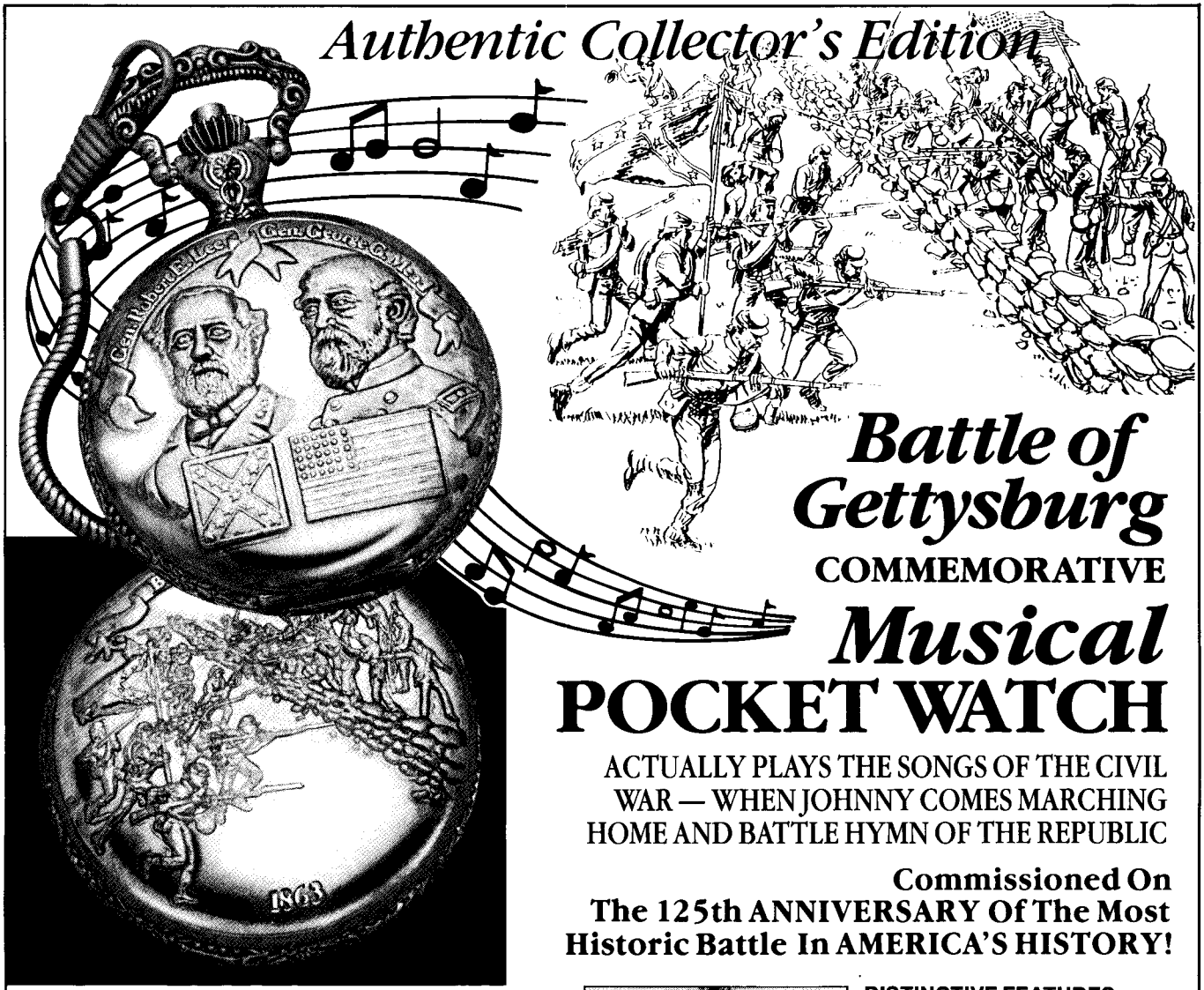

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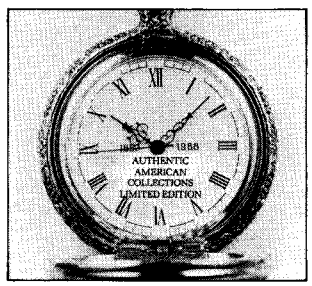

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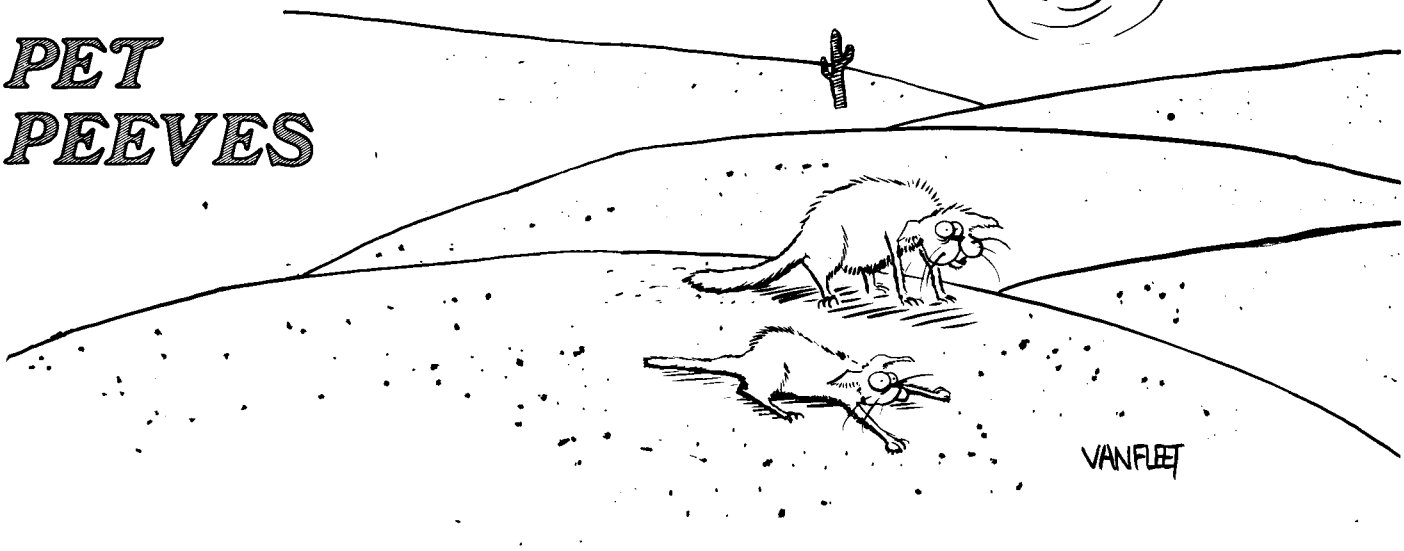
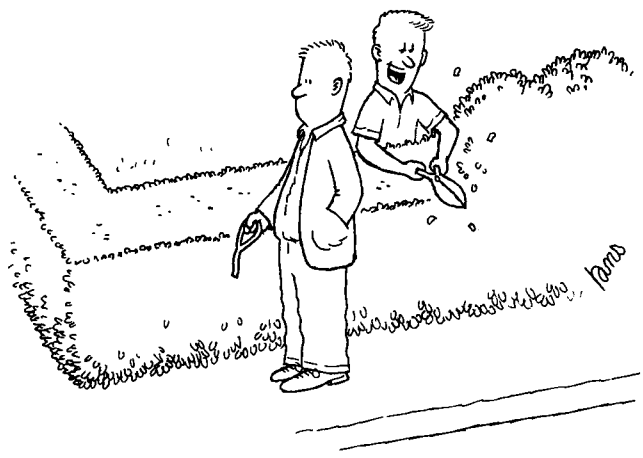


"My gosh, Frank, what kind of litter box is this?"

"He's down to his last friend."



"Taking Frisky for a walk, eh, Sam?"

"Big deal. By that age I could leap fences and give birth."

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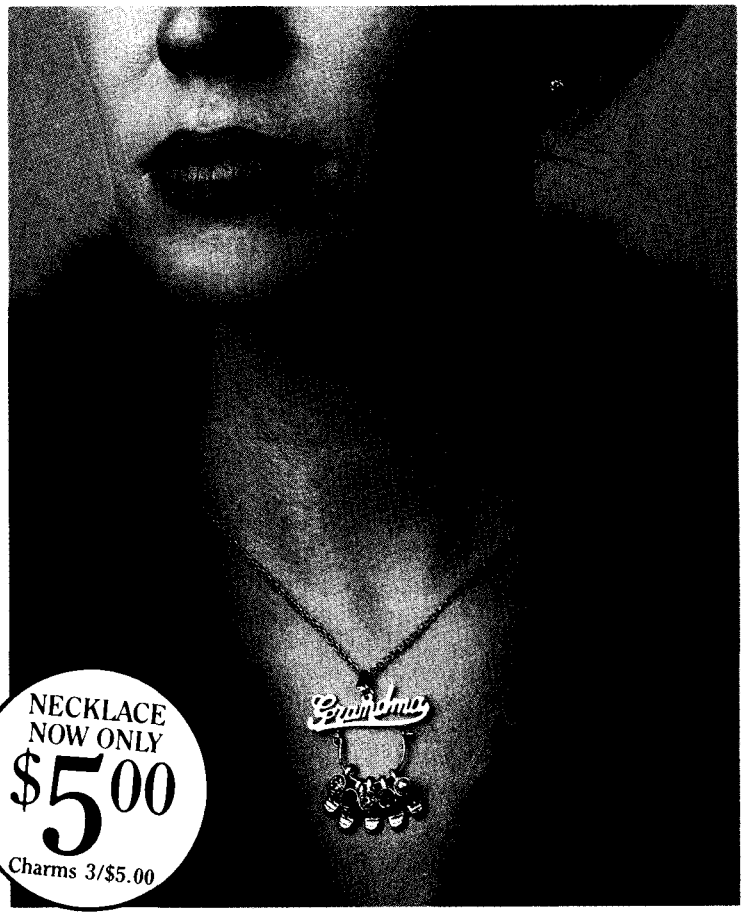

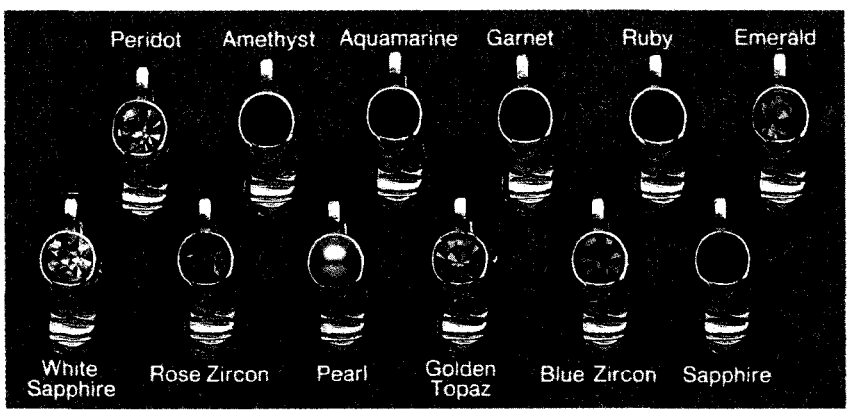

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In Mud Island at Memphis there is a model of the Mississippi River. Not a tabletop thing, but five city blocks of concrete that scale every curve and contour, width and depth of the lower thousand miles in bold relief. More than 1.5 million gallons of water fuel the model. Slate slabs with streets of steel ribbons represent towns and cities. More than 300 bits of information along the model describe how man, nature, or both conspired to create history.

The notes and the flowing waters help explain how pirates once used a treacherous narrows to prey on passing boats, or how pilots inched their boats and barges past sand bars and other dangers. The role of the levees is dramatized when the model undergoes its daily "flood stage." The visitor even hears the river, though the gurgles are but faint echoes of the real thing.

The Mississippi, even combined with its major tributary, the Missouri, is still only the world's third longest river, behind the Nile, life-giver to desert and birthplace of civilization, and the Amazon, in the center of the rain forest, largest supplier of oxygen. Neither this model, nor the neighboring museum at Mud Island, nor any statistics, explains the true role of Old Man River in our lives and our imagination.

How important has the river been to our development? Our settlers had in the Mississippi and its tributaries an ideal blue highway, linking 31 states to the Gulf. The Ohio River would give important areas in several states an avenue large enough to accommodate big steamboats. The Missouri would be even more important, slashing a thousand miles through forbidding northwestern prairie to the mountains. Access to markets permitted Americans to develop as fast as their audacity and ingenuity would allow.

That effect on the economy still exists here in the heartland. Farmers this past summer were affected (and still are) by low water levels on the

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river. As the drought worsened, many argued for tapping the Great Lakes to raise levels to the necessary 9 feet in parts of the upper channel and 12 feet below Cairo, Illinois. So much tonnage passes along the river that the port of New Orleans surpasses New York's in shipping. A single tank barge can be more than 1,000 feet in length, and its 9 million-gallon capacity exceeds that of 1,000 railroad tank cars; a single coal barge can hold up to 60 railroad car loads, and ten barges can be joined together in one tow.

New Orleans jazz began as a Mississippi of notes flowing north from joints like still-jumpin' Preservation Hall.

The Mississippi for travelers has one further distinction from the Nile or the Amazon. Few adventurers have ever seen the birthplace of those two rivers, but anyone can drive the entire length of the Mississippi on the Great River Road and see for himself the interplay of history, culture, and environment. He sees less of the river itself, less of Mark Twain's steamboat highway, and more of how the great river has shaped its environs. The traveler must press on, seeking to know more.

* * *

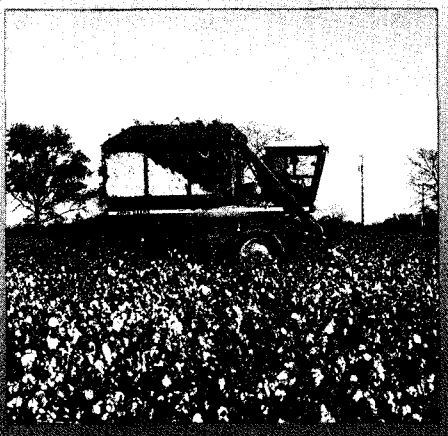
The journey begins in the Iron Range of northern Minnesota. One [illegible] looking out of [illegible] the [illegible]

off, meandering southeasterly and gathering volume through a rich watershed, until by St. Cloud it is a true river; and by Minneapolis-St. Paul it is broad enough, a nine-foot channel gouged into its bottom, to accommodate the millions of tons of ore, coal, and grain barged toward the ocean more than 2,000 miles away.

At the St. Croix there is a confluence of rivers, and then the Mississippi turns sharply southward to form Minnesota's eastern boundary. Here it takes on its classic upper-river characteristics. Wooded hills and bluffs gently press in, seeming to keep the channel true to south, while broad valleys let the river sprawl into shallow moving lakes half a mile across with marshes and wetlands that make this still the world's greater migratory [illegible]

The river roads here—in the states of Iowa, Illinois, Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Missouri—run near the actual river. At Pike's Peak south of Effigy Mounds National Monument in Iowa, the confluence of the Wisconsin River creates a marshy wilderness so vast it has remained almost unchanged since explorers paused here—or even thousands of years earlier when mound builders stood on the sacred bluffs and entreated the gods to bring them success in hunting.

The history of the upper Mississippi is a blend of Indian lore, old



[illegible]

The Great River Road

The Great River Road (GRR) is a 3,000-plus mile patchwork of major and minor highways, often on both sides of the 2,500-mile span of the Mississippi. GRR passes through ten states and accesses 1,583 historic sites, 217 wildlife areas, 90 national registered landmarks, 288 river towns, and 72 state parks. Routes are marked by distinctive green-and-white signs.

Association officials say the river can be driven entirely in eight days. I recently confined myself to the lower 1,200 miles in eight days and felt pressed. I recommend: (a) drive as much as you can; (b) find out ahead of time what is available; and (c) remember that GRR is not *one* road, but a patchwork, and at times the route may actually be miles from the river. You might also want to specialize to make the route more manageable and enjoyable, say in old homes and antiques, or Indian lore, wildlife, recreation, or city attractions.

GRR provides a strip map with 121 points of interest on the route. Write GRRA, Westport Office Building, 220 S. Robert St., St. Paul, MN 55107, or 612-224-9903.

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West, new pioneers, visionaries, hard times, quick fortunes, and just as rapid ruinations. Dubuque, Iowa, is typical—an architectural and historic onion that shows the steps from survival in log cabins and forts during Iowa's territorial status, circa 1830; to its first wave of prosperity from mining (1850); on to mercantile and manufactured goods going to and coming from farmers (1860-1880). Across the river at Galena, Illinois, is a town arrested in time, like an amber chip, the legacy of which are homes 130 to 150 years old built on the mercurial fortunes of lead—as were so many other villages in the upper channel. In fact, neighboring Wisconsin gets the nickname "Badger State" not from some particular love of that burrowing rodent, but because its lead miners tended to disappear into suspect hillsides in badgeresque fashion in hot pursuit of that mineral.

Galena lay dormant for decades, and then experienced a rebirth about 15 years ago when people began once again appreciating old homes, old things, and a less hectic pace and so repopulated the place. This pattern is seen in such places as Alton, Illinois, and neighboring Grafton; or at New Madrid, Missouri; and farther down at Cape Girardeau, Missouri; Helena, Arkansas; or up at Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin; or Burlington, Iowa—all filled with the sounds of hammers and restorers caught by a real movement of Americans to get back to their roots and live in and with quality.

Each river town has a story. The visitor finds a microcosm of our dreams, themes, and roots. Although they are distinctive, they are also familiar. On the bluffs are the homes of the town leaders who made their fortunes from some river-related enterprise. Down the slopes live the laborers, workers, and merchants, often with an ethnic purity that makes the town distinctively German, French, Irish, English, Scandinavian, or black. Beside the river are the deposits of humanity cast up in much the same fashion as the river leaves silt: romantics and cynics, the idle and the forever toiling, the underclass. They not only see and smell the river, as can the rich man perched atop his hill, but they must live *with* the river—fleeing it in flood, slapping mosquitoes spawned by it, hauling fish out of it. They put their homes on cinder blocks or stilts and wait.

Best of the Big Muddy

There is no way to sum up all the attractions available along the entire length of the Mississippi. Below are ten representative samplings.

1. New Orleans. Sensory overload on food and music. For breakfast, maybe Brennan's or the totally different Coffee Pot, lunch at Dooky Chase, evening at Patout's. Music in the Quarter. Start with a bus tour of city to sort things out.

2. Natchez, Mississippi. Sumptuous homes that can be viewed on the spring and fall pilgrimage; Old South Winery; Natchez Trace and Natchez Under-the-Hill.

3. Vicksburg, Mississippi. More Civil War flavor than Natchez, also superb B&Bs and tour homes, including a fall pilgrimage; "The Vanishing Glory"; military cemetery.

4. Grafton-Alton, Illinois. Orchards, old homes, and very unspoiled. Grafton and even smaller Elsah are like Nantuckets of the Midwest. Alton, a bedroom community for St. Louis, has homes, history, and nearby wilderness areas where eagles hang out.

5. Dubuque, Iowa-Galena, Illinois. Mines, skiing, homes, the riverboat museum, and a dog track at Dubuque. Galena also has an excellent winery.

6. Minneapolis-St. Paul. To me it means shopping, art, and food (Walker Art Center, Tyrone Guthrie Theater, and Nicollette Mall).

7. St. Louis. Forest Park, hands down: the zoo, botanical gardens, and art museum. Also the Riverfront, Gateway Arch, and The Hill (Italian).

8. Ste. Genevieve, Missouri. A sleeper. Creole homes, very old, some of them quite interesting in their structure, good narrative tours, and good herb gardens.

9. Nauvoo, Illinois. One of the best freebies anywhere. The restored buildings include homes, shops, professions—all on well-narrated tours. Educational and entertaining.

10. Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin. An attractive town with varied recreational areas nearby, access to quaint towns on both sides of the river, and Villa Louis. This most elegant of the Upper River estates was built by a fur trader.

There is nothing subtle about the line of demarcation signaling entry into the southern half of the river. It is found at Cairo, Illinois, at the Ohio and Mississippi's confluence, where the Old Man widens to 4,500 feet. No longer does the river follow geography. It creates geography; and an ecosystem; and a philosophy for those residents who learn to adapt to it. Fueled by the waters of not only the Ohio, but only miles to the north, the Illinois and Missouri as well, the river writhes and sprawls over the landscape, twisting in loops that fling deposits of silt across broad flatlands. The alleuvial fans thus formed have given the territory from Missouri to Louisiana the designation "delta." What we find today where cotton fields grow as far as the eye can see is a handiwork that includes the 1927 flood that created a river 80 *miles* wide, and the 1973 flood in which 11 million acres were covered as the waters ran at flood stage for 77 straight days. The resulting soils and chronic dampness, along with ready transportation, invited a kind of farming, and a kind of living.

It was cotton, and to a lesser extent sugar cane, that created a need for cheap labor. The solution would in turn create a crisis that nearly destroyed our country, but not before a class of people had cast themselves as America's aristocracy. Once again, the river was literally vehicle as well as architect. Plantations ranked up along its banks, all with their own landings for the big steamboats, which not only hauled away the valuable harvest, but also brought the slaves and the wares that allowed owners of these plantations to live in phantasmagoric splendor. And the river, fittingly, would bring the Union ships on their end-run missions to split the Confederacy and starve the South.

Today the South is still a land of extremes, contrasts, and constants. Shanties are set in the shadows of those magnificent columned palaces. Riverboats and barges still chug past Frenchman's Bend, where a black man may be bobbing for bream in a bayou so clogged with algae that it looks like an abstract painting laid flat. And on shore are the frequent crosses and monuments marking where the men in blue and gray struggled for strategic control of the river's vital points. History is everywhere, strewn like driftwood sorted by the river.

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A Scandinavian photographer who had spent two months on the river said: "It is how the *people* relate to the river—that is what is important. You don't have to see the river to know it is there. It affects everything."

Stacy Douglas of Vicksburg knows everything about everyone and loves to tell stories about the aristocracy. But he also exhibits Southern pride as he walks you through Cedar Grove, the town's most elegant mansion cum bed-and-breakfast. He points to the cannonball, imbedded in the inner wall, which tore through the front door when an ironclad fired on Vicksburg in the war. But the ball's unembellished presence amid the lavish furnishings says: We were wounded, sir, but we continue.

That too is the messsage from George Fines. He takes you through the streets of Natchez in his surrey and fires off outrageous bits of history, culture, and street philosophy in bursts measured to the gait of his horse, Man.

The South means living with and sometimes against history. What the river brought is not always welcome, and there are dangers when people forget the errors of the past. Perhaps that is why Leah Chase, a black woman who runs Dooky Chase, one of New Orleans' most popular dining places, keeps taking plantation tours. She does not think so much of what was done to blacks. She already knows that. She goes to hear the stories of how things were acquired, fortunes made and lost, of owners trying to outbuild all the others. Invariably tragedy struck: the owner dropped dead as the job was finished, the kids were wiped out, workers left to fight the war, the market collapsed. "All that vanity," she says sadly, her eyes sparkling triumphantly.

Perhaps the supreme pilgrimage to chronicle our vanity would begin with the antebellum homes and plantations around Vicksburg, then down to Natchez, over to Louisiana's nearly forgotten town of St. Francisville, where in 1850, it is said, half the country's millionaires resided. From here the river takes an erratic zag to the east, creating a subtropic zone of sugar cane, swamps, bayou, and plantation rows. The land here is soft, the roads raised, but water is always close-by. You pass shanties, stands of cane, huge processing plants that glow at night like science-fiction cities. Mansions here are more sprawling than those at Natchez or Vicksburg, lush to the point of chaos as everything is weighted down with Spanish moss, surrounded by banana trees, overripe and often musty. It is a shock to the Northerner.

• • •

The major cities along the river are somehow separate from the river, even as so many towns mentioned were intimately tied to it. But one city is intimately associated with the Mississippi. That is the Crescent City. New Orleans is an exclamation point to the river. It personifies all the Mississippi's extremes and contrasts.

New Orleans is a city whose very survival depends on a kind of 24-hour struggle with the river. The world's largest drainage pumping system keeps water out, and the world's biggest shipping port depends on that water. Overflow lakes prevent flooding, and in cities of the dead, graves are still aboveground because of the wetness. The refinement and decadence Old Man River brings create New Orleans' distinctive flavor.

A walk in the Garden District is a stroll through one of the country's most elegant neighborhoods of Victorian homes. That stroll will end at Vieux Carré, the French Quarter, a 90-block universe that is the dot of the exclamation point. Creole cottages with gray mansard roofs; stuccoed Spanish buildings with filigreed arches; Italianate courtyards with sculpted fountains and lush tropical

New Orleans' Write Stuff

"They told me to take a streetcar named Desire, transfer to one called Cemetery, and ride six blocks and get off at Elysian Fields!"
—A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE

Thus is Blanche Dubois introduced to New Orleans, and the world to one of its most fascinating theatrical characters. Tennessee Williams conjured up the most famous of his vast gallery of doomed heroines while immersed in the provocative and pungent resonances of the French Quarter.

It takes only one stroll through the Quarter to spot Blanche Dubois, Anne Rice's vampire Lestat, or John Kennedy Toole's Ignatius J. Reilly. Approximately 65 authors are mentioned in various literary walking tours of the French Quarter that include places where authors lived, ate, and drank, as well as settings used in their stories.

The apartment in which Williams wrote *Streetcar,* 632 St. Peter, is always pointed out, along with the three-story brick townhouse facing Pirate's Alley, where William Faulkner lived while writing his first novel, *A Soldier's Pay.* These are anything but dry, scholarly tours: they also include many anecdotes, even a visit to Williams' laundry. You might even stop to sample a "Lucky Dog" from one of the carts featured in John Kennedy Toole's *A Confederacy of Dunces.*

Today, writers who succumb to the city's Bohemian allure are always cognizant of such heavy hitters as Walt Whitman, O. Henry, Tennessee Williams, Mark Twain, William Faulkner, Sherwood Anderson, Truman Capote, Lillian Hellman, and Walker Percy—all with New Orleans roots.

Percy, a National Book Award winner, lives in nearby Covington. Percy calls New Orleans the only "foreign" city in the United States: "You can see the clash of two cultures here. There's the Latin, Mediterranean, Catholic influence, and there's the WASP South. The main reason I live in Covington is it's on the border. You have these two clashing cultures coming together, and it's very conducive to writing."

Anne Rice headlined the 1989 Tennessee Williams Literary Festival March 16-19, held at the oldest community theater in the nation, Le Petit Theatre du Vieux Carré. Besides "An Interview with Anne Rice," this year's events included readings by the actress Ruth Ford; a one-woman show based on Eudora Welty characters; panels on Southern writing; a production of *Streetcar*; a tribute to John Kennedy Toole; a Tennessee Williams film festival; and a three-day writer's conference.

Like few cities in the world, New Orleans bestows upon her visitors an illusion of belonging—perhaps in another life. Here in a city where people believe in such things, it's called déjà vu.

As Tennessee Williams wrote in his journal on December 11, 1938: "Today I have come to the city of New Orleans. I feel I'm in the place I belong to be."

—Marda Burton

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plants; carved gingerbread curlicues dripping from the eaves of Early American homes. The sleaze of peep shows is sandwiched between world-class restaurants; music ranges from mug-slamming Irish jigs to head-thumping electronic blues to the ultimate: true to all things in this town beside this river, a surprise. There's a smudged window, a little gate, a woman sitting with hat in hand where you drop your two dollars and go on into a narrow alley where a cat sits in a box of records for sale. Step up through the old doorway and stand shoulder-to-shoulder with 200 other jazz fans in a small high-ceilinged room they call Preservation Hall. People listen quietly, to music that is soft and smooth and has to be, the crowd being just inches from the horn player. Some things do not change along the river.

For Mark Twain, the river was life and an education. Certainly the Mississippi is still fulfilling those roles for many people. It also remains the carotid artery of the heartland. Return to the river again and again for memories and remembrance. ✖

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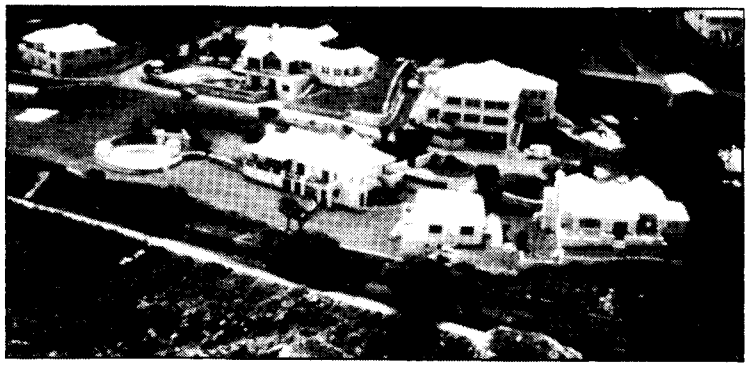

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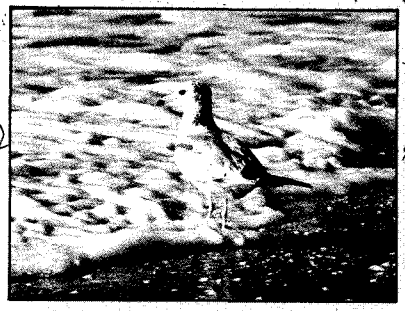

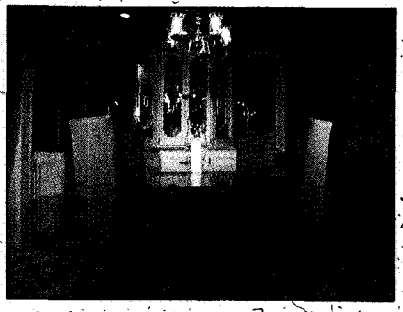

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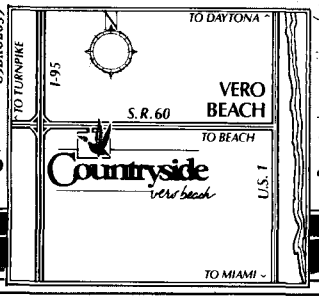

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King and Queen

continued from page 53

just make it through five years. I don't wake up with it every morning like I used to."

Mike is equally busy with a range of projects that have him playing the scientist who conceived the atomic bomb in *Day One*, a CBS-TV movie, and a neurotic little guy in the upcoming *Checking Out*.

Two years remain on the couple's "L.A. Law" contracts, and if the show continues to dominate the ratings, Kelsey and Markowitz may be around for a long time. Jill and Mike hope so. They see their characters becoming more like themselves, and the Markowitz marriage more closely reflecting the Tucker union. It's inevitable, they say; the writers know the foursome well, and the 16-year Tucker marriage, strong since pre-"Law" days, serves as a good role model for the TV newlyweds.

Jill and Mike are aware that success sometimes breeds discontent, and that money often encourages materialism. Somehow they want to prevent all that. They surround themselves with close friends, most of whom date back to drama-school days. They set aside plenty of time for Max, their seven-year-old; Mike spends hours in the kitchen (he does most of the cooking); and Jill hopes to paint again soon (she's studied art for years).

"Suddenly we're Mr. and Mrs. America and everybody knows who we are," Mike says. "We're popular, we have this wonderful job, we have a great family, a lovely new house—we've got it all, you know? At this point it's a real crossroads in life. We can either go for material possessions and narrow our view, or we can step back and broaden our view. What we're trying to do almost desperately is remind each other that this is the time to broaden the view."

The Basketball Man

continued from page 59

tossed up the ball, and—as prescribed by Naismith to keep the game from becoming indoor football—a player was required to dribble the ball and to take only a stride before passing the ball to a teammate.

Because the court was only 35 feet by 45 feet, Naismith reduced the number of players from nine to seven, and then to the current five. Where permitted, he elevated the basket to 10 feet, still the current height (even though Naismith's prized product at Kansas, the coaching legend Forrest C. ["Phog"] Allen, later urged an increase that today would negate dunking—12 feet!). I wish I'd asked Doc Naismith about that one in our meeting 51 years ago.

Even though Rugby still bore the name of where the sport began at a British school in 1823—a guy named Ellis picked up a soccer ball in frustration and ran with it—Naismith declined to have his new game named for him. So, heck, since they were using peach baskets, why not call it "basket" ball?

Peach baskets weren't always easy to find and, after a score, using a rod to poke the ball out—or, even worse, a stepladder—was troublesome too. So a carpenter's aid made the game more sophisticated and, at least temporarily, seemed to make rule No. 8 laughable. In part, the rule stated: "If the ball rests on the edge of the basket and an opponent moves the basket, it shall count as a goal."

Even in our own era of height matched only by agility, or vice-versa, it's still a two-point no-no to goaltend against a ball in downward flight in the basket's perimeter and, just as Doc wrote it in '91, two points if a defensive hand disturbs the basket.

By 1893, at which time Yale had already become one of the first colleges to adopt the game, a carpenter devised a wire cylinder to replace the original peach basket. At first, chicken-wire netting under the cylinder kept the ball from swishing through the nets as it does now.

By '94, also, the first basketball had replaced the soccer ball's size and weight; a 30-inch circumference limited the size of the ball to 20 to 22 ounces. Over the years, smart-alecs like me have called the game "roundball" because in early days of rubberized inflation the ball often became a tad lopsided. Yet it wasn't until 1938, the year after I met Naismith and shortly before his death, that the rules were amended to state that a spherical basketball not vary more than a quarter of an inch in diameter.

To Oklahoma State's "Iron

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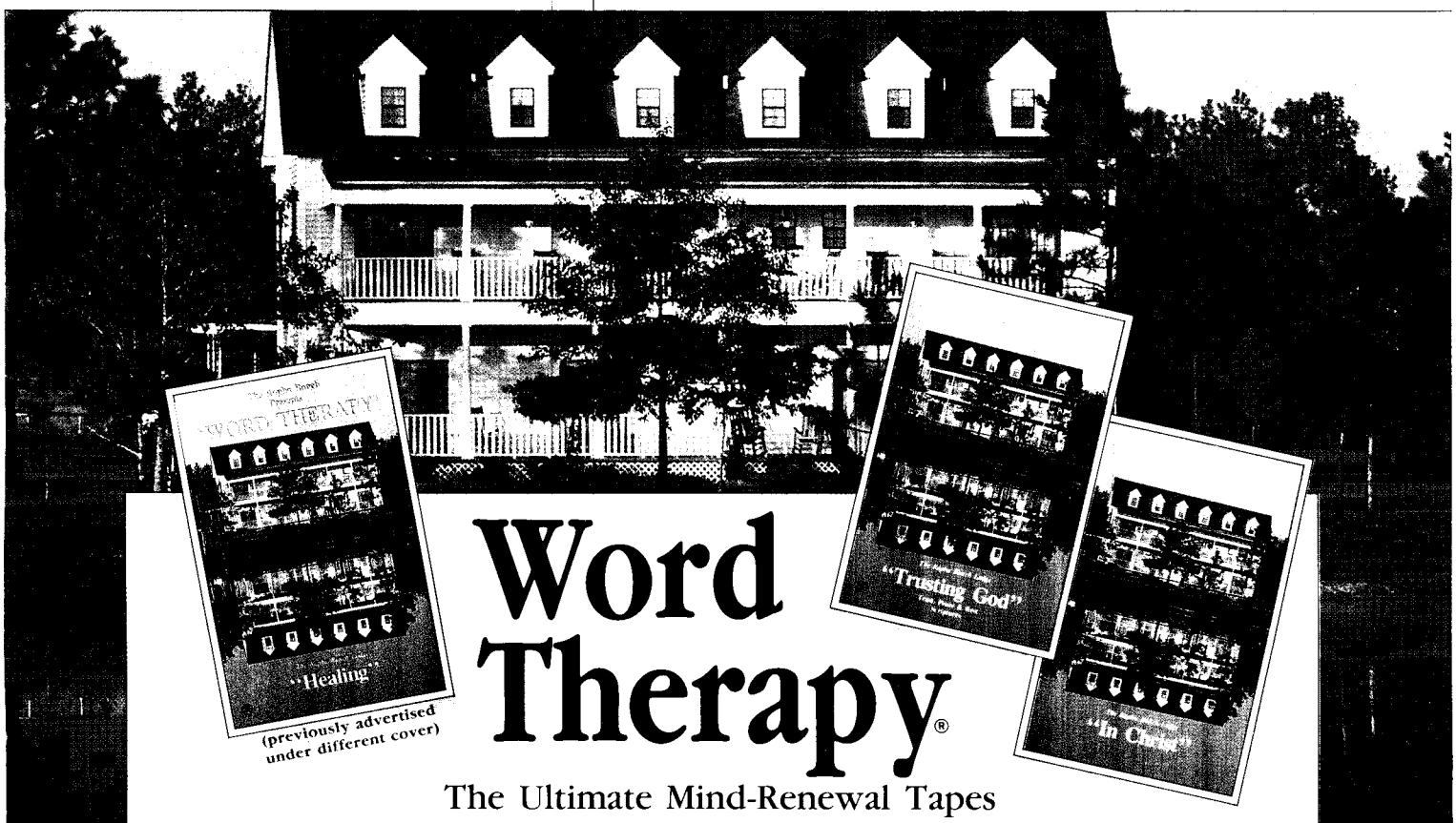

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Duke," Henry Iba, like Phog Allen an early-day legend, "true bounce" has always been the gentle synonym for the game he loves dearly (in effect, if you will, a dig at what Iba calls "bad bounce," i.e., the crazy caprice of a football).

Over the years, added safeguards made Naismith's game as good as Doc wanted. To keep spectators in shoebox gyms from deflecting shots, backboards were devised—wood, at first, then glass. Ultimately, played on stage auditorium floors, basketball required a net to keep the ball from bouncing away—which generated the term still seen in an occasional newspaper headline: "cagers."

Jim Naismith next left for the foothills of the Rockies. There, at the present-day University of Colorado, he studied to become an M.D. because, as his daughter Hellen Dodd explained, he felt he could better direct young men's physical activities if he knew as much about the body as . . . well, yes, a physician.

Over the years, as an intellectual roughneck, an academician with muscles, Naismith lived with a head-in-the-sky attitude toward such mundane things as money. For instance, he twice lost houses to a foreclosure gavel. Even though he might have earned much from the game he invented, the royalties he received belatedly from a basketball named for him didn't cover what he had spent.

Naismith was interested in body and soul; ergo, what better job than to serve as the director of chapel and physical education? Naismith moved to the University of Kansas in 1898. He was 36 then, already burning the candle at both ends, in the nicest sense, Hellen recalled. Not only was he supporting a family, but he was studying and teaching, as well as working.

One night he didn't come home. The family was alarmed, as were the faculty and the university kids. An alarm was sounded. Finally, searchers found him, asleep on a park bench. "Like Rip Van Winkle, utterly exhausted, he'd sat down and fallen fast asleep," his daughter remembered fondly.

Kind, soft-hearted, and considerate—that's the way they remembered him at Kansas, where he lived out his last 41 years. Loosely coaching KU's first eight basketball teams through 1908, he was barely a break-even coach, yet he helped establish a tradition. The defending NCAA champion Jayhawks have more basketball victories than all universities except Kentucky, North Carolina, and St. John's. KU became NCAA champions in the tournament's 50th year, 1988. Kentucky's long-time coach, Adolph Rupp, was a Kansas man, and North Carolina's famed current coach, Dean Smith, also played under Phog Allen.

Allen, an osteopath who played under Naismith, coached Kansas 38 years through 1956 and achieved a .729 record (590-219). The university's field house is named for him, but it also contains a handsome painted portrait of that stocky, thick-necked little man who began it all, James Naismith.

Allen maintained constant affection for Naismith. When basketball first became an Olympic sport in 1936—imagine how far, fast, and strongly it has come in the quadrennial games since then—Phog Allen practically horsewhipped the NCAA to send Naismith to Berlin for the ceremonies.

Doc came back as exhilarated as when he had been stationed on the Mexican border with the U.S. Army in 1916 or served as a Y representative in Europe in World War I, as happy as when he worked on a road gang with one of his sons "just for the fun of it."

He'd seen basketball go from narrow, low-ceilinged gyms and parish basements to dance halls and haylofts, then ultimately to giant field houses and arenas. The year he died, 1939, the NCAA began its annual postseason tournament that now, through its Final Four, rivals the Super Bowl and the World Series.

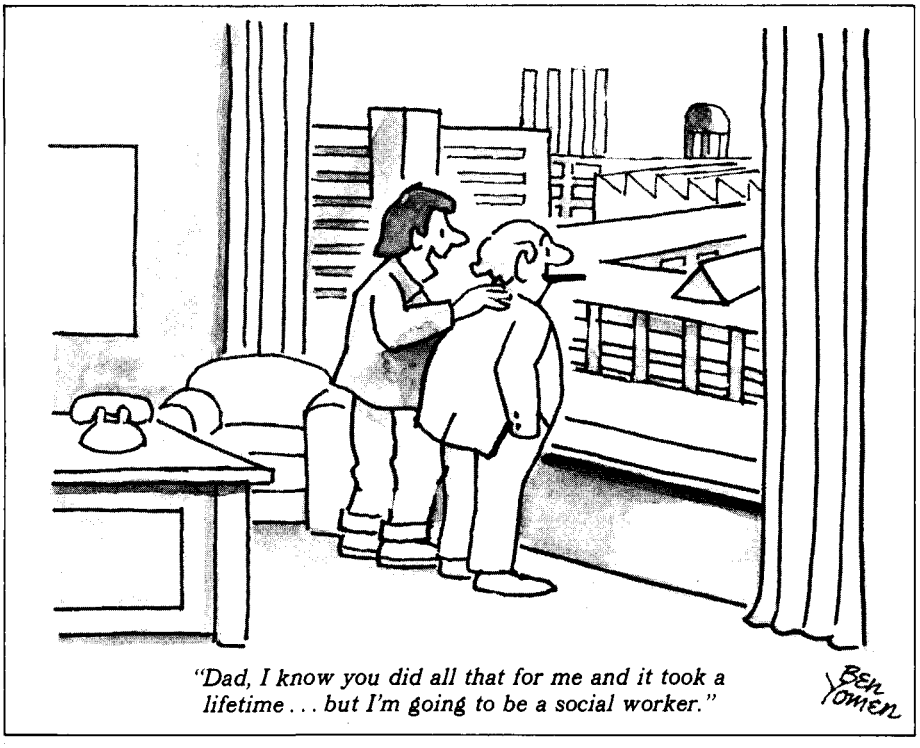
Naismith said on his return from Berlin that basketball had "grown tremendously [overseas], and I think it will continue to grow, perhaps not in this country, but in foreign countries."

Jim Naismith was both right and wrong. The roundball, not the snowball, is the symbol of winter now, and really, winter hasn't been the same since 1891. But then, the master of the game always thought there was too much ado about his sport. Like the time early in the century when Baker University near Lawrence wrote him to inquire about hiring a young KU athlete as part-time basketball coach. Naismith called in young Phog Allen to announce the news.

"I've got a joke on you, you bloody beggar," Doc Naismith said with a laugh. "They want you to coach basketball down at Baker."

Phog bristled. "What's so funny about that?"

"Why, Forrest," explained the man who invented the game to one of the greatest who would ever coach it, "you don't 'coach' basketball. You just play it!"



"Dad, I know you did all that for me and it took a lifetime . . . but I'm going to be a social worker."

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BRING ON THE BEANS

The lowly bean is basic when it comes to lowering cholesterol.

by Pat Perry

A pop quiz. In the good old westerns, what did the dog-tired, hungry cowpokes rustle up for grub after spending a long, hot day on dusty plains and lonesome prairies? Beef Wellington? Duck a l'orange? Alaskan king crab legs?

Maybe a tin plate full of hot and hearty *beans*?

Nutritionally speaking, the cowboys hit a bull's-eye. High in complex carbohydrates and protein, beans have long been prized as a high-energy food. Because beans digest more slowly than many other carbohydrate foods, they satisfy hunger longer and don't take a toll on the waistline—a cup of beans scales in at only about 230 calories.

Heart-healthy consumers will also be glad to note that beans are low in sodium and fat. In fact, the soluble fiber in beans actually helps lower blood cholesterol levels. Beans, as vegetables, have no cholesterol and just a smidgen of fat.

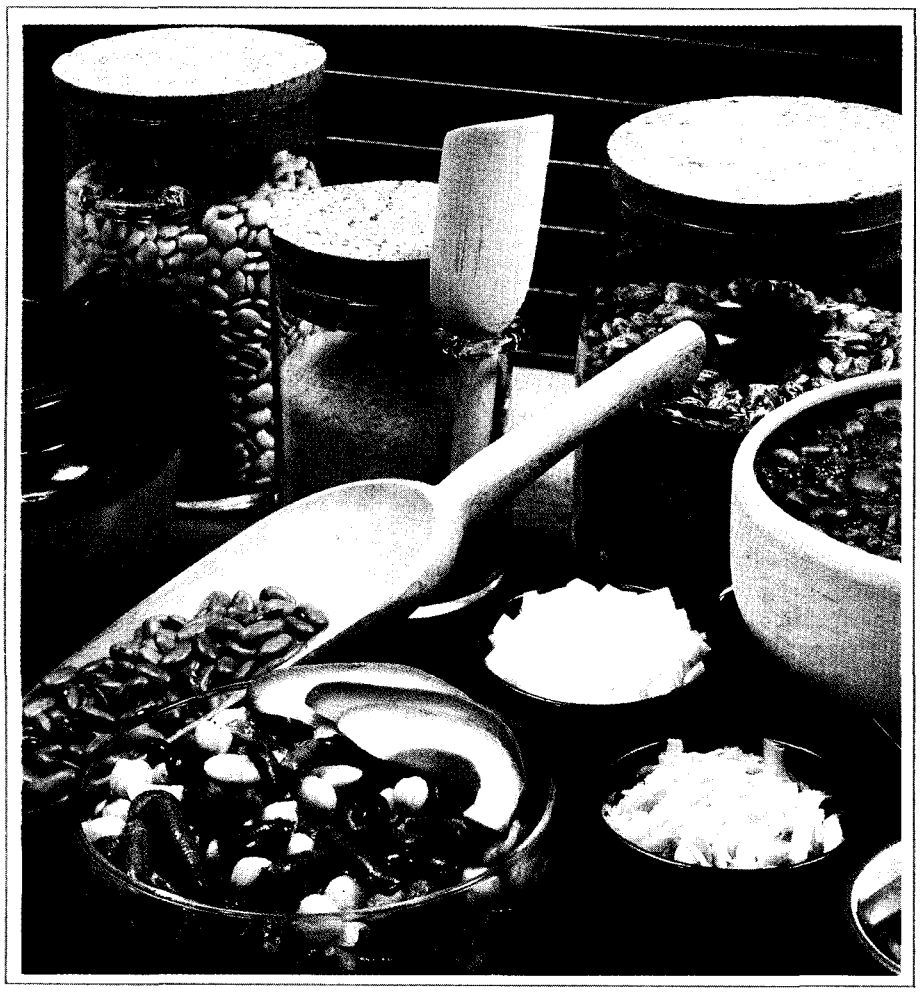
Trim some of the fatty meats and high-calorie snacks out of the daily routine. Replace them with the best bean recipes that we have ever collected for your culinary review.

Calico Beans won the unanimous vote of the editors. A combination of kidney, lima, and green beans, joined with a hickory-flavored barbeque sauce, Calico Beans is the perfect crowd pleaser and is an economical main dish.

Nothing celebrates the benefits and good taste of beans like 15 Bean Soup. Follow the simple soaking directions in the accompanying sidebar.

Guests on the way? Company Beans and Rice Eggplant Parmigiana is a vegetarian delight.

Whatever the occasion, chances are that one of the following bean recipes will fit in nicely.



Versatile, economical beans boast a bounty of great flavors in such culinary creations as Calico Beans, Party Tacos, or Vegetable Bean Salad.

Calico Beans

(Makes 16 servings)

1⅔ cups fresh or canned (16-oz. can) each *cut green beans, wax beans, kidney beans, lima beans, baked beans in tomato sauce, and white kidney beans*
4 slices chopped and browned lean bacon, drained of all fat
3 tablespoons olive oil
2 medium onions, chopped
¼ cup brown sugar
1 jar (12 oz.) hickory barbeque sauce

Drain all beans except baked beans in tomato sauce. Mix all ingredients in lidded, 4-quart casserole. Bake in 350° F. oven with lid on about 1 hour. Bake with lid off an additional 30 minutes.

Party Tacos

(Makes 10 tacos)

½ pound lean ground beef
⅓ cup chopped onion
1⅔ cups drained red kidney or pink beans, cooked or canned (16-oz. can)
1 cup mild taco sauce
8 ounces canned stewed tomatoes or *3 fresh tomatoes, chopped*
1 tablespoon chopped green pepper
½ teaspoon salt, if desired
¼ teaspoon oregano
⅛ teaspoon each *crushed red pepper and ground cumin*
10 taco shells
2½-3 cups shredded head lettuce
1 cup shredded low-fat cheddar cheese

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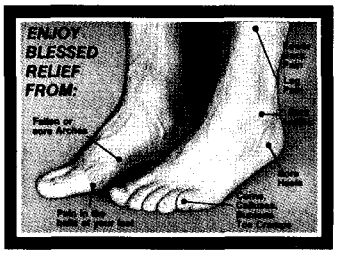
Please take a moment now to read some facts about what causes foot pain and how to overcome it—forever...

Did you know that most foot problems are caused by a misalignment of the bones in your feet? Such a misalignment can occur for many reasons...advancing age, improper shoes, lack of exercise or simply by spending long hours on your feet.

Foot pain begins when the foot's balance and natural elasticity is gone. Corns, calluses, bunions, even hammertoes can develop. Toe cramps, fallen arches, burning skin, tender blisters, flaking and chafing result. Ankle, leg, knee, hip—even lower back pain, can result from improper foot alignment. When your feet hurt you hurt all over.



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Unlike specially-made shoes or drugstore remedies, custom formed Flexible Feathersprings actually restore and maintain the elastic support you had when you were younger. Until you restore that support, nothing will help. And that's the key to Feathersprings.

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One pair of Featherspring is all you'll ever need. And you can wear them anywhere, anytime—even with sandals and high heels. When worn they are virtually invisible under your feet!

Send today for your FREE Fact Kit which explains everything about proven Featherspring Foot Supports. Then, if you decide to try a pair, we will give you a full 60 days to test them at no risk!

The claims we make about Flexible Featherspring Foot Supports are not exaggerated! 3,000,000 satisfied users are proof positive. If you are bothered by aches and pains of the feet, legs or lower back, we state firmly that Featherspring will bring you relief instantly and forever *or you risk nothing.*

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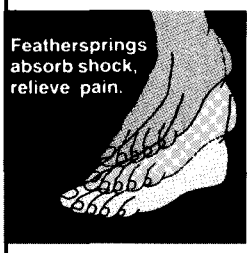
Please, do not turn the page with the idea that you will come back to it later. Cut out the coupon now and mail it today. Make us prove our statements. You have nothing to lose but your foot pain.



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YES! I'm interested in ending my foot pain forever, please rush, at no risk, the FREE FACT KIT that tells me all about Flexible Featherspring Foot Supports. I understand there is no obligation and no salesman will call. I will look for a LARGE PINK ENVELOPE containing all the details.

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In skillet, brown ground beef and drain off excess fat; add onion and cook until tender. Add remaining ingredients except taco shells, lettuce, and cheese; mix well. Simmer 5 minutes. Fill each shell with ¼ cup filling. Bake in preheated 350° F. oven 5 minutes. Top with ¼ cup lettuce and 1-2 tablespoons cheese.

Self-Control Chili
(Makes 4 servings)

2 tablespoons canola oil
3 cups cooked ground soybeans
1 large onion, chopped
1 clove garlic, minced
1 teaspoon oregano
1 teaspoon cumin seed
6 teaspoons (or more) chili powder
2 medium cans low-salt tomatoes or *6-8 fresh tomatoes*
3 cups cooked soybeans, whole, or *3 cups cooked chili beans* or *1½ cups each*

In large skillet combine oil, ground soybeans, onion, and garlic, and brown lightly. Transfer to large pot. Add oregano, cumin seed, chili powder, tomatoes, and whole portion of soybeans. Cover with water and bring to boil; lower heat and simmer at least 1 hour.

15 Bean Soup
(Makes 8-10 servings)

1 package (16 oz.) Hurst® 15 Bean Soup or *15 Beans & Lysine Soup, available through The Saturday Evening Post Society*
1½ quarts water
1 medium onion, chopped
1 medium can tomatoes or *3 fresh tomatoes*
2 stalks celery, chopped
Red pepper or *⅔ teaspoon chili powder*
Juice of ½ lemon
1 small clove minced garlic, if desired

Wash beans thoroughly; place in pan or kettle and cover with water. Soak according to "Preferred Method." Drain; add 1½ quarts water. Bring to boil. Simmer slowly 2½-3 hours. Add onion, tomatoes, celery, red pepper or chili powder, lemon juice, and garlic. Simmer another 30 minutes.

Company Beans and Rice Eggplant Parmigiana
(Makes 8 servings)

¼ cup flour
1½ teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
1 eggplant, peeled and cut in ½" slices
¾ cup canola or vegetable oil
½ pound lean ground beef
½ cup chopped onion
1 clove garlic, minced
1⅔ cups drained small white beans, cooked or canned (16-oz. can)
1 can (16 oz.) chopped tomatoes or *6 fresh tomatoes, chopped*
8 ounces tomato sauce, canned or homemade
¼ teaspoon crushed oregano
2 cups cooked rice
½ cup grated Parmesan cheese

Combine flour, ½ teaspoon salt, and pepper. Dip eggplant slices in seasoned flour. Fry in oil until tender and lightly browned. Drain well on paper towels. Arrange eggplant slices in 13" x 9" x 2" baking dish. Brown ground beef, onion, and garlic in same skillet. Drain excess oil. Add beans, tomatoes, tomato sauce, oregano, and 1 teaspoon salt; simmer 20 minutes. Sprinkle rice evenly over eggplant; pour sauce over all. Sprinkle with Parmesan cheese. Bake at 350° F. 20-25 minutes. Let stand 10 minutes before cutting.

Vegetable Bean Salad
(Makes 6 servings)

⅓ cup carrots, cut julienne style
1⅔ cups drained kidney or pink beans, cooked or canned (16-oz. can)
1⅔ cups drained small white beans, cooked or canned (16-oz. can)
3 tablespoons each *chopped green pepper and sliced celery*
⅓ cup canola or vegetable oil
2 tablespoons white wine vinegar
¼ teaspoon each *sugar and salt, if desired*
⅛ teaspoon Italian dressing or oregano or basil
Dash pepper
Lettuce wedges

Cook carrots in boiling water about 3 minutes or only until crisp-tender; drain. Combine carrots, beans, green pepper, and celery. Combine oil, vinegar, sugar, salt, Italian seasoning, and pepper. Pour over bean-and-vegetable mixture; toss to combine. Refrigerate, covered, at least 4 hours or overnight. Drain; reserve oil dressing. Serve with lettuce wedges; pass reserved dressing.

Preferred Hot-Soak Method and Quick-Soak Method

For each pound of dry beans, any variety, add 10 cups hot water. Remember, beans will rehydrate to at least twice their dry size, so be sure to start with a large enough pot. (Note: Up to 2 teaspoons of salt per pound of beans may be added to help the beans absorb water more evenly.) Heat to boiling; let boil 2-3 minutes. Remove from heat, cover, and set aside at least one hour (Quick-Soak Method), but *preferably* four hours or more (Preferred Method). The longer soaking time is recommended to allow a greater amount of sugars to dissolve, thus helping the beans to be more easily digested (and cutting down on embarrassing digestive gas). Whether you soak the beans for an hour or several hours, *discard the soak water.*

The recipes tell approximately how long it takes to cook the beans, but it is impossible to give accurate timing information because much depends on the cooking altitude, the variety, the hardness of the water, and the age of the beans. The best rule is to test often during cooking, then come to your own decision when beans are tender and taste "done." Remember, when beans are used in a salad or are to be cooked further in a casserole, you will probably want to leave them slightly undercooked.

Go Soak Your Beans!

Perhaps no other factor in bean cookery is more controversial than whether beans should be soaked and, if so, how to soak them properly before cooking. "What?" you ask. "Soak the beans?" Perhaps you've been cooking them for years without soaking, because many cooks do, but it's a fact that before those beans can really start cooking, they must rehydrate—the purpose of soaking.

Because a bean contains only about 15 percent moisture in the dry form and rehydrates to about 60 percent moisture when fully cooked, you can see it has to soak up a lot of water. If you fail to soak the beans first, some of your cooking time (and energy expense) is wasted while the beans rehydrate. So our recommendation is to *soak* the beans first—especially denser varieties of beans, such as kidneys, pinks, and small whites.

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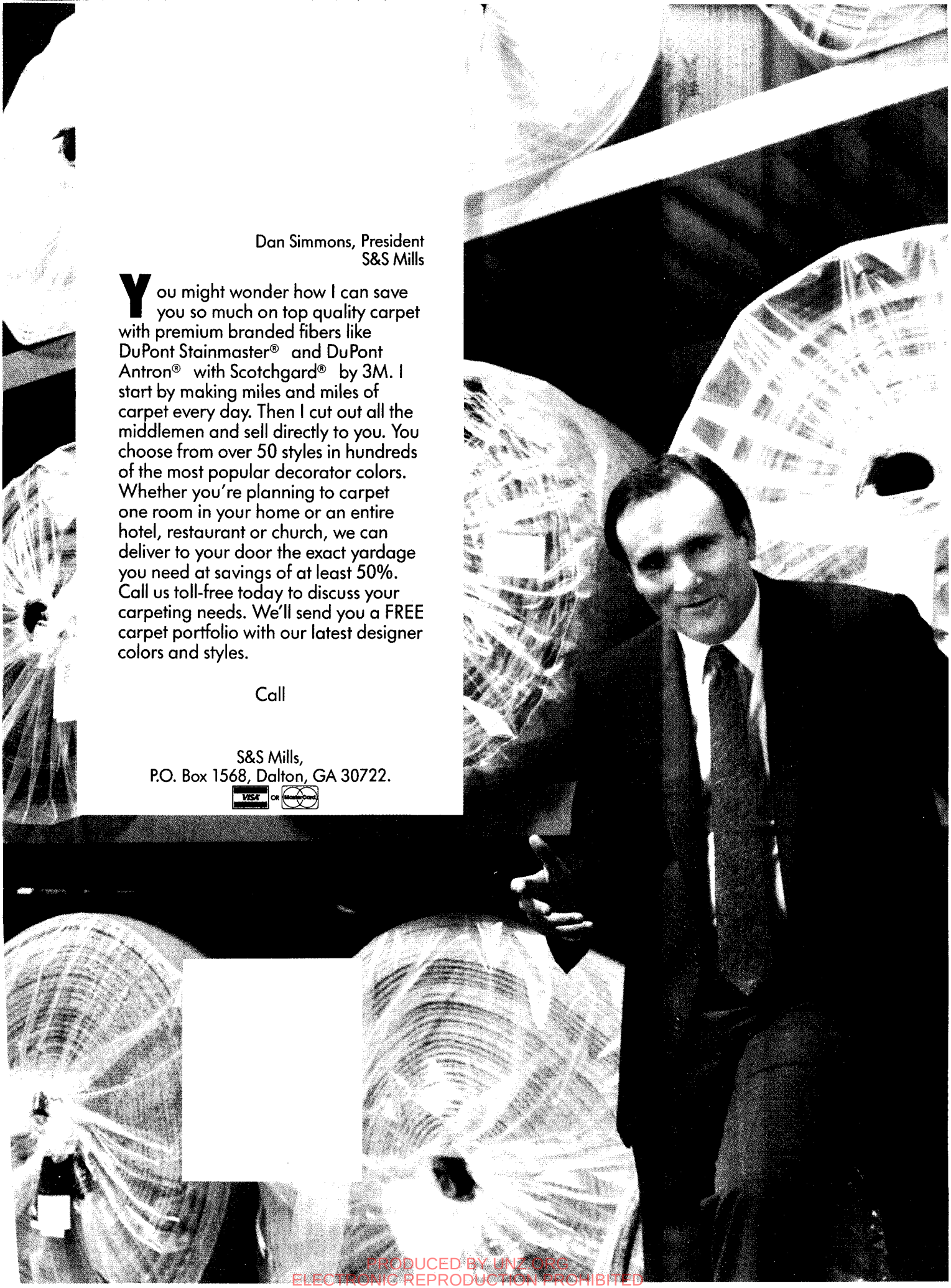

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MEDICAL MAILBOX

by Cory SerVaas M.D.

Great things have been effected by a few men well conducted.—*George Rogers Clark*

A Philanthropist Against Cancer

What an inspiration 90-year-old Armand Hammer is, especially to those in the third trimester of life. One of Dr. Hammer's lifetime goals has been to help find a cure for cancer, and he has put his money where his heart is.

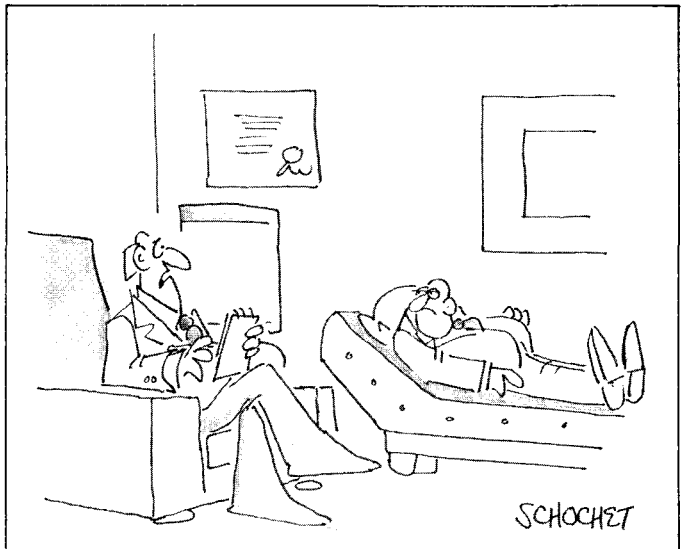
Several years ago, this generous philanthropist/oil executive/art collector announced a $1 million reward to the scientist or scientists who found a cure for cancer.

We wish Dr. Hammer would award the $1 million to Dr. Lawrence Einhorn and his colleague Dr. John Donahue, who developed a remarkable cure for testicular cancer. Testicular cancer had been one of the most virulent of cancers and was once the leading cause of cancer death in young males between the ages of 29 and 35. Today, even testicular cancers that have spread up into the lungs can be cured. A breakthrough such as this one must surely give hope to all cancer researchers that other such spectacular cures are possible.

We spoke with Dr. Hammer and President Reagan's colon surgeon, Dr. Steven Rosenberg, at the Great Hall of the National Library of Congress in the Thomas Jefferson Building. The event was a glittering reception in honor of Dr. Hammer's donation of his personal papers to the library. In this splendid setting Dr. Rosenberg told me about his admiration for Dr. Einhorn of Indiana University and his spectacular testicular cancer cure. He told me that Dr. Einhorn is now attacking lung cancer research. When I got back to Indiana, I called Dr. Einhorn, hoping to learn more about a lung cancer breakthrough. But Dr. Einhorn told me the outcome of his research is not yet known, and that any announcement is at least a year away. When I told him of Dr. Armand Hammer's optimism, Dr. Einhorn assured me that winning the war against cancer, he believes, will be a series of small successful battles—bit-by-bit improvements in the treatments we have available.

Peter Michael

***Post* editors met with Dr. Armand Hammer (right) at a Washington reception honoring the 90-year-old to talk about his goal of finding a cure for cancer before he dies. Time is running out for millions of cancer victims and also for the nonagenarian, who is, however, optimistically making long-range plans. Dr. Hammer's determination to help find a cure for cancer stems from his lifelong commitment to better health. The son of a physician and a doctor himself, he once traveled to Russia to aid victims of a typhus epidemic during a famine. He is chairman of the President's Cancer Panel.**



"No, you're not paranoid. Everybody does hate you!"

We hope Dr. Hammer will see fit to bestow that $1 million on the conquerers of testicular cancer as a way of encouraging other breakthroughs on less common cancers until we discover the magic bullet that will slay the giants: lung, colon, prostate, and breast cancer.

Cancer: Push Prevention

We compliment Dr. Hammer on his compassion and generosity toward finding a *cure*. However, to prevent cancer deaths we'd like to see an equal portion of his wealth

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and genius dedicated to cancer *prevention*. We need people like Armand Hammer behind the effort to get all women over 50 mammogramed and all men over age 50 tested for prostate cancer, and all people over age 40 routinely tested for colon cancer.

If we could restructure our efforts to *prevent* cancer deaths, we would save hundreds of thousands of lives. This would make an even bigger impact during the years of Armand Hammer's benevolence.

Imagine preventing all the predicted lung-cancer deaths of the future by immediately curing smokers of their nicotine addiction. Of course, we can't yet cure lung cancer, but we do know how to cure people of their smoking habits. A man with Dr. Hammer's keen mind could surely devise ways to implement and harness what is already known while we are waiting for the unknown cure to be discovered.

In 1962, cancer was the recorded cause of death for 278,562 Americans. In 1982, just 20 years later, 433,795 persons died of cancer—a 56 percent increase.

A recent article in the *New England Journal of Medicine* included this paragraph by researchers from Harvard University and the University of Iowa:

> We assessed the overall progress against cancer during the years 1950 to 1982. In the United States, these years were associated with *increases* in the number of deaths from cancer. . . . In our view . . . we are losing the war against cancer, notwithstanding progress against several uncommon forms of disease, improvements in palliation [treatment of symptoms] and extension of the productive years of life [of the persons with cancer].

The article concluded:

> "A *shift* in research emphasis, from research on treatment to research on prevention, seems necessary if substantial progress against cancer is to be forthcoming."

In short, we should spend more of our funding on preventing deaths with a sure thing (prevention that we know works) while continuing to search for the elusive cures.

Peter Michael

Dr. Steven Rosenberg (left), chief of surgery at the National Cancer Institute, is best known as President Reagan's cancer surgeon. His memorable statement "The President has cancer" was criticized by some who wished he had said, "The President *had* cancer." A malignant polyp caught in time can mean a complete cure. Dr. Rosenberg told us he was called at NCI the night before the president was to have surgery. The president's staff hadn't selected a cancer surgeon and wanted him to perform the bowel surgery the following morning.

Sen. Ted Kennedy, chairman of the powerful Committee on Labor and Human Resources, was one of the key cancer-prevention enthusiasts attending the elegant reception in the halls of the National Library of Congress, where Dr. Armand Hammer spoke.

"I am sticking to my diet—this chocolate cake is just an appetite suppressant."

Gluten Reaction

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

I have read with interest, in the January/February issue of *The Saturday Evening Post*, the letter of Jacqueline Tygart regarding her allergy to wheat products. A hospital dietician gave me a booklet entitled *Gluten Sensitivity*. It is published by the Department of Consumer Affairs, Wegman's Food & Pharmacy, P.O. Box 844, Rochester, NY 14692.

This booklet tells what gluten sensitivity is, has some diagrams, a list of foods that can be safely eaten, some recipes for cakes, cookies, bread, and muffins, and a list of publications on the subject.

I sincerely hope that this information can reach her and help her to solve her problem.

Sister Mary Maurice Welch, G.N.S.H.
Yardley, Pennsylvania

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Scratching for an Answer

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

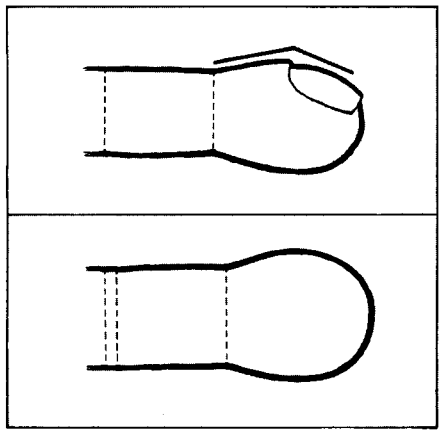
I've enjoyed *SEP* for several years and always turn first to "Medical Mailbox." As yet, I have not seen my particular problem addressed. It's my fingernails! For about three years they have been peeling about halfway down the nail, leaving a paper-thin layer which snags on everything, especially hosiery, and tears down into the quick. I keep clear nail polish on for a small protection and wear rubber gloves for dish washing. I've been the protein-gel-capsule route—no help. I'm getting desperate—doctors just shrug it off as a minor thing, but it's really a major annoyance. I'm in my 60s, if age makes a difference, but have had nail problems for years.

Blessings on you for your service to your readers.

Mrs. William VanderWal
Dowling Park, Florida

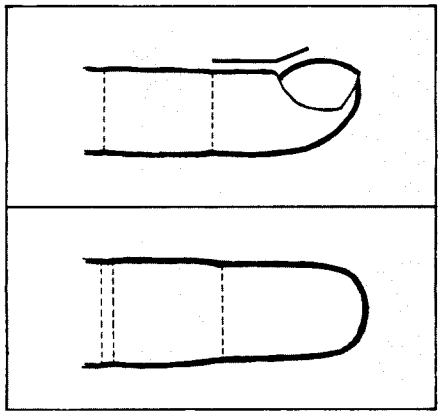
I would suggest that you have a complete physical examination and perhaps ask for a referral to a dermatologist or a specialist in hand diseases. If this doesn't shed light on your problem, find a manicurist who has been practicing for a long time. Ask her if she has seen nails like yours and if she has any ideas. I am reminded of a letter from a reader many years ago. She wrote:

"After I had a hysterectomy, my manicurist told me that in three months I would have trouble with my nails because they would begin to peel and chip. I couldn't believe she could predict this accurately, so I went home and wrote it on my calendar. In three months, sure enough, my nails began to peel and chip. She believes it is due to the anesthetic. She has observed that major surgery requiring general anesthetic always results in poor nail condition about three months later. Why is there this delayed reaction? She also says that she can almost tell where arthritis will develop before it happens because of the hardening of the nail on the finger that will become affected."



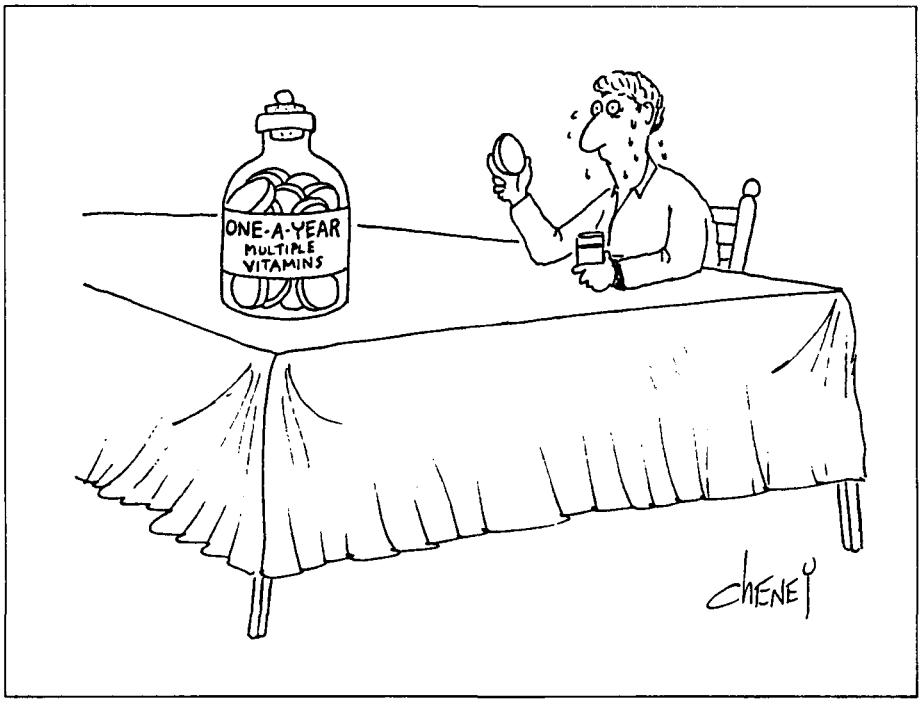
Clubbing

Note the elevation of the base of the nail in clubbing. When viewed from the palm side, the end segment of finger is widened.



Parrot Beaking

A normal nail, not to be confused with clubbing: the base of the nail is not elevated, and there is no widening at ends of fingers.



Nail Clubbing

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

My widowed sister's new boyfriend has wide fingertips, and his fingernails are humped up, large, and rounded. He smokes a lot, and his big ball-shaped fingernails look so peculiar. He said they grew this way during the last year. What could cause this?

Martha Johnson
Chicago, Illinois

What you describe sounds as though it might be what is called "clubbing." It is common in acute or chronic pulmonary diseases, such as bronchiectasis, lung abscess, emphysema, or bronchogenic carcinoma. It is also sometimes found in congenital heart disease, chronic liver disease, chronic diarrhea, and ulcerative colitis. It is believed to be caused by disturbances in tissue oxygenation.

Clubbing is sometimes confused with "parrot beaking." (See the illustrations to tell them apart.) Anyone with true clubbing should have a medical work-up to discover a possible underlying disease.

On Spiking the Stew

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

I am writing to ask you this scientific question because I believe you to be a Christian doctor.

When food is cooked in the oven (prepared with wine or sherry or any alcoholic beverage), does the alcohol content cook out (evaporate) and leave the food free of any alcohol?

I would like to use some of the frozen dinners, but most of them show Burgundy or sherry or something similar among the ingredients.

I suppose I made a vow to God not to use alcohol, and this has put a question in my mind. I realize I am

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straining at a gnat (as I do put vanilla extract in my cakes!), but I would like to know the answer to my question about the alcoholic content leaving the cooked food.

I know I cannot be righteous enough on my own to get to Heaven, but a vow is a vow.

Kathleen M. Taylor
Leesville, Louisiana

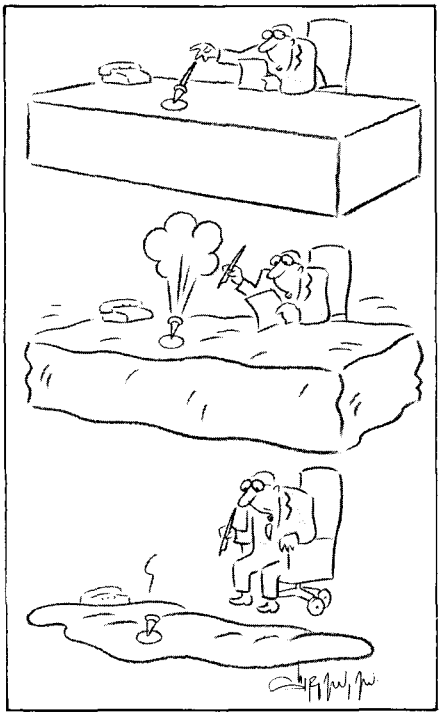
You're right. Cooking wine is only for flavoring in the food. After cooking with it there's no alcohol left.

Good News for Blood Recipients

We have written a number of times that blood banks do not have a test for non-A, non-B hepatitis. Now, however, such a test has been approved by the Food and Drug Administration (FDA) for preliminary *clinical trials*.

Non-A, non-B hepatitis causes chronic liver damage in some recipients of blood transfusions, IV drug users, and a high percentage of hemophiliacs—almost all of whom become infected with the virus through transfusions of blood-clotting factors made from contaminated human plasma.

The disease, similar to hepatitis B infections, can result in chronic severe liver damage and may be fatal. Because the prevalence varies a great deal around the world, an awareness of the danger of non-A, non-B hepatitis should cause those expecting surgery to insist on intraoperative autologous transfusions (IAT). IAT is a method of recycling the patient's own blood during surgery. Instead of being discarded, blood lost on the operating table is processed through an automated machine, washed, filtered, and then returned to the patient within three to five minutes.



Japanese researchers at Okayama University Medical School have isolated and sequenced the virus for non-A, non-B hepatitis. This virus has also been isolated and cloned at King's College Hospital in London. This is good news, of course, for those who will be needing blood transfusions in the future. Unfortunately, although the test has been approved for *clinical trials*, it will take longer for the FDA to approve the test for routine screening at blood banks, and subsequently for the blood banks to initiate the screening.

Desperate for a Diet

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

Maybe you could help us. We are desperate for an everyday food list with breakdown of glucose, fructose, and dextrose. My granddaughter, 2½ years old, was diagnosed with "inherited glucose intolerance." She can't have fructose, glucose, or lactose. The doctors that diagnosed her gave her a very limited list of foods. The diabetes foundation diet is not complete enough for her.

This condition is very rare. Only 30 cases have been diagnosed in North America, so information is limited. It affects the liver because she is missing an enzyme in her system.

Mary Mahony
Astoria, New York

Perhaps your granddaughter could tolerate foods with lactose in them if she took the missing enzyme, lactase, in tablet form. Lactase is also available in Lactaid drops to be mixed into milk. You can also buy milk with the lactase added. Ask her doctor about it.

We're sending you a list of foods to be avoided by persons who cannot tolerate fructose or lactose. I would suggest that you consult with your granddaughter's doctor about using Lactaid in baking and in any foods your granddaughter eats containing dairy products. Many foods can be tolerated with this aid that replaces this missing enzyme. ✖

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Wilbur Pope

continued from page 40

won't be for long. Nonessential, if anything is." She turned to listen to Prince Tchetchensky, who, with none of Mr. Pope's diffidence, was recounting experiences in the hunting field.

The prince had no need for diffidence, and Miss Grandin listened with visible pride. She threw an occasional hopeful glance at Mr. Pope, but Mr. Pope's hunting experiences remained locked in his bosom.

The evening was more of the same. To escape a conversation which was becoming increasingly horsy, Mr. Pope joined Miss Grandin and an elderly brother and sister named Cosgrave at the bridge table. But Mrs. Pope and the prince sat in a corner and giggled, and Miss Grandin couldn't keep her mind on the cards. She was becoming petulant—a bad sign in a prospective client—and at last she broke up the game. Mr. Pope was relieved when, soon afterward, the guests left and Miss Grandin hustled them off to bed.

"What extraordinary people, Wilbur," said Mrs. Pope. "What Miss Grandin sees in them I can't imagine."

"Tchetchensky is queer, all right," said Mr. Pope.

"You know I don't mean him," said Mrs. Pope. "I mean those Cosgraves, and that Meecham woman, who looks as if she did up her hair with a rake."

"I didn't think you were even aware of them," said Mr. Pope. "You and Sasha were so cozy."

"Well, good heavens," said Mrs. Pope, "he was the only person in the room who didn't talk exclusively about the seamy side of horse life."

"I've tried to explain to you, Carlotta," said Mr. Pope, "that this is a business trip. If La Grandin thinks I can help her socially, she may favor my plan. If I can get through tomorrow without being discredited, she'll be grateful. But not if you go away with her prince in your pocket."

Mrs. Pope giggled. "Wait till she sees Ed!"

But Mr. Pope said that was where she was wrong. "It says in all the hunting books that the only way you can judge a hunter is in the field."

"Really?" said Mrs. Pope. "Well, you and Ed will come to judgment at your first fence, I guess."

"Let's go to sleep," said Mr. Pope. "Tomorrow's a tough day, however you look at it."

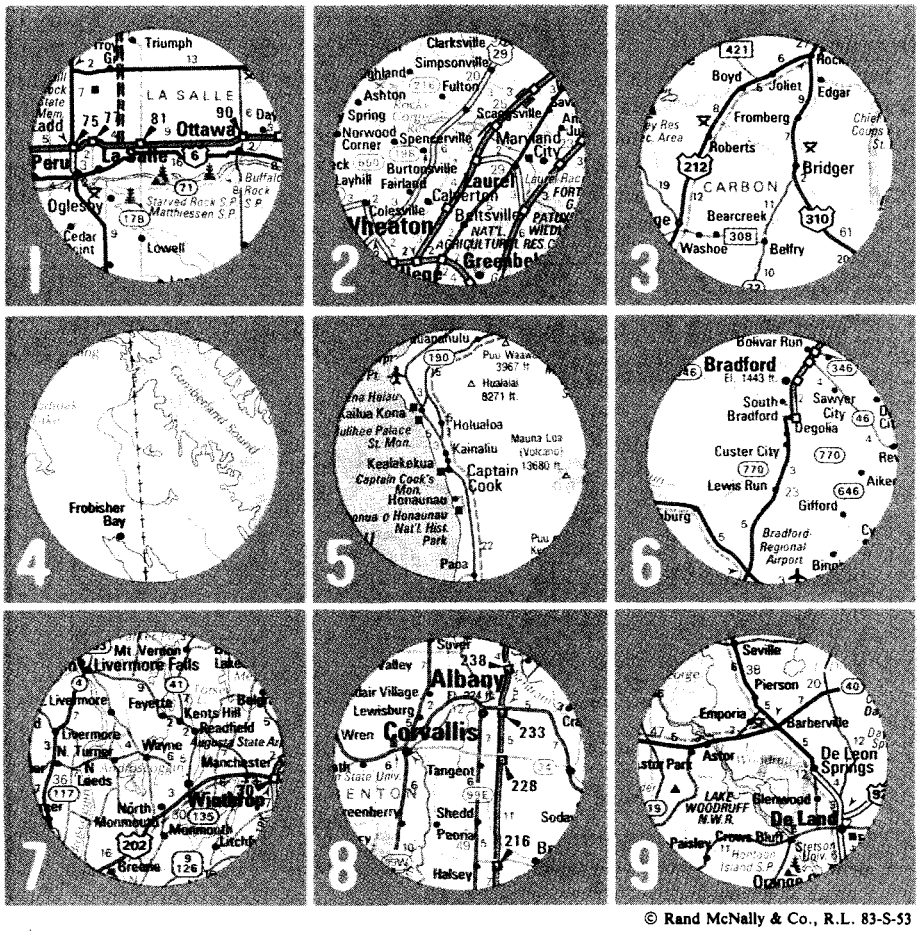
After breakfast Mr. Pope went out to see how Ed was getting on. He found him in a bad temper.

"If it wasn't for letting you down, Wilb," Ed said, "I'd have been halfway home by this time. The Grandin horses may be real highbred hunters, but they ain't got any more manners than a blue jay. And there's a horse in the next box—Wotan, his name is—ain't that German, Wilb?—well, anyway, every time I stick my head out, he sticks his head out and looks down his long nose at me, and then he goes back in and kinda giggles to himself for half an hour. And that ain't all," said Ed. "About half an hour ago the Grandin woman come along with a tall, dressy guy——"

"Prince Tchetchensky," said Mr. Pope.

"Sounds like you were catching cold," said Ed. "Well, she says, 'Let's have a look at Mr. Pope's horse,' and they come and looked at me, and then they just turned and looked at each other, and the prince says, 'Mon Dew!' or something, and then Miss Grandin says, 'Sasha, you don't suppose Pope is trying to make a fool of me in front of the entire hunt?'

" 'He may not be trying,' says the prince, 'but I'm afraid he may succeed. Yet,' he says, 'this horse is like no other horse I have ever seen; he may be a famous jumper. For his lines closely resemble, it seems to me, the lines of the kangaroo.' 'I wish I'd never asked him!' says Miss Grandin, and then the prince says, 'We must do



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Where do you think you are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the map of a single city, state, or province. In terms of routes, state parks, mountains, and memorials, there is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify these locations? If you or a friend finds the game too easy (but you won't), try to guess the theme of this month's map game.

(Answers on page 112)

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something about it,' and then they walked away."

"H'm," said Mr. Pope. "They don't think much of us, do they?" He shook his head doubtfully and left.

At three o'clock the horses were led around, and they all mounted to ride to the meet. It had been a trying day so far for Mr. Pope. If he looked one way, there were Mrs. Pope and Tchetchensky giggling together, and if he looked the other way, there was Miss Grandin glowering at them. He had tried to distract her with compliments and with hunting reminiscences, but she had plainly entered him in her ledger in red ink.

It was a cold clear day. The earth was frozen hard and lightly sprinkled with snow. Too lightly, Mr. Pope thought, and shuddered as he looked down at it. Miss Grandin must have read his mind, for, as they started down the drive, she pulled up beside him on her plump little bay, Colette, and said, "Your horse seems to be going a little lame. Do you really think you ought to ride him today? I'm sure the Cosgraves would mount you."

"Oh, that's just Ed's natural gait," said Mr. Pope easily. "He's not a showy horse, but he'll surprise you when he gets warmed up."

"I dare say," said Miss Grandin dryly. She gave Mr. Pope a puzzled, suspicious look, then trotted on ahead to catch up with Mrs. Pope and the prince.

Prince Tchetchensky rode Wotan, a tall vicious-looking chestnut, and beside him on the dappled pony, Ragamuffin, Mrs. Pope looked like a little girl. That wouldn't please Miss Grandin either, Mr. Pope thought, as he trailed them down the road. But after a minute the prince dropped back.

"I hope you will not be offended, Mr. Pope," said the prince, "but Miss Grandin has told me that you have a fine hunter which you are to ride today."

"Correct," said Mr. Pope. "This is him."

The prince smiled knowingly. "Mr. Pope, let us not beat about the barn. There is some mystification here which is to Miss Grandin most disturbing. A hunter which has not the lines of a hunter, a rider who has—you will pardon me—neither the seat nor the hands of a——"

"Now, wait a minute," said Mr. Pope. "You're outrunning your line of communications. Miss Grandin is afraid that her friends will find my horse's performance in the field slovenly, and that this may humiliate her—is that it?"

"Really, is there need to argue the point?" said Tchetchensky. He tapped Ed lightly on the shoulder with his crop. "Those withers! Those hind quarters!" And he trailed the crop over them.

There was a convulsive heave underneath Mr. Pope that tipped his hat over his eyes, and a hollow thump, followed by a number of profane-sounding Russian words. When he recovered his seat and his vision, he saw Wotan rearing angrily and being pulled down by the angry prince. On Wotan's sleek side was a long gash.

Tchetchensky was furious. "So, you want to play rough!" he snarled, forgetting his accent. "All right, look out for yourself!" And he cantered on ahead.

"Now you've done it!" said Mr. Pope. "You've marred Miss Grandin's

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prize possession. You darn fool, what did you have to kick him for?"

"Brother, I ain't begun yet," said Ed, and at that moment, from a gate ahead of them, a pack of hounds streamed out into the road, followed by two men in red coats and a dozen assorted riders.

Mr. Pope had lagged behind to chide Ed, and the introductions were over when he trotted up. Under the eyes of a larger audience than he was accustomed to, Ed attempted to put on what he conceived to be the style that Mr. Pope had demanded of him. He pranced heavily, he held his head high and rolled his eyes, he lifted his lip in an aristocratic sneer.

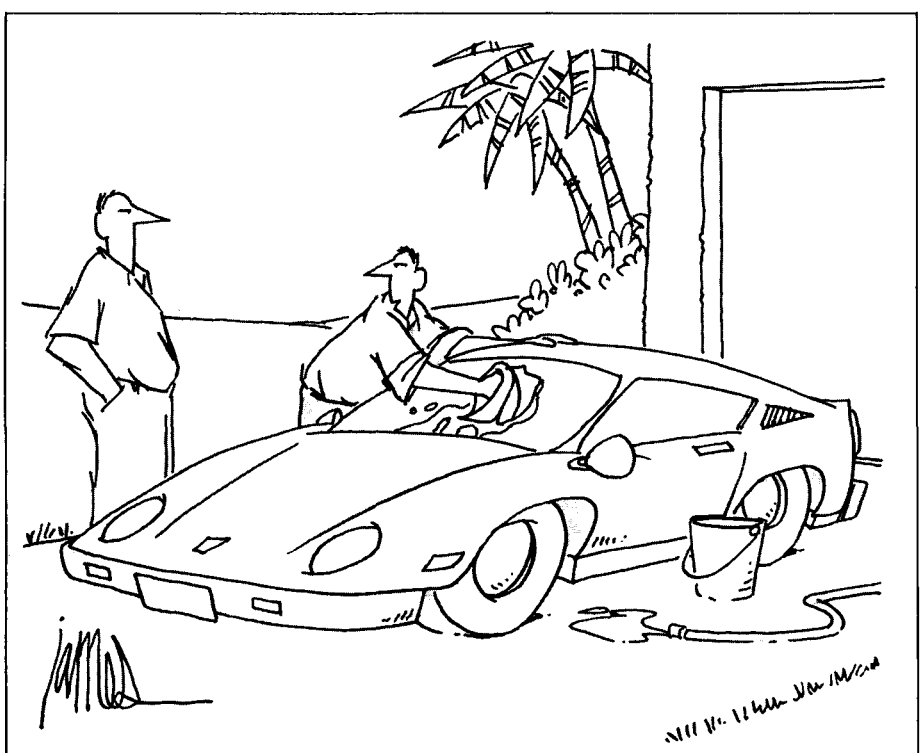
No one said a word. Even the horses looked, shook their heads as if to clear their eyes, and looked again. Then Mrs. Mecham, in a bowler hat, astride a stout gray, called pleasantly to Mr. Pope, and Miss Grandin recovered herself. She introduced him and then they trooped after the hounds through a gate and across a field. Mrs. Pope and one or two others stayed behind; they were to follow by road. And almost before he realized it, the hounds were in full cry and Mr. Pope was cantering along between Miss Cosgrave and the prince toward a half-broken-down stone wall.

The hounds poured over the wall; the red coats followed. Mr. Pope saw Miss Cosgrave rise in the air; then he, too, was rising to the wall, and he clutched at Ed's mane.

"Sit back, dope!" Ed hissed as he landed smoothly. "Don't show so much affection in public. It ain't done."

Tchetchensky, watching him all the while with a faint smile, had taken the wall beside him. Miss Cosgrave was ahead now, but the prince seemed to be holding Wotan in. He dropped back so that Wotan's head was at Mr. Pope's knee, while the rest of the field swept by. But Mr. Pope had other things to worry about. There was a rail fence coming—a rather low fence, but the rails looked stout. He took a deep breath and leaned forward for the rise. But as Ed gathered his hind quarters under him for the jump, the prince cut him sharply across the legs with his whip.

It was a stinging blow, and under the stimulus of it, Ed's coordination went to pieces. His hind legs jumped before his forelegs had left the ground, with the result that he turned a sort of clumsy cartwheel into the rail fence, while just above him, Mr. Pope, performing a sort of complementary cartwheel, cleared the fence and landed asprawl on a conveniently placed brush pile.



"It goes from zero to my mechanic in 8.3 seconds."

To see the earth tilt suddenly and sweep across the sky is a shattering experience. Mr. Pope lay still. He was not comfortable, but he was safe. If that terrible rending sound he had heard had been the splintering of his own frame, there was plenty of time to try to find out about it. But he became aware that Ed was peering down at him, asking if he was all right.

Mr. Pope bounced a bit experimentally, then sat up. "I—I guess so. How about you?"

"Busted the top rail with my shoulder," said Ed. "But I'm plenty tough. Come on, get up. We got some murder to do."

"I told you we'd climb the fences separately if we couldn't make 'em together," said Mr. Pope, as he swung stiffly into the saddle. "But I guess we'd better try sticking together for the next one. . . . Hey, wait for me!" he shouted, as Ed bounded almost out from under him.

"We're in a hurry," said Ed. "That prince guy give me the whip just as I jumped. That's why we spilled. And, boy, will I spill him and that camel he's riding when I catch up with him!"

"Me too," said Mr. Pope. "If we ever catch him." Something of the excitement of the sport touched him, and he rose in his stirrups and yelled.

"At-a-boy, Wilb!" shouted Ed. He was mad clean through, and his thundering gallop was covering the ground at a speed that astounded Mr. Pope. "We're hunting princes today!" he shouted. "Boy, will we nail his brush to the barn door!"

But though they passed several riders before they reached the road, the prince was still far ahead. They went up the slope, across stubble fields, and down into another valley. They pounded past Miss Grandin, who stared in astonishment—as well she might, for Mr. Pope was yelling at every bound, while Ed was shouting, "Do ye ken Wilbur Pope, and his good horse Ed?" to the tune of John Peel.

The hounds checked once, but found their line again before Ed could overtake his enemy. It was during this part of the run that the hunt was joined by two soldiers in a jeep, who bounced along for a time, cheering wildly, and then disappeared and were never seen again. And then the hounds checked again, and before they went on, Ed caught up.

Tchetchensky turned, and what he saw evidently alarmed him, for he

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spurred Wotan to a run. But though Ed was in a lather, he was by no means blown. He swung his head and snapped at Tchetchensky's knee, like a salmon at a fly. The prince tried to fend him off with his crop, and Wotan, thrown off his stride, bit at him. The two horses, snapping and feinting at each other, drove down side by side toward a fence through which the hounds had just scrambled.

"Yippee, Wotan!" Ed yelled. "The Valkyries are after you!"

The red coats soared over the fence, Mrs. Meecham soared after them. The stragglers had veered to the right, where there was a gap, so that no one saw what happened. Wotan, unused to being heckled at his jumps, was running jerkily at Ed's left. And then, just as Tchetchensky leaned forward for the leap, Ed whirled sharp right, swinging his heavy hindquarters against Wotan's hip, and with Mr. Pope draped around his neck, trotted down along the fence. There was a rattle and a thud behind them, and when Mr. Pope had returned to the saddle he tugged Ed to a standstill.

"Blast you, Ed," he said, "we've got to go back. We may have killed the guy."

"Rather neat, what?" said Ed complacently. "Bit of judo I learned from my old teacher, Okidoki. Well, I'd like to view the corpse myself."

"I hope no one saw us," said Mr. Pope.

"Nothing to see. I refused the fence, and princey-wincey jumped it. If he busted his royal bones, it ain't our fault." And he trotted through the gap and back to where the prince was lying on his back, the reins still in his hands, and Wotan standing over him. "A soldier of the Legion," hummed Ed, "lay dying in Algiers."

Mr. Pope dismounted and knelt beside Tchetchensky, who looked up at him with almost saintly resignation. "You've done for me, Pope," he said without rancor.

A procession of ants with very cold feet started up Mr. Pope's spine. "Can't be as bad as all that," he said heartily. "Let me help you up."

"It is useless," said the prince calmly. "I think my back is broken. I have tried twice to get up, but I am paralyzed."

Miss Grandin must have been watching them, for she cantered up and flung herself off her horse and on to the prince's bosom.

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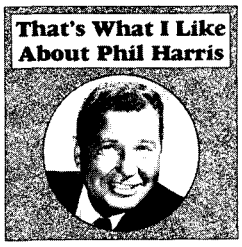
Phil Harris



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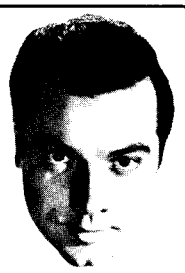

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"Sasha!" she cried. "Oh, Sasha, what have they done to you?"

The prince put up a feeble hand and stroked her hair. "Do not cry for me, my dear. Your Sasha has only a little time left now—only until sundown. The lion with the broken back—is it not so?—he always dies at sundown."

"Only it's the snake," Ed murmured.

Mrs. Pope, who had seen the accident from the road, had now ridden up, and remembering her first-aid lessons, asked the prince if he could wiggle his toes.

Miss Grandin looked up and scowled malignantly through her tears at this piece of levity, but Tchetchensky merely smiled with godlike forbearance, and continued in a weak voice, evidently determined that his last words should be something pretty good. But it was hard to tell whether he was addressing Miss Grandin or Wotan, who, held there by the rein, was also hanging over him solicitously.

Mr. Pope had felt Ed nudge him several times, and had shaken his head irritably to keep the horse quiet, but now Ed pushed his nose over his shoulders and whispered, "Look at Wotan's forefeet, you dope!"

Mr. Pope looked. Then he bent and took the rein from Tchetchensky's flacid hand and led Wotan over to the fence. "All right, Tchetchensky," he said. "Suppose you get up now."

"You fool!" flashed Miss Grandin. "Telling a man with a broken back to get up!"

"He merely wishes to undo what he has done—I give him credit for that," said the prince nobly. "But let us not have our last few moments together, my Lois, marred by——"

"Oh, get up!" said Mr. Pope impatiently. "Your back isn't broken. You couldn't get up because Wotan was standing on your coattails."

There was a hushed silence, broken at last by Mrs. Pope's giggle.

She controlled it; then, "Oh, gosh!" she said, and giggled again. But the prince seemed not at all embarrassed. He got up and brushed himself off, as Mrs. Meecham and Mr. Cosgrave cantered up to ask if anything was wrong.

"Nothing," said Mr. Pope quickly. "Tchetchensky had a bit of a fall, but he's all right."

The prince looked at him, raised his eyebrows slightly, then nodded an acknowledgment of his reticence.

"I—I've got to get out of here, Wilbur," whispered Mrs. Pope. "There seems to be something wrong with my diaphragm; I simply can't look at him without beginning to giggle."

"You'd have shown more penetration if you'd giggled when you first met him," murmured Mr. Pope. "Better go on, then. I suppose we'll follow home."

Leaving the prince to give his version of the accident to Mrs. Meecham and Mr. Cosgrave, Miss Grandin came over to Mr. Pope. "You won't say anything—about Sasha, I mean?" she pleaded.

"You'll admit it's a good story," he said. "But neither Carlotta nor I will tell it, I promise you. And that goes," he added, "regardless of your television decision."

Mrs. Meecham interrupted any further talk. "You're not a hunting man, Mr. Pope," she said. It was a statement.

"No," he said, "I am an advertising man." And added, without quite knowing why he did so, "I came up really to see if I could sell Miss Grandin a television program."

"Oh, but you do hunt, Mr. Pope," put in Miss Grandin. "You mustn't be so modest."

"I hunted today," said Mr. Pope.

"I see." Mrs. Meecham looked speculatively at Miss Grandin, then smiled a granite smile at Mr. Pope. And after a minute she said, "Perhaps I should tell you there is something I saw today that I feel I should speak to the Master about."

"You mean Tchetchensky's fall?" said Mr. Pope.

"I mean your fall," she said. "When he cut your horse."

"He did what?" exclaimed Miss Grandin.

"Lashed Mr. Pope's horse just as he was taking the jump," Mrs. Meecham said. "Rather a serious offense. May be one of his Cossack customs, but we don't tolerate such things here."

"You don't mind my saying that you are mistaken?" asked Mr. Pope.

"Not at all. But——" Mrs. Meecham frowned. "H'm—I see. Very well, then. I'll say nothing about it. Since—well, I saw a number of things today." She looked at Ed. "That horse is no hunter," she said bluntly. "You're lucky to be alive."

"He suits me," said Mr. Pope.

"He suits me too," said Mrs. Meecham. "Would you sell him to me? . . . No, I thought not. You'd be a fool if you did. But I like intelligence, in horses and men. My poor dear husband—but never mind that. H'm."

Miss Grandin's eyes were like doorknobs. That Mrs. Meecham should

"No, Mother, I'm sure *Al wasn't out running around with other women while I was away."*

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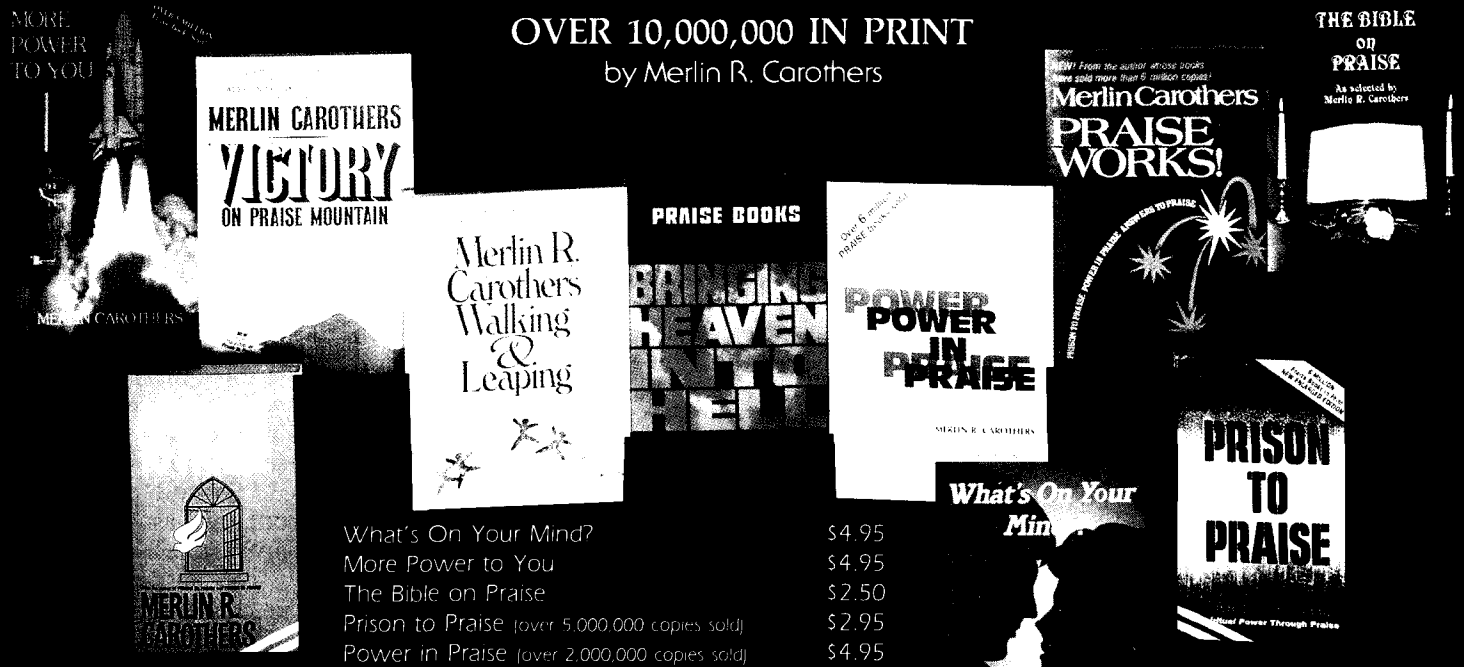

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actually offer to buy a horse that even she could see had no more breeding than a hoptoad was too much for her. "Would you really ride him?" she asked.

Mrs. Meecham lifted eyebrows at Mr. Pope and he nodded. In two minutes the stirrups had been adjusted and she was on Ed's back. Mr. Pope mounted the gray.

"Sick of overbred hunters meself," she said. "No brains, nothing but style. This should be an adventure." She looked at Mr. Pope approvingly. "By the way," she said, "I've the impression that you and Mrs. Pope might like to be my guests at the next meet."

"Why, you're extremely kind," he said. "But neither of us hunts——"

"Hunt or not, as you like. I've a good cook. And I might like to hear about this television program. Complete mystery to me, television. Like to know something about it." And without waiting for Mr. Pope to accept, she reined Ed toward the road.

"Well!" exclaimed Miss Grandin.

It was dusk when they reached Miss Grandin's. Exactly what happened as they were all dismounting was never quite clear. Mrs. Meecham, who was still sitting Ed, said she saw nothing. But there was a jostling and a stamping among the horses, and a shouting from the prince. "That damned horse, Pope!" he shouted. "He's attacked me again! He's torn my coat!"

"That's nonsense!" Mrs. Meecham boomed. "You tore your coat when you fell!"

The prince swore and limped into the house.

Mrs. Meecham reined Ed around so that his head was at Mr. Pope's elbow. And as Mrs. Meecham was rather pointedly examining the handle of her crop, Mr. Pope quickly snatched at the piece of cloth that was dangling from Ed's mouth and stuffed it into his pocket. It was one of Tchetchensky's coattails.

• • •

"Great old girl," said Ed, as he and Mr. Pope started down the road toward home the next morning.

"Oh, she's all right," said Mr. Pope. "She'll come round."

"I don't mean Grandin," said Ed.

"You mean Mrs. Meecham?" said Mr. Pope. "Yes, she did us a good turn, all right. How'd you get on with her?"

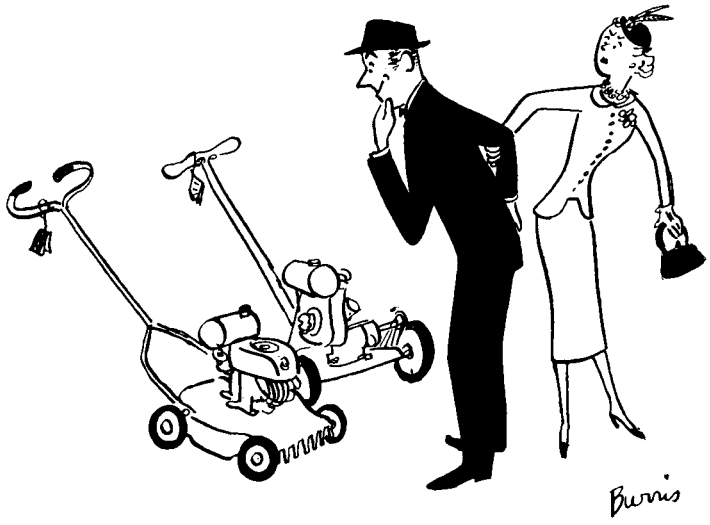
"Her and me are like that," said Ed, pricking up his ears and pointing them toward each other. "Most intelligent person I ever met. Bar none," he said significantly. "We agree on everything."

"You agree that you're quite a horse, you mean," said Mr. Pope. "But, good Lord, you didn't talk to her, did you? You know if you start talking to other people besides me——"

"Sure, sure," said Ed. "Look, Wilb, let's cut cross lots here and take a few fences, hey?" And without waiting for consent, he shouted, "Hark away!" and started off at a canter.

But Mr. Pope pulled him up. "Good gosh," he said, "didn't we smash enough fences yesterday? I guess Mrs. Meecham went to your head. Look, Ed; look up the road there a piece. Isn't that a tavern? How about a nice cold beer?

Ed stood still a minute. "Yeah," he said. "You got your choice between a clean gallop across the fields in the bracing morning air, and a drink in a stuffy dive. And what do you take? The dive!" he said. "Well, so do I. Come on, Wilb. Then we'll go home and nail the prince's brush to the barn door, like I said we would."



The Perfect Squelch

Young Mrs. Bright thought of herself as an extremely practical person, and she loved handling the household expenditures in what she called a businesslike way. So when her husband suggested that they might buy a power lawn mower, she had a minor economic seizure.

Pointing out that she couldn't think of a single logical reason for making the purchase, she described at length the economy of a hand mower, the exercise it gave its user, and its low maintenance and replacement cost. She went on to list additional reasons why they shouldn't even think of such an impractical thing, liberally sprinkling her lecture with words like "unsound," "illogical," and "unreasonable."

"Tell me," she said finally to her patiently listening husband, "just what valid reason can you have for buying a power mower just to cut our front and back yards?"

"The same reason," he said quietly, "you had for buying an electric sweeper just to clean our 9′ x 12′ rug."

—Robert Hayes

To Bark About

continued from page 49

lying around, I rushed in to embrace my surprised wife. "You went out to bury the garbage and struck oil!" I joyously cried. "Good girl!"

She said, "Don't be silly. After Martin got the fan up, I showed him the leak under the sink." She was referring to a drip of no consequence I had already taken care of by placing a plastic bucket under it. If we remembered to dump the bucket three times during the day and three times during the night, it was, as I say, of no consequence.

"So how did that rip our yard asunder?" was my pertinent question.

The answer was that in checking, Martin, or Morton, had discovered that not only was our drainage pipe too small, but even what we had had been thoroughly plugged with roots from the French lilac.

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"So when is he coming back?" was pertinent question No. 2.

"He isn't."

"He whatn't?"

"I told him you could finish it. It'll save hiring him for another day."

A day, she said. I worked at the project practically full-time for a week. To be honest, however—but I wouldn't want this to go any further—it wouldn't have taken so long if only I'd remembered to lay the pipe before filling in the trenches. Some men for piping and some for typing, as I tried to explain to dear wife while she was draining my blisters into a pot of African violets.

In review, what concerns me most is that the woman is only a heartbeat away from taking over this whole shebang. Then she'll probably marry some hand-kissing vulture who'll squander our whole estate in less than two weeks.

Maybe instead of a will I'll leave a won't. She won't get but half. The other half I'll split between Tom, our mechanic at Algood's Chevrolet, and Morton Martin—in case the hand kisser is no more adept at repairing stuff than I am. ♜

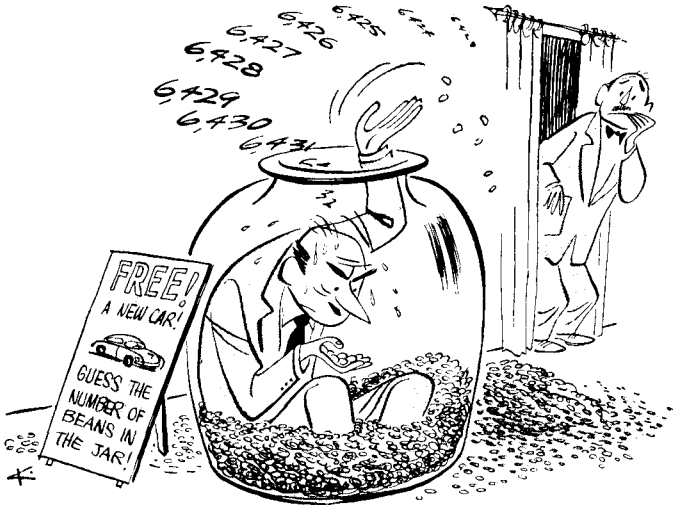
Death on Ice

continued from page 62

Mortality and Life Extension

Despite the fact that cryonicsts and life-extension scientists are on the cutting edge of major advances in the way life is sustained, cryonics is still a controversial science. Even some of the cryobiologists trying to deep-freeze single cells and whole organs think that cryonics is moving too fast.

It is entirely possible to understand such criticism without having to accept it. After all, what is seen as science fiction today may be the reality of tomorrow. Albert Einstein, perhaps the most creative mind of the 20th century, said that "imagination is more important than knowledge" and that "all great ideas and innovations have always encountered violent opposition from mediocre minds." So we must reach out to grapple with the complex and eternal questions. Science must be daring and it must be innovative. ♜



You be the Judge

by Bruce M. Jones

The sign on the jar of beans in the movie-theater lobby said, "Guess the number of beans here. The 15 persons who come closest will be eligible to participate in a quiz contest—prize, a new automobile."

A week after Horace entered his guess, he was notified that he was one of the 15. The theater had them draw lots to determine the order of questioning; Horace drew No. 1.

Before beginning the quiz, the theater manager announced to the audience that the "contestant last eliminated" would be the winner. After three rounds of questions, only Horace and one other competitor remained.

Horace missed his fourth question. So did the other man, but being the "last eliminated," the other man was awarded the automobile. Horace, outraged, sued the theater, contending that he was entitled to at least half the value of the prize.

"He missed his fourth question too," Horace pointed out. "You should have continued questioning both of us until only one contestant missed, making the other clearly the winner. The way you did it was unfair and a breach of your agreement."

"You were put out first," the theater manager replied, "and that plainly made him the "last eliminated' under the announced rules of the contest."

If you were the judge, would you give Horace a break?

Horace didn't get a cent. The court held that he had no claim unless he could show that if the contest had been otherwise conducted, he, and not the other fellow, would have won it. Actually, the court added, he could not prove anything of the kind.

(Based upon a 1941 decision of the Supreme Court of Wisconsin.)

The Young Visitor

continued from page 71

He pulled himself together with an effort. He would live up to Betty if it killed him. If she chose to consider him a nice combination of distinction and romance——He straightened his stiff back and smiled fatuously.

"All right," he said. "Now what?"

The "what" turned out to be a walk, in which they covered a large part of the county. Toward the end he was staggering, but Betty was still fresh and gay, and still talking. When they reached the bathing beach on their return, she stopped suddenly.

"How perfectly divine," she said. "Alex, I'm going in. You go away somewhere and don't peek. Nobody will see me."

"The whole house can see you."

"Well, really!" she said. "You aren't any fun at all. Sheila won't mind."

"And why won't she mind?"

"Good gracious, Alex, she's been married to you for a hundred years!"

"Ten, to be exact. What's that got to do with it? I'm just asking," he said, eying her. "I suppose the idea is that after having been married to one woman for ten years, what I do has ceased to matter to her. Is that it?"

She looked vaguely uncomfortable.

"I wish you wouldn't go highbrow on me," she said querulously.

"Or is it," he insisted, "that I am so old that I don't matter? Let's get at this. I'm interested."

But she chose that moment to step on a buried cactus plant and to stand on one foot, gazing at him plaintively.

"It's stuck in my foot, Alex, and it hurts."

He gave a haunted

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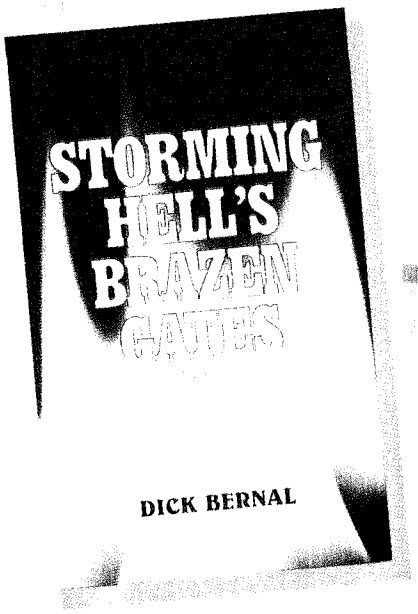

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glance at the house.

"Let me see it," he said. "And for God's sake be careful where you step hereafter!"

Nevertheless he felt a small but undeniable thrill when he took off her sandal and held her bare foot in his hand. It was a pretty foot, with painted nails. Like a baby's foot, he thought. He felt rather like kissing it, but after removing an infinitesimal barb, he merely gave it an affectionate pat.

"All fixed," he said. "See if you can stand on it."

She put it down, squealed, and lifted it again.

"You'll have to help me, Alex. Or carry me. I don't weigh much."

In the end he did carry her, eying defiantly an open-mouthed Mary at the kitchen window.

Sheila was inside at the table when, Betty leaning heavily on him, they reached the dining room. And he was quite certain that something had amused her. But she was cordial enough to them both, sitting, rested and fresh, behind the coffee urn.

"I'm sorry," she said, "but George didn't come this morning. No mail. No papers. No milk or cream," she explained to Betty. "Would you rather have your coffee black or use canned cream?"

"Canned cream?"

"Out of cans, you know," said Sheila placidly. "You know. Babies use it."

"I'll take it black," said Betty with resignation.

(continued next issue)

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WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?

(Answers from page 104)

Theme: Places named for explorers or early settlers.

1. La Salle, IL
2. Calverton, MD
3. Joliet, MT
4. Frobisher Bay, NW Terr., Canada
5. Captain Cook, HI
6. Bradford, PA
7. Winthrop, ME
8. Lewisburg, OR
9. DeLeon Springs, FL

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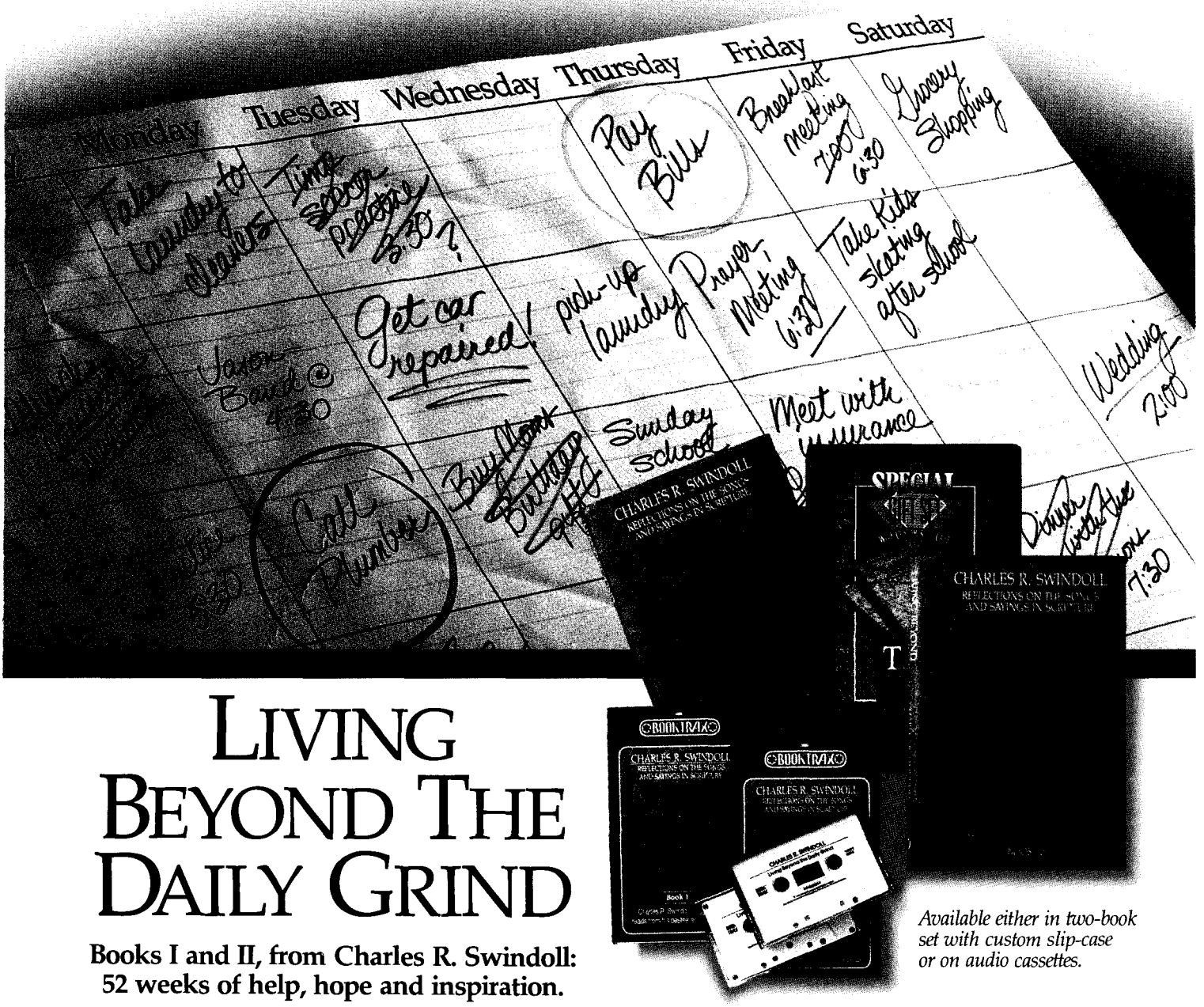

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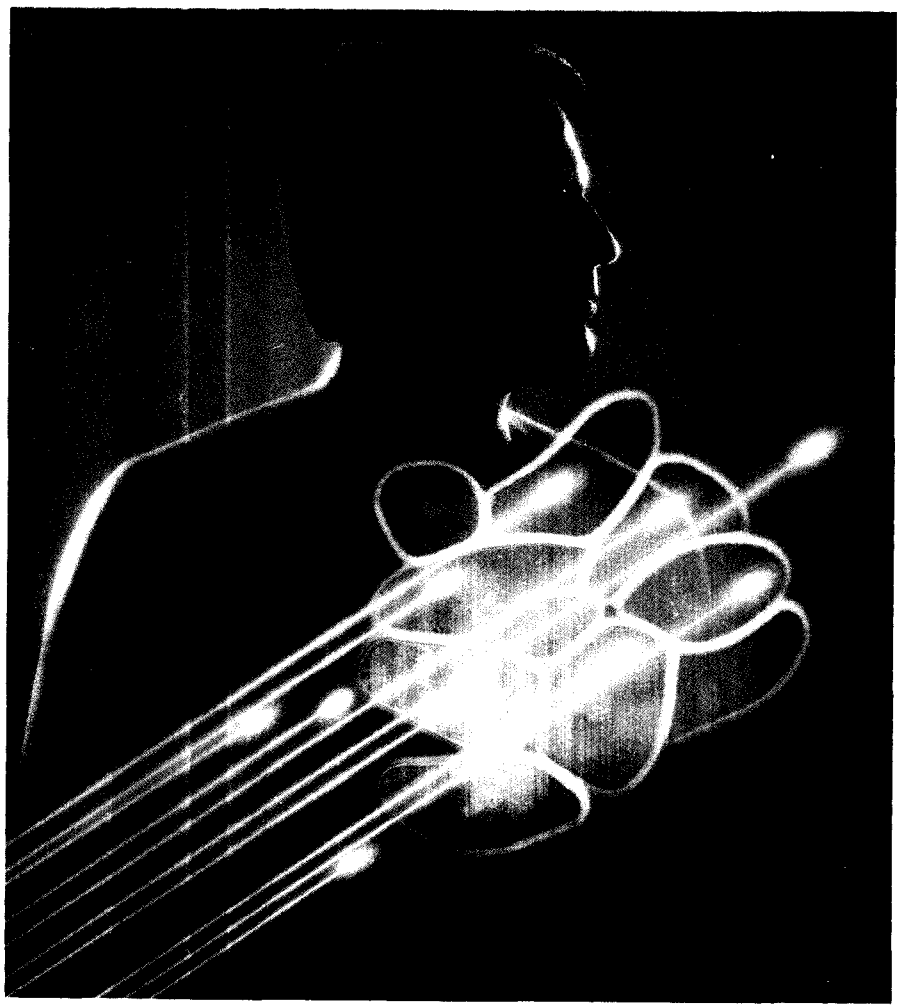

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